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New Movie

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By ELSIE JANIS



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bly simple. It's because almost no one nowadays eats the coarse, fibrous foods so stimulating to the gums. Our modern, soft-food diet allows them to grow tender and sensitive through sheer inaction. And that's why the warning tinge of "pink" appears so often—why modern dental science urges Ipana and massage.

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gums, you have little to fear from the really serious gum troubles—from gingivitis, Vincent's disease, and pyorrhea. And the brilliance of your smile, the whiteness and beauty of your teeth, will make you wish you had changed to Ipana and massage long ago.

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IPANA

TOOTH PASTE

new movie



Our covers for July, August and this issue—Joan Crawford, Jean Harlow and Katharine Hepburn.



A GLIMPSE AT THE EDITOR'S NOTEBOOK

THE cover of this issue of New Movie Magazine carries the third of our plastic masks. Last month we had Jean Harlow, and the month before that Joan Crawford—the first mask ever used as a cover design by any motion picture publication. We think you will agree, looking at the pictures above, that this one of Katharine Hepburn is the best of the three.

THAT is one reason we are going on with them—because they are getting better and better. Helen Liedloff, the sculptor, is an artist of note, who has had showings of her work at the Art Center and other galleries in New York. She has won a reputation for her striking modelling of hands, in particular. Among celebrities whose heads or hands she has rendered in clay are Katherine Cornell, Henry Hull, Amelia Earhart, Lily Pons, Bobby Jones, Albert Einstein and Ely Culbertson.

AND the other reason we are going on with the masks is that you like them! We confess we were a little afraid you mightn't. But, of the letters pouring in, seven out of ten say: "The new covers are grand." And so we want to go ahead with our experiment, although it still isn't too late to write in and scold us, if you want to.

BUT Miss Hepburn, we're delighted to say, likes this one. Note the inscription on the big photo of the mask above.

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CATHERINE McNELIS, Publisher

Frank J. McNelis, Managing Editor • Bert Adler, Eastern Editor • John C. Mitchell, Western Editor • Verne Noll, Art Director • Amy Vanderbilt, Director of Home Service

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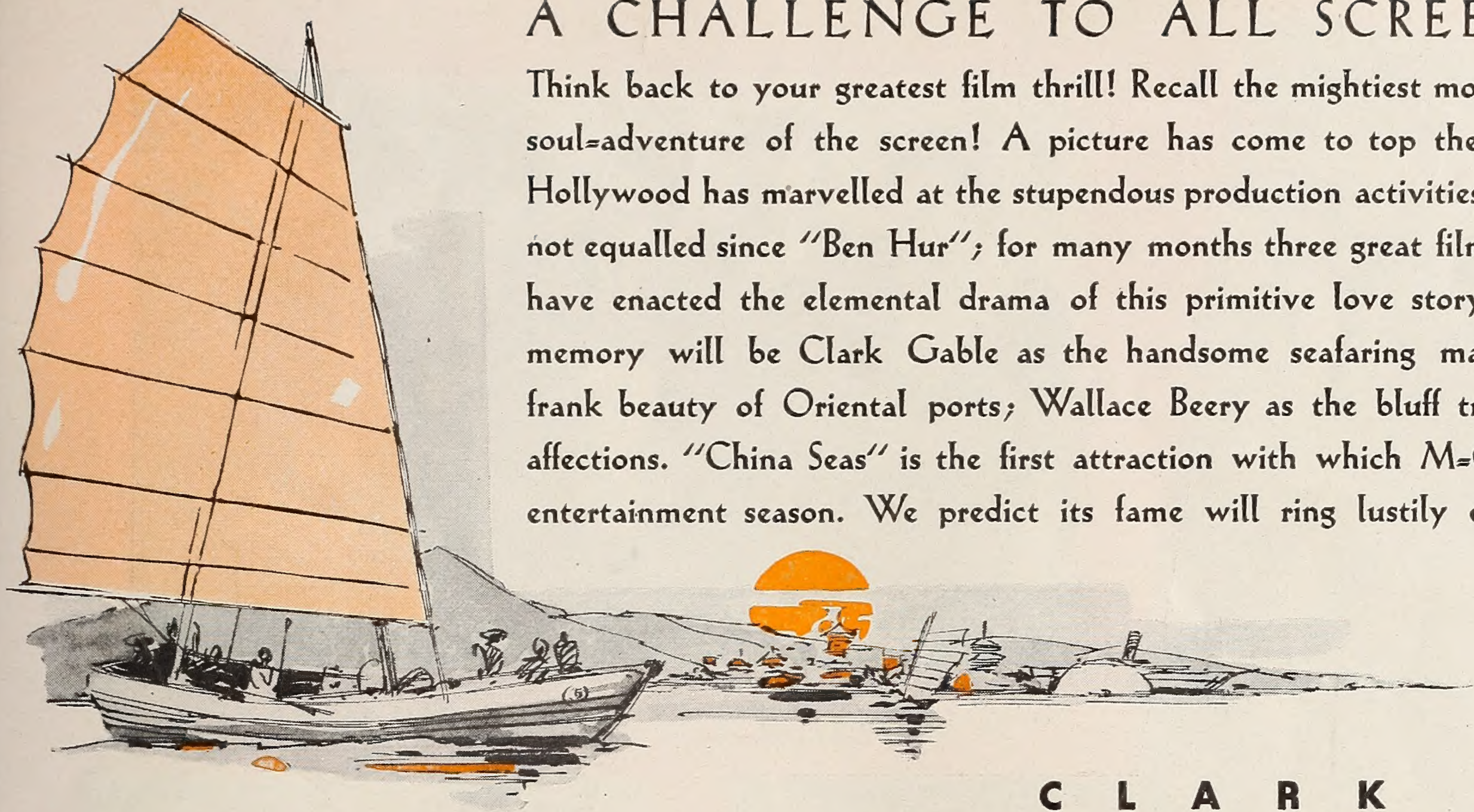
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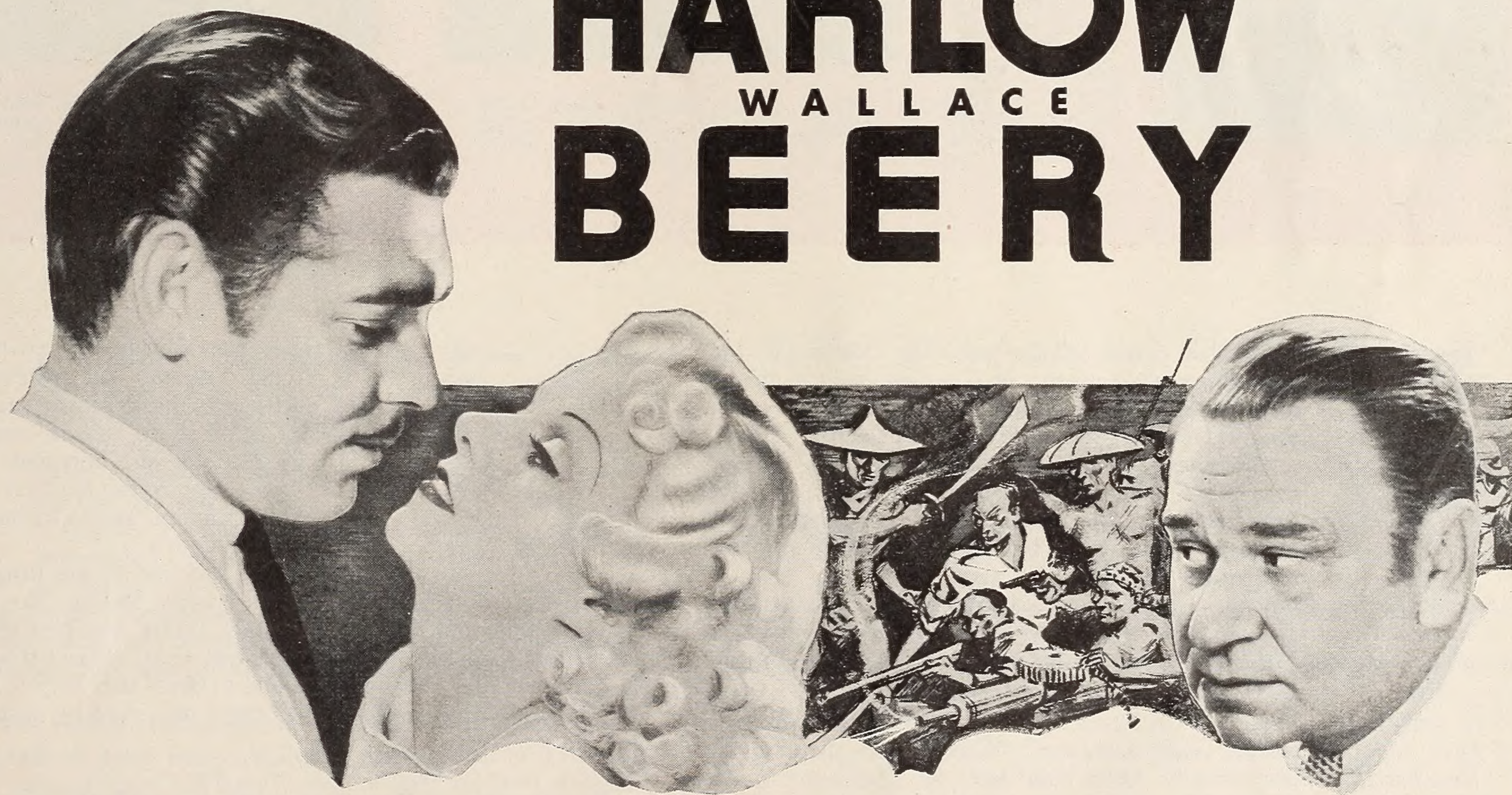
NEW ISSUE ON SALE THE FIRST OF EVERY MONTH



A CHALLENGE TO ALL SCREEN HISTORY!

Think back to your greatest film thrill! Recall the mightiest moments of romance, action, soul=adventure of the screen! A picture has come to top them all! For many months Hollywood has marvelled at the stupendous production activities at the M=G=M studios, not equalled since "Ben Hur"; for many months three great film stars and a brilliant cast have enacted the elemental drama of this primitive love story. Deeply etched in your memory will be Clark Gable as the handsome seafaring man; Jean Harlow as the frank beauty of Oriental ports; Wallace Beery as the bluff trader who also seeks her affections. "China Seas" is the first attraction with which M=G=M starts its new Fall entertainment season. We predict its fame will ring lustily down the years to come!

C L A R K
GABLE
J E A N
HARLOW
W A L L A C E
BEEERY



CHINA SEAS

with

Lewis STONE • Rosalind RUSSELL

Directed by Tay Garnett • Associate Producer: Albert Lewin

A METRO • GOLDWYN •  • MAYER • PICTURE



In London the Empire Theater gave a reception for our Myrna Loy, and if you think there aren't any autograph fiends in England, just look at 'em!

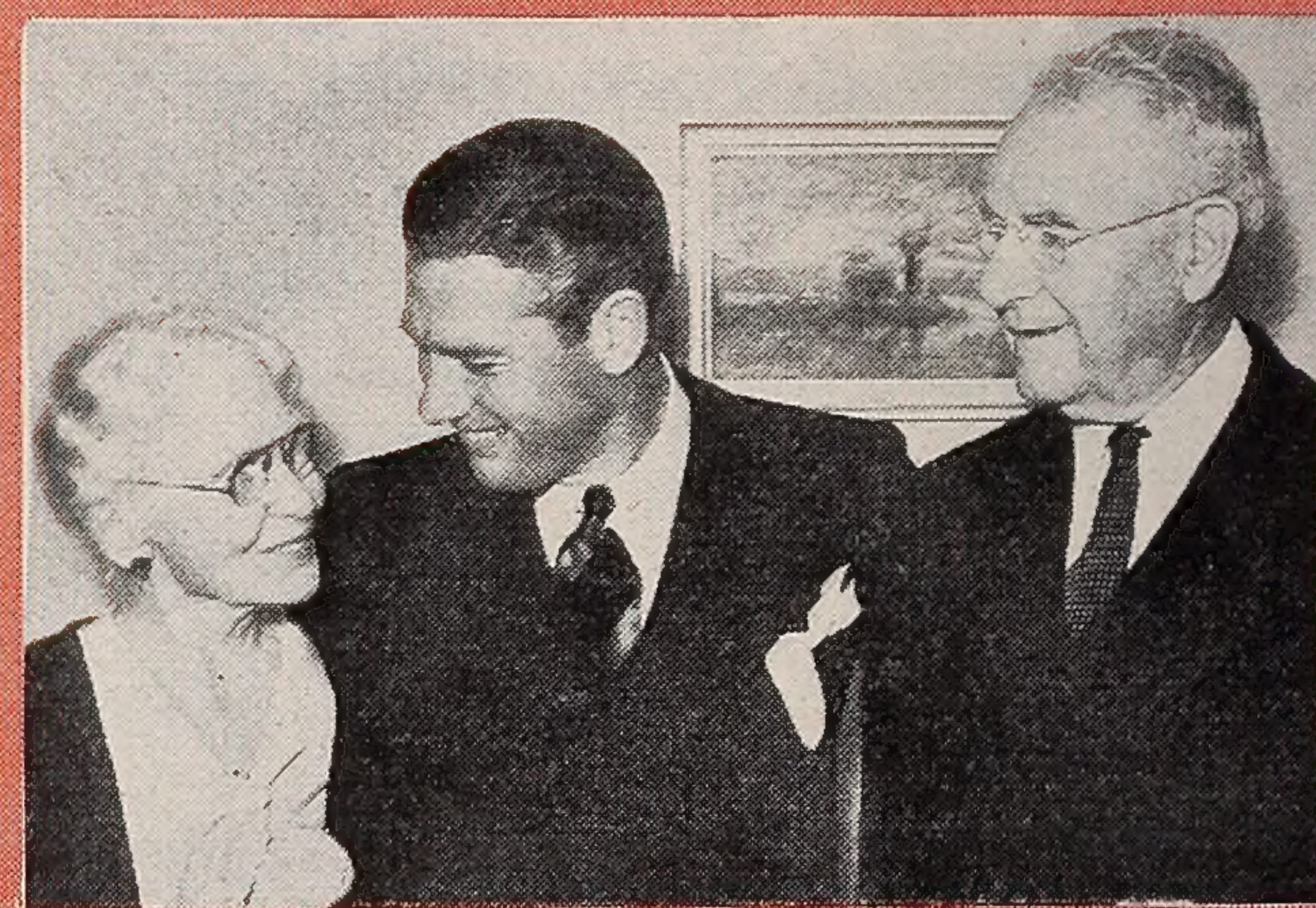


Wide World

Above: A romance? Freddie Bartholomew takes Cora Sue Collins to a benefit for less lucky Hollywood youngsters. Left: "Mad Love" calls for a shaved head, so Peter Lorre, new menace, shaves his head.



"Hey!" Adolphe Menjou warns Louise Fazenda. "That mail box isn't a real one, lady."



Wide World

Dick Arlen goes home to St. Paul to visit Pop and Mom. Dick's real name, you know, is Van Mattimore.



AND so to a hectic day with the "Mutiny on the Bounty" company at Catalina aboard an exact replica of the old Bounty that was sunk by mutineers 150 years ago in the South Seas near Tahiti.

Discovering that it was really great sport to shoot fish, Clark Gable could be found hanging over the ship's rail any time of day drawing a bead on any herring or filet of sole that happened to be unfortunate enough to swim that way.

Watching the fun Franchot Tone, Herbert Mundin and Donald Crisp were so intrigued that they sent ashore for some rifles and in no time at all the placid Bounty sounded like nothing so much as a man-o-war going full blast!

WITH that rib-tickling melo-drammer, "The Drunkard," running into its 100th (and last) week here, Lyle Talbot rounded up his crowd and dragged (literally!) them down to the little theater to sit in on the last performance.

Honest to goodness it was Lyle's 26th trip to the show and, in respect to his enthusiasm, the company got together and presented him with a big bucket of suds!

Pin that on your lapel, Big Boy!



WHEN Sam Hardy arrived on the "Man on the Flying Trapeze" set wearing a suit of flagrant black and white checks, an orange shirt, a violet tie, black and white shoes and an over-sized Panama hat, W. C. Fields took one horrified look and screamed: "Out! Out! You're too hard on my astigmatism!"

At that Paramount seems to have gone clothes conscious all of a sudden.

If we were shocked to see Bing Crosby burst from his sweater-and-slacks cocoon and emerge looking like an exclusive fashion plate, imagine our disgust when Jack Oakie admitted that he felt so good in his "Big Broadcast" outfit of cutaway coat, striped trousers, spats and five-in-hand bow tie, that he was going to dress that way all the time!

That puts it up to NEMO to carry on. And by gosh, we're just the man for the job!

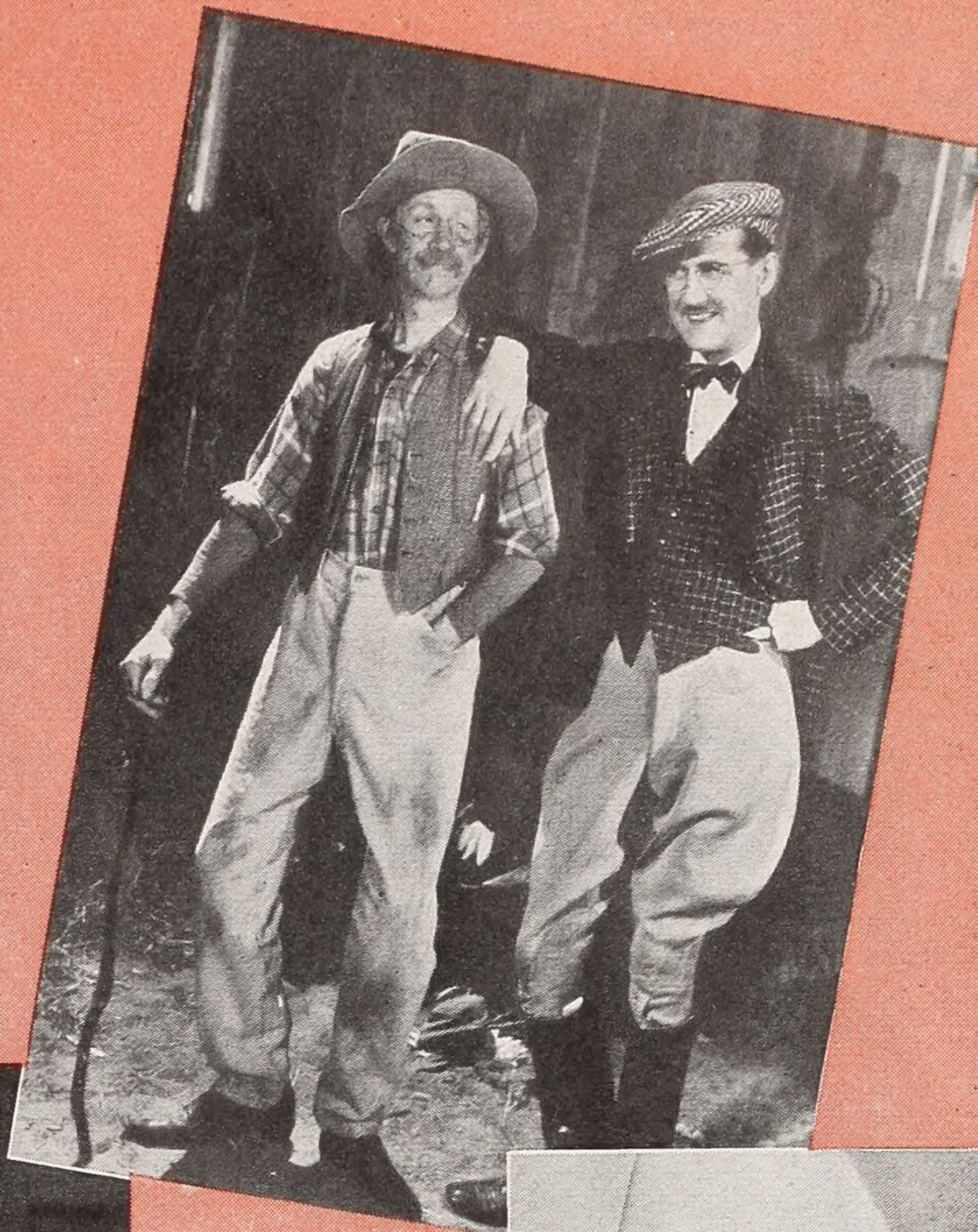
Waiting for a call to say Joan Crawford had arrived, Tone took Ye NEMO for a dozen rounds on the marble game and positively whupped the daylights out of us! Actually we were never so glad to hear a phone ring in our life! And, listen . . . the way that man's face lighted up when he heard Joan's voice over the wire!



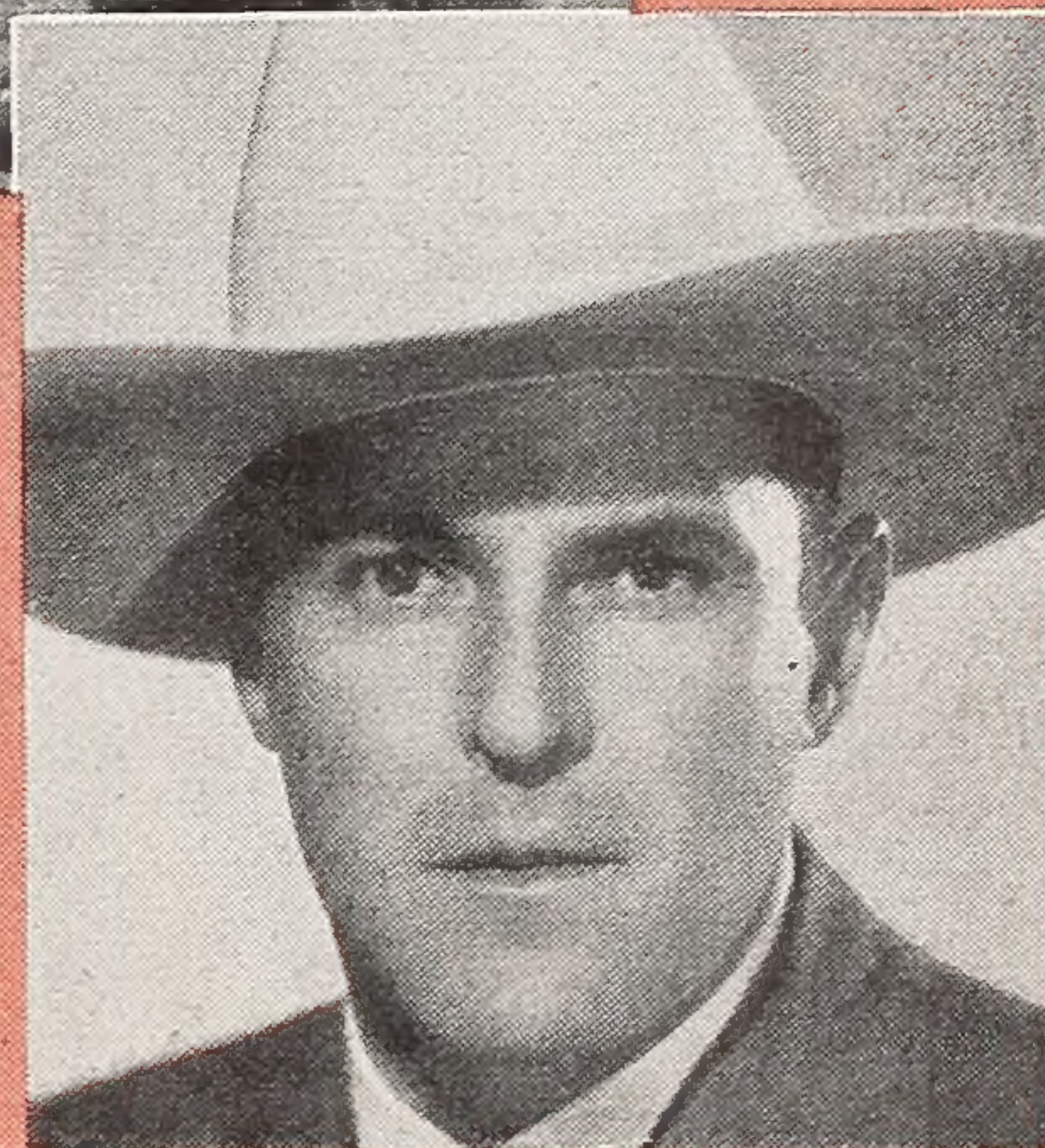
Hollywood Day by



A rest between scenes of "China Seas." Don't they look comfortable and easy, now?



Above: Charley Chase plays his own father in his newest comedy, "Southern Exposure." Neat double exposure work. And, right: Ken Maynard is to do a new series of Westerns for Columbia Pictures.



Maynard to Fraker



Wide World

Warners' is making an old-fashioned pie-slinging comedy with Marie Prevost, Ben Turpin, Ford Sterling and Hank Mann, old Keystoneers.



Spanky McFarland of "Our Gang" plays doctor with Mr. Quack and Laughing Gravy.



CHARLES LAUGHTON who plays "Captain Bligh," has taken off fifty-six pounds for the role and the transformation is amazing!

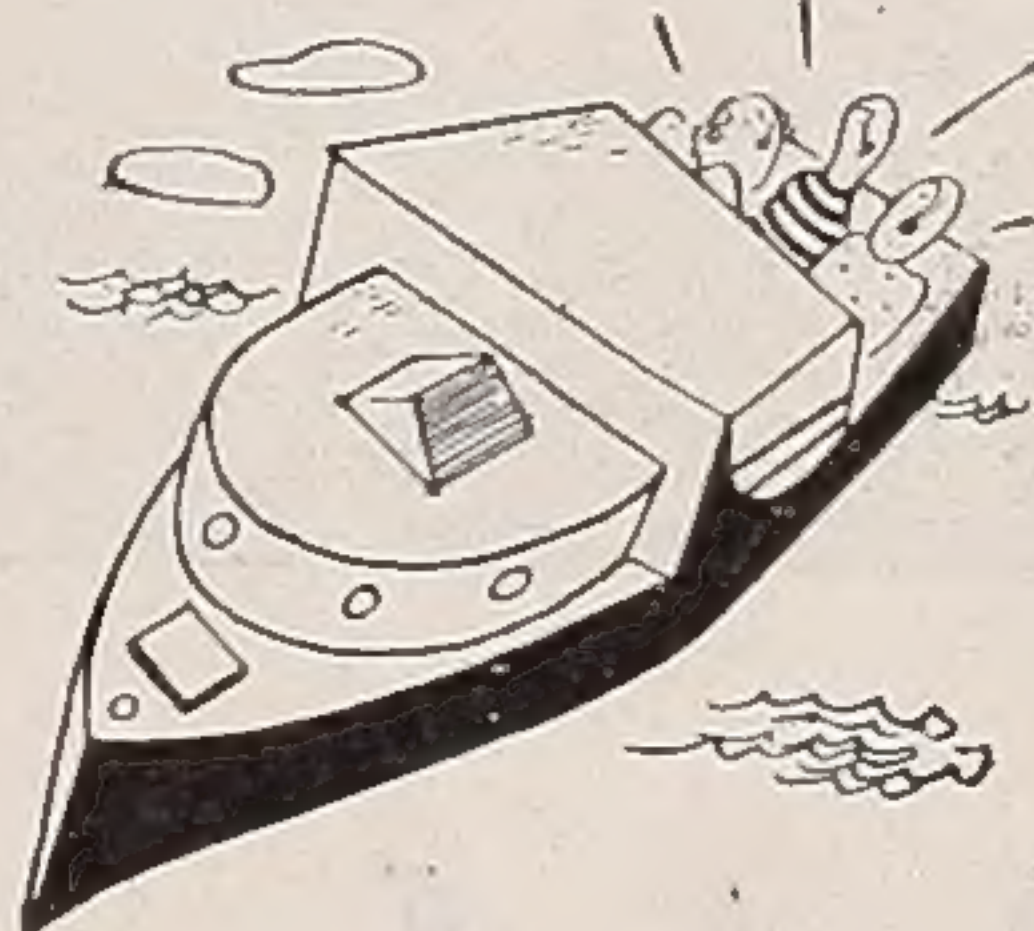
"I'm so much lighter," says Buster, "that I must carry a cannon ball in my pocket to keep my feet on the ground!"

Maybe it was the revivifying sea breeze, or something, but believe it or not, that man is full of fun just about every minute of the time!

Coming ashore in a water taxi to see the day's rushes, he spied a bicycle standing on the dock, and helping himself to it he rolled along yelling perfectly insane greetings to the astonished bystanders.

AFTER viewing the rushes the company trooped down to the dock, called their chauffeur away from a hand of draw poker and set out for home. A split second later—Wham!—and a half million dollars' worth of high class talent found themselves stuck on a submerged reef waiting for ships that never come in.

For an hour they fired guns and sent up flares to no avail. And then when they had slipped into their life belts and sat down to wait for a good wetting, a tugboat putt-putted out to the rescue just in the nick of time.



WHEN Fred Keating gave his tabby cat to Snooney Blair, that lady eyed him suspiciously and said: "What's the matter with it?"

"Not a thing!" Fred assured her. "Not a thing in the world! In fact, 'Mrs. Pettibone' is a very aristocratic cat!"

But Snooney caught "Mrs. Pettibone" trying to Houdini herself into the canary cage with a particularly *un*aristocratic look in her feline eyes.

"Aristocrat or not," Snooney declared, "that animal's just plain cat at heart!"

When Georgie Breakstone found two black fish, both goldfish, one three-legged turtle and three frogs gone out of his fish pond, we immediately turned a look on "Mrs. Pettibone" that would have squelched the Prince of Wales!

But fortunately it wasn't Snooney's tabby at all, but a prowling bob cat that had slaughtered George's pets.

STUMBLING around in our usual clumsy fashion, we accidentally crashed onto an exterior of the "Anna Karenina" set. And before they could chase us off, we spotted Garbo, herself, treating Freddie March to a gondola ride, on the M-G-M synthetic canal.

(Please turn to page 40)



Day REPORTED BY Nemo



Richee

You Should Know Wendy

For Wendy Barrie is at that delightful time, in her life and in her career, when she is just beginning to know herself. Making "The Big Broadcast of 1935," she is interviewed for you by MAUDE CHEATHAM

YOU really should know Wendy Barrie! She's a whirlwind sort of girl who puts fire and brimstone into the simplest things, giving them a peculiar vibrancy and significance that sweeps you along with her.

She's pretty, too, very pretty, with laughing eyes and a sweet, generous mouth. Remember her as *Jane Seymour* in the sensational British film, "The Private Life Of Henry VIII"? Her death was the poignant chord in the picture.

Although Wendy is only twenty-two or three, she's touched some high spots and already has made the leap from Hongkong to Hollywood, from society deb to screen actress. It is all amazing—until you meet her. Then you understand that nothing can stop her.

Wendy greeted me with a cheery, "Hello, Maude, I'm Wendy. Let's have tea!" Then as we walked arm in arm through the gardens in the afternoon sunshine, over to the studio cafe, we chatted as if we had known each other for years.

"I'm so excited over everything in this new world in which I've suddenly become a part that I feel I may explode at any moment from sheer joy," she bubbled, happily. "I'm learning your American slang, it's so expressive and just listen how I can give the short sound of *a*, to *bath, drama, can't!*"

"Do you know what happened when I finished my first Hollywood picture, 'It's a Small World' with Spencer Tracy, at the Fox studio? Well, the entire company,—electricians, cameramen, directors, *everybody*, chipped in and gave me a make-up box that had everything from chewing gum to hair pins and best of all, a rhymed greeting. I almost wept I was so happy. I'm sure it will bring good luck and in years to come when you visit me in my dressing room you'll see it. It may be an old and battered make-up box but I'll still be using it.

"Every afternoon during the filming of 'It's a Small World,' Spencer and I would order tea, with loads of cookies, for the company. So, everybody began calling me 'Cookie,' and I'm tickled pink that the name has followed me over here to Paramount where my next picture will be made.

"Life moves so swiftly that I daily pinch myself to see if it is real or just a dream that will vanish at daybreak."

After scanning a few of the chapters that have built up her life so far, I don't blame her for if a fairy tale ever came to life, it is the story of Wendy Barrie.

She was born in Hongkong, a British Island off the China coast, where her father, J. C. Jenkins, is the King's counsel and during the years of her education at the Convent of the Assumption in London, and a fashionable finishing school at Lausanne, Switzerland, Wendy made seven trips back and forth to the Orient.

At seventeen, she returned home and suddenly her father, who still pictured her playing with dolls, saw a young female who used lipstick and had opinions of her own. He hastily arranged to have her formally introduced to society and, her debut over, he decreed she should marry according to his own plans and settle down to the traditional life of the colony.

There was a quarrel between father and
(Please turn to page 53)

The TINTEX Color-Magician Says:



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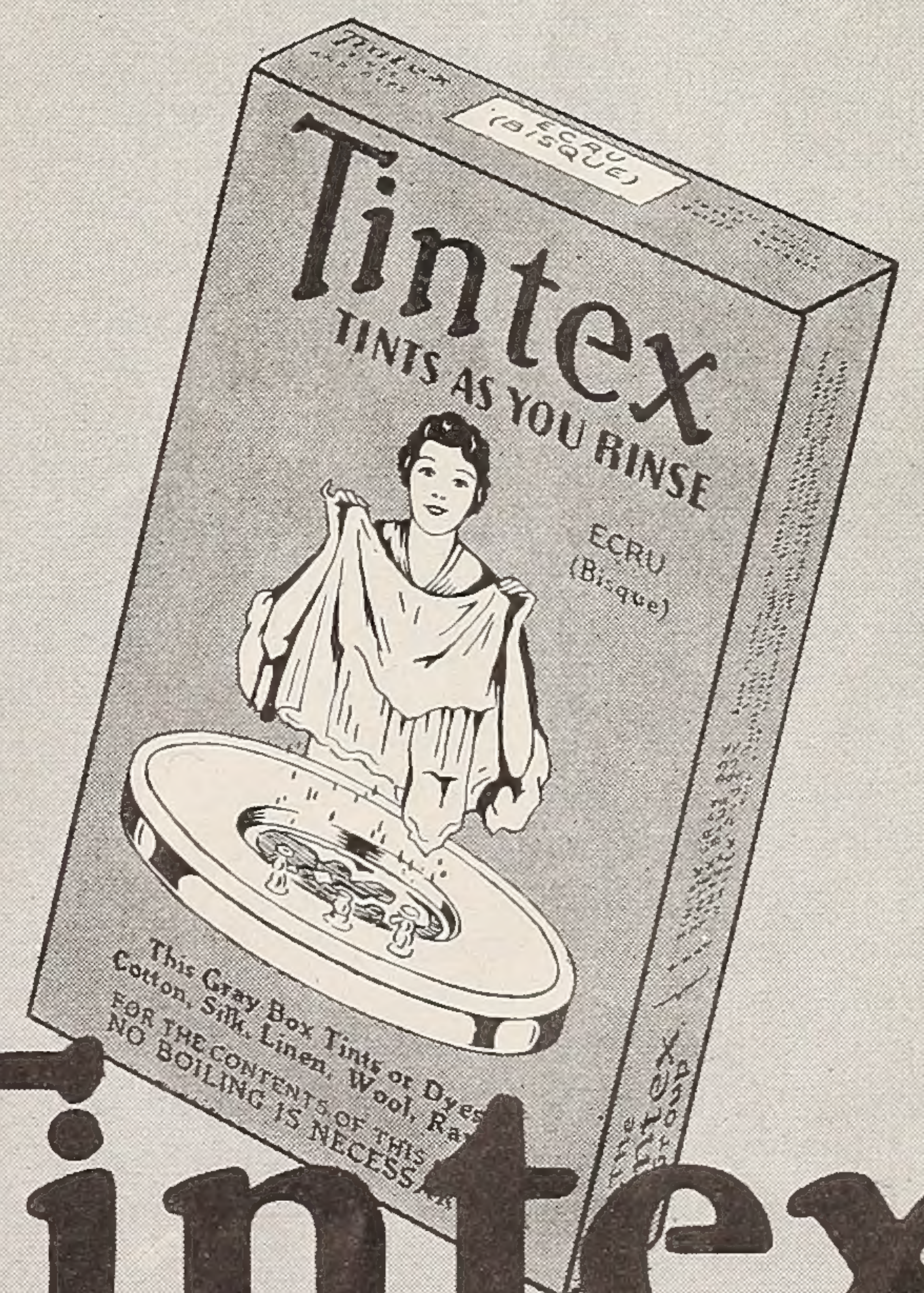
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NEW with Easy TINTEX
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Fred and His Future



TO the public in general, wherever radios are heard and talking pictures are shown, it is a fairly well-known fact that Wayne King and Rudy Vallee got ahead in the world by concentrating, through the thick and thin of their earlier days of struggle, on learning to play the saxophone.

Now, to his utter surprise, Fred MacMurray, a very tall and personable young Irishman, who scarcely more than a half-year ago thought of himself only as a first-rate saxophone player, has discovered that he is a motion picture actor, a leading man to Claudette Colbert, with every prospect of becoming heard and seen as widely as Mr. King and Mr. Vallee.

Two things connected with this change in Mr. MacMurray's fortunes have surprised him more than he has words to explain. First, that anyone to begin with should have asked him to put away his saxophone to be an actor, much less to perform, as a starter, opposite Claudette Colbert. Second, that after "The Gilded Lily," in which he got as much of the critical camera as Miss Colbert, Paramount immediately requested him to abandon his horn forever, loaned him to Radio for "Grand Old Girl" with May Robson, then brought him back to be the hero in "Car 99" and "College Scandal," and finally presented him with a seven-year contract as a guarantee that he would probably never need his saxophone again, unless it might be to wail out a tune or two from the silver screen.

All this has happened fast to a young man whose only experience in acting, up to April, 1934, had consisted principally of listening to torch songs and answering them briefly in "Three's a Crowd" and "Roberta." Both of these were high-class musical shows, but they became famous for other reasons than Fred MacMurray.

TEN years ago Paramount's new star was attending high school in Beaver Dam, Wisconsin. He was then known as Bud by everyone who had seen him make touchdowns for Beaver Dam High and heard him turn out sweet tunes on the saxophone before school assemblies. The seniors were getting ready to put before the footlights a simple little piece entitled "Aaron Boggs, Freshman," and Bud was of a mind to enlarge his school fame by acting in it. At the tryouts he did not know what to do with his hands and his feet (he was the tallest student in school) as he read his lines. The director shook his head. And—"Aaron Boggs, Freshman" delighted the townsfolk of Beaver Dam back in 1925 without the aid of Bud MacMurray.

From that point to now, even after he had been taken out of the orchestra pit to do those bits in "Three's a Crowd" and "Roberta," MacMurray does not remember a time when he had ambitions to be an

actor. He had set his hopes, from high school days, on his saxophone and trumpet, not on the affable Irish grin of a handsome face that was topped by a neat shock of curly black hair, and the best he had hoped for out of the world was an orchestra of his own some day.

A Winter or so ago, however, a Paramount scout came to see what "Roberta" had for Hollywood. He made a screen test of Bud. As a result this story of a saxophone player is being written.

If it weren't by this time a common trick of fate, the most interesting fact in this story would be that Fred MacMurray had to cross the United States from Hollywood to New York, before he was seriously considered as a candidate for the movies. When as a "New York newcomer" he first appeared on a "Gilded Lily" set, Fred had already been a taxpayer in Hollywood for six years and knew generally what a sound stage looked like although he had never been given a chance to do much on one when he had been around before.

As a matter of fact, Fred, so he says, felt that he owned a part interest, at least one wing, in a Hollywood hospital. There his mother had lain bedridden for four years, victim of a fall that had broken her hip.

OUT in California, where perpetual Summer brings people who want to play, it was felt, reasonably enough, that there ought to be more dances and more orchestras than in Wisconsin where the Winter cuts down on gayety. Besides, as the depression approached, all the way from Beaver Dam to Chicago people did their Saturday night dancing to the music of hardworking but underpaid local bands. So the MacMurrays went West with friends who were motoring to the Coast and could take them along.

The year before Fred had known some bleak days in Chicago after profitable work in dance bands had caused him to drop out of Carroll College in Wisconsin, but if tragedy must be recorded in the twenty-six years of his life, he wants it set down as happening that first year in Hollywood. His mother, facing the possibility of never walking again, could get very little of the sunshine in a costly white hospital room. The twenty-year-old son got a good deal of it as he carried his horns from booking agent to booking agent. At college he had played in a band called "Joy's Gloom Chasers." Those were days of five dollars an engagement, and the "Gloom Chasers" had been much in demand. Now for a time he was chasing his own gloom.

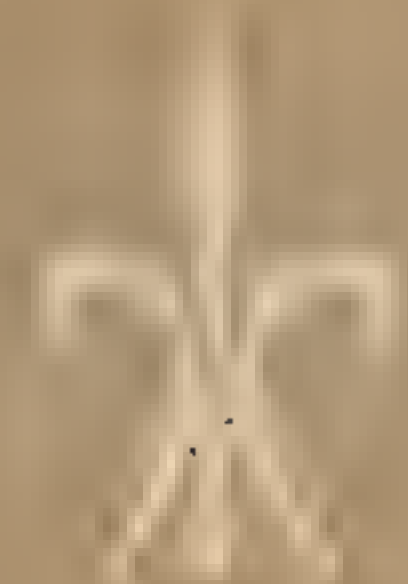
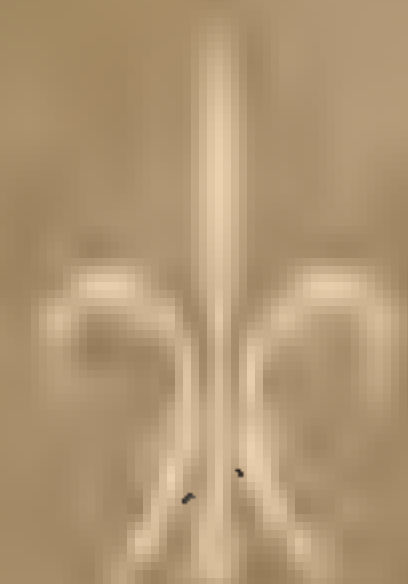
If membership in that band didn't help to recommend him, his saxophone and trumpet finally did. He had been blowing on those horns a few hours every single day since he first (*Please turn to page 51*)



A saxophone player from Beaver Dam, Wisconsin, starts at the top of the ladder. A story about Fred MacMurray by J. Gunnar Back.



NEW MOVIE
MAGAZINE'S
GALLERY
of STARS



Fitting it is that Norma Shearer, a queen of the silver screen, should be a queen in her forthcoming "Marie Antoinette" — and fitting, too, that Norma recently participated in the crowning glory of womankind, by giving birth to an eight-pound girl.



Apger



Apger

AS SULTRY

as the blazing, typhoon-threatened waters of its name, is the story of "China Seas." Postponed again and again, the picture at last comes to us from M-G-M with Jean Harlow and Clark Gable once more teamed.



Ritchee

AS COOL

as the foggy London in which it springs into being, on the other hand, is the eternal love between Ann Harding and Gary Cooper in the mystic "Peter Ibbetson"—a love which conquers prison bars and even the grave.

Come on the Set with Garbo

When we took you on the "No More Ladies" set with our candid camera we gave you something new under the sun. We again do the impossible. Here, for the first time ever, we take you right on the set with Greta Garbo, making "Anna Karenina."



4 "Mr. March on the set, please." Fredric March, too, comes out of his dressing-room.



5 Fredric and Greta take their places. Greta sees New Movie's camera man and smiles.



6 Poling them back to shore, the gondolier gives a little girl player a ride and Greta talks to her.



10 Another angle, focussed on Garbo. The scene is over. Now we go indoors for Scene Two.



11 Her costume changed, Greta waits, seated on the side lines. Her maid holds her make-up.



12 She rises to chat with Maureen O'Sullivan and supporting players, while cameras are adjusted.



16 Hale has stepped away. Garbo pauses to think, while Fredric March waits for her to turn.



17 They step into the scene. The music starts, the cameras turn. "Action." They go into character.



18 Our high speed lens catches the scene in full motion, as Greta whirls in the intricate dance.



"Cameras ready." William Daniels, Garbo's camera man, turns to wait for her to come.



2 Director Clarence Brown has finished lining up the scene in his finder. "All right, Bill," he says.



3 And Garbo promptly leaves her portable dressing-room, her stand-in seated at the left.



7 Down to business. Director Brown steps into the boat and gravely gives them instructions.



8 Freddie Bartholomew steps into the boat to rehearse his lines as final adjustments are made.



9 The tape line checks the focus and a close-up of Freddie is taken between the other's heads.



13 Clarence Brown (in foreground) steps into the group to tell Greta the dance director is ready.



14 A split second later. Brown's arm is raised, and Greta is caught in the act of leaving to join him.



15 Chester Hale, dance director, gives his instructions for the lavish Moscow ballroom scene.



19 The circle of the dance closes and a smiling Fredric kneels before his partner.



20 Greta spins around to him. He kisses her hand. "Cut!" calls Brown.

These pictures were specially taken for New Movie and you with the latest invention in speed cameras, so sensitive that it will take snapshots after dark. To call them history-making is not at all extravagant. From No. 3, showing Miss Garbo leaving her dressing-room, to No. 19, catching her in the very middle of a scene, they offer you a thrilling experience, such as few movie fans have ever known.

ALL ACTION PHOTOS BY GRIMES

Star

BEAUTIFUL then, more beautiful now. Talented then, more talented now. Ambitious then, and more ambitious now despite the fact that it's a severe strain on the eyes to try and see what other worlds there are for her to conquer. Grace Moore still has that "starbright" look in her eye that she had one memorable night at the Music Box Theatre in New York when a so-called blase New York audience stood and cheered the girl from Jellico, Tennessee.

I was among those cheering. It seems yesterday, but I know it must be some time ago because Irving Berlin was not married and therefore not the father of two rapidly growing little girls. Had he been, I'm sure he would not have bored his old pal Elsie by raving about "this girl from Tennessee" when Elsie was much more interested in hearing the lyrics and music he had written for that unforgettable Music Box Revue. I'm not suggesting that Irving had a personal "yen" for Grace, though of course he must have felt the attraction which the world feels now.

"One Night of Love" should have been called "One Life of Love." I know of no woman who has had more men in love with her than Grace Moore, but Irving would never allow a "yen" to influence his pen. He simply realized then, what we all know today, that the girl from Jellico had everything, and he fought to give her the perfect opportunity to prove it. So sure was he of what Grace was going to do to an opening night audience that when she developed nerves just three days before the planned premiere he postponed the great event until Grace regained her southern accent, which had accompanied her lovely voice when it "walked out" at the first of the three dress rehearsals. The gesture cost literally thousands of dollars. Well spent, when you consider that it usually takes a star years to accomplish what Grace did in one well-poised leap from soloist in a Jellico church choir to "show stopper" and "cheer dragger-outer" in an all-star Music Box Revue!

IT was a great night. In those days no one was expected to look beautiful and sing wonderfully at the same time. Grace received a great reception on her first entrance for just looking radiant. In a crinoline gown, hair parted in the middle and knotted simply in the Empress Eugenie style. She carried an old-fashioned bouquet which must have been a Godsend, hand trouble being about the most agonizing item when one is nervous. What to do with them, how to keep them from shaking when the scene calls for them to hold the ever-present letter from somebody. That letter is, has been, and always will be the bane of some one's life on opening nights. Well, Grace smiled that smile

Star light, star bright,
Loved forever as tonight,
Wish we may, wish we might
Thank you, Grace, for
Moore delight.

Grace Moore, Then and Now, by Elsie Janis



A scene from the picture that has been awaited so long—Grace Moore's new "Love Me Forever," in which she appears with Robert Allen and Leo Carrillo.

LIGHT, *Star* BRIGHT

of hers, drew up her diaphragm behind the old-fashioned bouquet, breathed deeply and out came such lovely tones that there was a gasp of combined surprise and pleasure. A little later on, the only person in the theater who could have been astonished was Grace when she was cheered to a standstill.

She refused to stand still, so we won't linger in the charming Music Box Theatre. Grace didn't and we'll follow her through several years of hard work. Languages, operatic scores, strict training. Struggling valiantly, chin up, eyes front and never wavering until they closed in ecstasy when she found herself at last singing the role of Mimi in Puccini's opera, "La Boheme." As Mimi she made her triumphal debut in the Paris Opera. As Mimi she captured the Metropolitan Opera House plaudits in New York. As Mimi she made her debut at Covent Garden in London this season, and as Mimi you will see her in her next picture. All of which would lead us to believe that Grace owes a lot to Mr. Puccini's gal, Mimi. She admits it gladly, but her deepest gratitude goes to Irving Berlin. If he hadn't stuck by her when she was voiceless at that dress rehearsal, she might have gone back down South and we would never have heard of Grace Moore or Jellico.

So far we've clung to the Then part of this article rather stubbornly, getting a kick out of re-living the thrills of it, but, now, what about Now?

I KNEW I was taking advantage of our friendship when I horned in on her last week, but what's a friendship good for if you can't do that? She only had three days in New York before sailing. I was sandwiched in between some relatives and an income tax expert. Grace had the former parked in one bedroom, the latter in another, but I rated the drawing-room for over half an hour, and I'm bragging about it. She swept in with an apology for keeping me waiting. When Grace sweeps, she cleans up. When she apologizes, you are dumb. At least I was.

How any one could look so fresh, so well groomed, so—so— Oh, what's the use, I can't do without it—so swell, after a late night, an entire morning spent talking business, answering phones, greeting the Italian Consul (because she is going to meet Il Duce when she gets to Italy) and being inter-

viewed about the medal she was to receive that night! I repeat I was dumb, but not blind. She had on about the loveliest bit of feminine intrigue I've ever seen. Flame color, if you please, in the forenoon. It swirled and clung to her figure, which is just what the diet ordered.

"I'm so glad to see you, darling. You look so well and happy." She squeezed my hands hard.

I'm past saying "You took the words right out of my mouth," so I wittily coined a phrase and said, "Gee! So do you!"

"Now tell me all about yourself." She took my bag and gloves. "How do you like Radio? I love it. Do you miss California? I've become quite a native, but I'm glad to get away now. How is your nice husband? Valentin's fine. He'll be sorry to miss you. He's out doing a lot of things that have to be done, you know, before sailing! Oh, Elsie, he is such a marvelous person, I simply couldn't do anything without him." She sat back opposite me at her end of the divan, flashing that starbright look at me, and waited for me to say something about my husband. She got what she expected.

You see, Grace took quite a long time before marrying. Nothing to compare with my long distance record and not for the same reason. I had my Mother. She had her career. But what we finally found was apparently what we were both waiting for. We had more notes to compare than any two bankers. My views and opinions on matrimony

are not important, though that rarely stops me from giving them, but in this case hers are so illuminating, so regular, that I shall pass them on, though I didn't have time to ask her permission.

I hadn't seen Grace since her epoch-making triumph in the films. I should have known another sort of success would not change her, but the worldwide hysteria that goes with film success often does odd things to the most experienced and already-acclaimed stage stars. Don't get the impression from the flashing welcome that Grace is the flustery or gushing type. On the contrary. She is about the most down-to-earth, clear-thinking and non-temperamental prima donna that ever rode the high C's. I believe she really was just as glad to see me as I was to see her, hence the barrage of questions as a greeting.

She listened and smiled approvingly as I raved on about my own marriage and finally ended the oration by saying, "I'm so glad I waited, didn't go popping off as a kid with some one I couldn't possibly have loved now. Aren't you glad you haven't any divorces behind you?"

"Glad!" She threw back her head and closed her eyes for a few seconds. "Glad and grateful for my good fortune. You know, Elsie, during those years of hard work I didn't marry because I had very set ideas about marriage. I brought them with me (Please turn to page 44)



Left: The Grace Moore that Elsie Janis met—a smartly turned out young woman with one hand tucked jauntily in a pocket and a roguish twinkle in her eyes. And above: Grace in the sunny patio of her Hollywood home, with the husband whose love means so much to her, Valentin Perara. And if you want to find out just why they're so close, you'll have to read Elsie's story and let her tell you.

The motion picture which started Grace Moore on her way. She had made other pictures before "One Night of Love," but it was "One Night of Love," with Tullio Carminati, that captivated audiences.

What Do You Think of COLOR?

Rouben Mamoulian, who directed "Becky Sharp," thinks it makes action twice as important as talk, and that it's here to stay

By ROUBEN MAMOULIAN as told to Jack Jamison



Top of page: Mamoulian with Miriam Hopkins and the crew. Above: Frances Dee and Cedric Hardwicke get final instructions for a scene of "Becky Sharp." And at the left: A portrait of the author of this story.

MOTION pictures are visual. They are primarily for the eye. If a person is blind, they don't exist for him; if he is deaf, they do. They are moving images, developing on a screen placed before the eyes.

At the start—twenty-odd years ago—those moving images were black and white. It was not a matter of choice, it was an accident. The only photographic process known at the time produced black-and-white pictures, and that was all there was to it; nobody as yet dreamed of anything else. At the start pictures were silent for the same reason. Nobody had so far imagined that they could ever be anything else.

But seven years ago we got sound, and now we have color.

I met Gertrude Stein recently, when she was visiting Hollywood. We had a violent argument. Miss Stein held that sound pictures were only temporary, and that we ought to go back to the silent film. I disagreed with her. When I saw my first sound film I was convinced that they were here to stay, and today I believe that color will stay. It is, today, where sound films were seven years ago. Today we accept talkies as an accomplished fact. Seven years from now, I am sure, we will similarly accept color pictures.

I am sure of it because I am sure color is integral with the screen. The screen, more than any art, is based upon the achievements of organized science. Before we can do the simplest things, in Hollywood, we must take for granted all the resources and accomplishments of hundreds of trained laboratory workers who have made our tools, as it were, possible to us. For years we did not even know that movies were an art. We thought they were a business. We knew it was a complicated (*Please turn to page 44*)

MOTION PICTURES became MOVIES
TALKING PICTURES became TALKIES

**Will COLOR
PICTURES become ?**

**{ Hueies
Painties
Tinties
Tonies
Brighties**



GINGER ROGERS

With youth, personality, ability, everything, Ginger has won her way to the top. But now she stands at the crucial point in her career. To reach the top is one thing. Now it's to stay there.



1,000,000 LANDSCAPES

Modern talkies take us to half the countries of the world for their backgrounds. And modern conditions demand that they be made economically. How is this question of locales solved?

By POTTER BRAYTON

PICTURES pour out of Hollywood. One is against a background of China. Another Africa. Others Alaska, the South Seas, the Soudan, the gas-house district of New York.

The studios can't pack up and move to those places. They can't send companies of stars touring around the world, year in and year out. The stars wouldn't stand for it, even if the studios could afford it.

So—what do they do?

THE peculiar topography of the state of California makes carelessness in reproducing natural settings for our movies inexcusable. Just as stunt-men double for our movie heroes, so Miss California herself doubles for Dame Nature.

That the state of California contains somewhere within its borders exact duplicates of every famed beauty spot known to world travelers is no idle boast of the local Chamber of Commerce. Every major studio in Hollywood has a location department manager, well traveled and trained in topography, who has at his finger tips maps and whole libraries of data by means of which he can at a moment's notice name a California location that will accurately double for almost any region in the world, regardless of climate or altitude.

When a recent Will Rogers script called for scenes set in a Middle West farming community, Fox studios didn't go to the unnecessary expense of sending stars and production crew all the way to Dane County, Wisconsin; they simply ordered the outfit to spend a few days north of Hollywood in the little town of Bishop.

Bishop is a valley town nestling at the foot of the snow-crested Sierra Nevadas. Its surrounding farm country looks exactly like that of Dane County, Wisconsin; yet Dane County has no mountains. So the photographer simply avoided long shots where he could, and in the remainder of the scenes he filtered the mountains out, and you saw nothing but Middle West farm country.

Studios seldom strew sound stages with corn flakes to represent snow scenes; rather, they pile their outfit into trucks and motor busses, and send them packing off to Big Pine resort, a short drive into the mountains just east of Hollywood, where honest-to-goodness snow carpets the forest almost the year

around. Here the movie companies take their Austrian Tyrol scenes and their shots of the wilds of winter-bitten British Columbia, and unless you are an expert botanist or a geologist with an eye for minute detail you'd never know the difference.

Loretta Young and Clark Gable didn't get a free trip to Alaska during production of Twentieth Century's "Call of the Wild." But Clark has been to Alaska, and of course he's been to Truckee, in the High Sierras near Lake Tahoe, California, where the picture was photographed, and he says he couldn't take the blindfold test on which was which. And he's right. Truckee has the identical snow peaks, the dense hemlock and spruce forests, the grassy valleys, and the wide, flat, rocky river shores typical of Jack London's Alaska.

In this palm-tree infested sunny California one would suppose Hollywood picture producers would be stumped when the script called for a scene in Central Park or any other expansive outdoor vista along the Atlantic seaboard. Not so; for in the beautiful Busch Gardens of Pasadena are acres of just such un-tropical verdure which have served the movies as eastern settings since the industry's very infancy.

Then, again, if you climb Mt. Lowe in Pasadena or Lookout Mountain in Hollywood—after dark—you have a night panorama over Hollywood, Los Angeles, and its vast number of suburbs, which travelers agree is an exact duplicate of the famous night view from Sugar Loaf over Rio de Janeiro, Brazil.

The white shore and stubby pine growth surrounding sparkling Lake Arrowhead make it an ideal location for Scandinavian settings. When you saw Janet Gaynor and Lew Ayers putt-putting across a lake near Copenhagen, Denmark, in the picture "Servant's Entrance," their motor boat's Danish flag was the only thing, animate or inanimate, that was an unfamiliar sight at Arrowhead, California, U.S.A.

IN the Malibu hills directly north of Hollywood are several of filmdom's favorite locations. Along Ventura Boulevard on the inland side of this coastal range we arrive first at the grassy slopes,

dotted here and there with oak trees that are frequently represented as "somewhere in France," as in Warner Baxter's "Hell in the Heavens." Then we come to Shadow Valley, the location site representing northern New York state for RKO's "Return of Peter Grimm." A little further, your guide will point out Sherwood Hills Estate, which has been used to represent Germany's Black Forest, and Canada's Ontario, the latter which is to be seen when "Jalna" comes to your neighborhood theater. Portions of this region have in turn represented rural England and Ireland. Even Thrums, Scotland, wherein were laid the scenes of Katharine Hepburn's "Little Minister," was photographed in this lovely acreage of gnarled old trees and elfin dells.

Only two or three miles distant from this spot is the violently contrasted arid region which stood in for Mother India in the exotic Khyber Pass shots and other scenes of Gary Cooper's "Lives of a Bengal Lancer."

And across the Malibu Hills on the ocean side is Huenema Beach, just north of Malibu, celebrated film colony, which because of its swampy dikelands is frequently used as a background for pictures having Holland as their locale.

Of course, the same California site cannot always be used to represent a certain country. For example, when a studio wants shots of the African veldt, the location crew is sent to the rolling sparsely vegetated foothill country just west of Mt. San Jacinto. (You can locate it on the map by putting your finger on the Catalina Island side of the peaks representing the Alps.) But when jungle country is desired, most studios have ranches neighboring Hollywood which serve the purpose. An example is the vast Lasky ranch where Universal made "Call of the Savage," starring Noah Beery, Jr., and Dorothy Short. Here again the studio "designers" must necessarily improve on Dame Nature's double. Certain areas of the ranch have been planted with tree ferns and breadfruit, and the trees native to the region have been "inoculated" with the jungle parasite known commonly as tree moss. So you see, it's real—and yet it isn't!

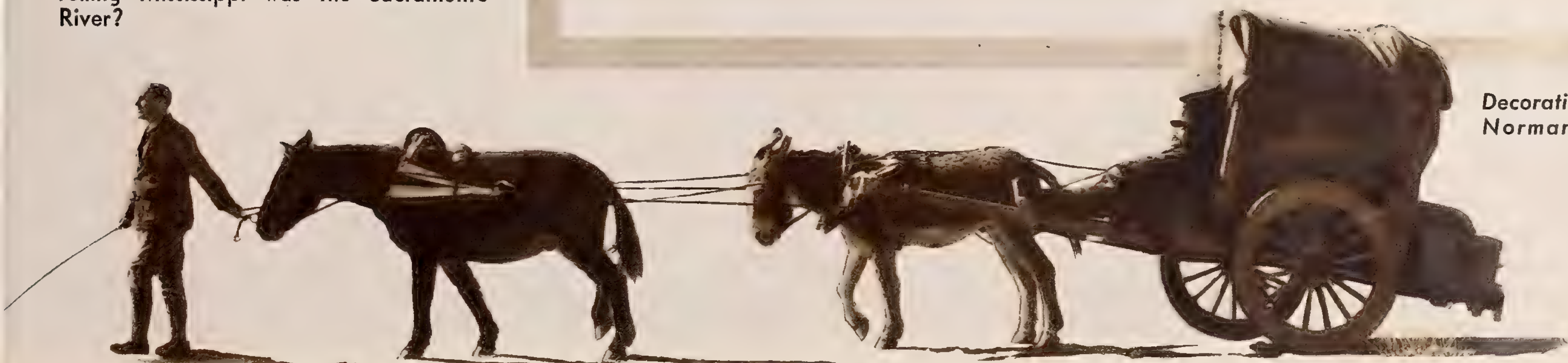
Likewise, a story laid in the Holy Land may require groves of date trees and artesian wells. Such pictures are filmed in California's date-growing region just north of the (Please turn to page 46)



The photos above run from left to right —Richard Cromwell, Franchot Tone and Gary Cooper in "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer," Steffi Duna in "Girl of the Islands," Clark Gable and Jack Oakie in "Call of the Wild," Richard Dix and Martha Sleeper in "West of the Pecos," Warner Baxter in "Under the Pampas Moon," and Wallace Ford and Victor McLaglen with Brandon Hurst in "The Lost Patrol." The one below shows Pat O'Brien in "Oil for the Lamps of China."

All of these photographs, and the pictures from which they are taken, were made in California. They show you India, the South Seas, Alaska, Texas, Argentina, Arabia and China. Nor is that all they could show you. The list might be prolonged endlessly, as the map at the right demonstrates. The State of California is in a bizarre spot, geographically. A thousand miles in length, its southern boundary is semi-tropical and its northern counties lie far into the north temperate zone. Its western edge is seacoast all the way, its south central section is desert, and to the east rise the folds of high mountain chains. Lake Tahoe, to the north, can be frozen while in Death Valley the thermometer climbs to a hundred and twenty and more. The Imperial Valley can be begging for rain while San Francisco lies cloaked in chill fog. Geographically, at any rate, California is a little universe in itself. When a Californian tells you they're having unusual weather he's telling the truth. It's always unusual weather.

California offers a million landscapes, a million-and-one locations. Seeing "Oil for the Lamps of China," who would have dreamed that great desert in the middle of Asia lay just outside a California town named Lone Pine? Or that Bing Crosby's rolling Mississippi was the Sacramento River?



Decorative Map by Norman Mencher

GLAMOUR



NELSON EDDY, the nice looking young fellow above, is as nice as he looks, and the way he caught on overnight has the producers groggy. You may see him soon with Jeanette MacDonald and Grace Moore.

•

CLAIRE TREVOR'S fate still hangs in the balance. Whether she will really become a star, or not, depends on you, and so far you haven't said Yes or No. But "Black Sheep" and "Dante's Inferno" may tell the tale.

•

LORETTA YOUNG'S career has really been amazing. Nowadays people forget that she was playing grown-ups when she was thirteen. Serious and sincere, she gains in stature with every new screen appearance.



and CHARM



In "Love Me Forever" Grace Moore has three leading men, and the one who sings is **MICHAEL BARTLETT**. But it turned out that he could act, so **Claudette Colbert** grabbed Michael for her "She Married Her Boss."

•

The lady in the big hat at the left is **MARION DAVIES**, whose lovely clothes show you—as does "Page Miss Glory"—what happens to a boarding-house slavey discovered by a beauty contest promoter.

•

FAY WRAY is an enigma. For a year she will make almost a picture a month. Then she drops out of sight, and the next thing you know she's working in England, making "Alias Bulldog Drummond." Now she's home again.

TOWER STAR *Fashions*



By
**KATHERINE
KAREY**

•





High-light fabrics, rich trimmings, eyelet embroidery, the peasant influence, distinguish the new fall clothes

SKIRTS are shorter, styles more elaborate, fabrics luxurious in themselves, with the advent of Fall. The strict tailleur has done a disappearing act and the Master Minds concentrate on glamour even for daytime with, we think, considerable success. And these Tower Star Fashions are very inexpensive.

Opposite page, photograph above: Brilliant young Constance Cummings, legitimate actress and screen star, will next appear in "Amateur Girl." Here she wears an afternoon ensemble of novelty matelasse. The dress' formal sleeves come through the deep kimono-cut armholes of the jacket. There's a stand-away neck of piqué, tiny buttons down the back and an apron style belt to give a smooth hipline.

Seated: Katharine Sergava, beautiful Paramount actress, chooses a peasant-style afternoon dress of Roughtone crepe, satin backed. The shoulders are dropped and embroidered with epaulet medallions. The full bishop sleeves are attached with cartridge pleats. The waist is bloused, with a straight peplum.

Sketched lower left: Miss Cummings' sports coat for the first fall days is warm without being bulky, of Kragshire woolen in a shadow-plaid. The collar buttons high with a tab under the chin for football weather and there are deep cuffs and big patch pockets.

Sketched standing, above: Miss Sergava's novelty alpaca afternoon dress with cross fox banding on the cape-sleeved jacket. The dress has a full shirred bodice, a slim gores skirt and a shallow yoke shoulder-line.

Sketched seated, above: A note of luxury appears again in Miss Cummings' chenille embroidered chukker crepe afternoon frock. The blouse is full and soft, peasant style, and groups of knife pleats set low in front and back make the new skirt.

Photograph, above: A glint of gold again in Miss Sergava's dinner gown of striped chiffon. Both the blouse and skirt have the dramatic fish-tail back and the blouse's Chinese stand-up collar has frog fastenings that are repeated on the chiffon belt.

A Page of Pictures for Your Album



ROBERT BENCHLEY before now has confined his humor to books, except for his short of "The Treasurer's Report," but you'll be seeing him more, now.



C. AUBREY SMITH is a gruff old chap we all know and have learned to love. In Ann Harding's "The Flame Within" he was, as usual, running in top form.



CHARLES RAY is a name you haven't forgotten. Trying for a come-back in a small part, the picture couldn't be better named than "Welcome Home."



SARAH HADEN is one of the loyal brigade of character players who do such fine work and never get any notice. Her latest is "Mad Love."



JANE BAXTER offers us her fresh English beauty in one of those British-Gaumont imported films that are arousing so much interest—"The Clairvoyant."



TUTTA ROLF—well, the month wouldn't be complete without the Fox people bringing over another European star. Your guess is as good as ours.



SAMUEL HINDS gave up the practice of law three years ago to do character parts in pictures. He was in "Sequoia" and "Private Worlds," among others.



CHARLES SELLON is someone else you must have wondered about, many a time. He plays crotchety old men, mostly in Will Rogers' swell pictures.



EUGENE PALLETTE needs only to appear on the screen and the audience begins to chortle. His big voice sounds as if it comes out of the rain barrel.



Carole Lombard

Jean Harlow

Ginger Rogers

Claudette Colbert

Joan Blondell

If You Would Be Popular

By DOROTHY LUBOU

THE desire to be popular is universal.

To be well spoken of, to be well liked, is natural and human. Those who deride the popularity they have failed to achieve, conceal their disappointment without conviction. Those who pretend indifference to adulation and popular approval, are not quite convincing.

For popularity has a far reaching influence in our lives. It assures us of a well rounded, complete existence. It is an enemy of loneliness, a secret fear in all of us. It widens our horizons and broadens our perspective. It opens the door to opportunities that might not otherwise be ours.

The failure to gain it presents a tragedy of youth that too often is carried over into middle age. The lack of popularity has relegated many young women to a drab position as onlookers at life's show window. They cringe at the callous term "wallflower," the object of no one's affections.

They are missing the fun, the pleasure and excitement that is youth's heritage, and don't quite know what to do about it. They are bewildered and unhappy because young men pass them by, and other women discourage overtures of friendship. In their misery they appeal to the glamorous women of the stage and screen, in pathetic letters, hoping to receive a magic formula that will transform them overnight.

I found these stars eager to discuss the topic. They haven't always been famous and celebrated. Many of them passed through an agonizing period of unpopularity and loneliness in their early youth that makes them sympathetic toward this very real problem to a large number of us.

You see, beauty alone won't make you popular. Nor will glamour or social position. Quite a few of our most successful screen players are not nearly as popular in their private lives as they are with the public. Others, with no contract to add lustre to their names, have a host of friends.

There's nothing mysterious about it.

It is true enough that certain people possess a compelling quality that attracts. You might even say

they have an instinct for being popular. But if they lack other qualities to add depth and completeness to their personalities, they will fail to win popularity.

EVEN for these forceful persons, *popularity must be earned.*

If popularity is your objective, if you would be popular, you'll have to begin by being honest with yourself. You'll have to judge yourself frankly and without vanity so that you may benefit by the advice of these five prominent stars whom I consider to be among the most popular girls in the Hollywood film colony.

I chose them as your guide not because of their undeniable beauty or their acting talents. I haven't gauged their popularity by their box office attraction or the size of their swimming pool or their fan mail.

Their acquaintances and friends, their co-workers at the studios, their neighbors and their servants, they all belong behind the scenes. They are not impressed by press agents and the scope of the screen. They are the ones I polled for my popularity vote.

JEAN HARLOW believes that you have only to follow a simple phrase if you would be popular. Jean says, "**BE FRIENDLY.**"

Her analytical mind weighs each word very carefully.

"Men don't want women to be sofa ornaments. Nor do they like girls to constantly flaunt their 'sex.' They value, above everything, companionability. They want to be comfortable and relaxed and at ease in her presence. There is no higher compliment a modern male can pay a woman than to say a girl is 'regular.' It's his way of saying she is grand company and a lot of fun and a real pal.

"A woman who doesn't build a barrier of sex on the tennis court, over the bridge table, who isn't male-conscious as soon as a man enters her presence, is making definite strides in holding his interest.

"Friendship is an important relationship to me. You *can* be friends with men, if you know how to be a friend. You must really *like* people and communicate that liking to them. A too rigid formality of manner makes for self-consciousness. We are all slightly shy in the presence of strangers. Too much reserve retards friendship.

"A woman who is warm and friendly, who makes us feel comfortable in her presence, will find not only ready friendships but—Romance! Men succumb to the radiance of a woman who is unaffected, real, human. They are ill at ease and wary with women who are afraid to unbend, who adopt a superior air, as so many do, to hide their social timidity.

"Every girl should learn the sports and games favored in her set. They keep your friendships stimulating and interesting. They make you a welcome addition to any gathering. Parties mean new contacts, new friends. (Please turn to page 47)

**Five big stars give
you five answers
to every
woman's
question**

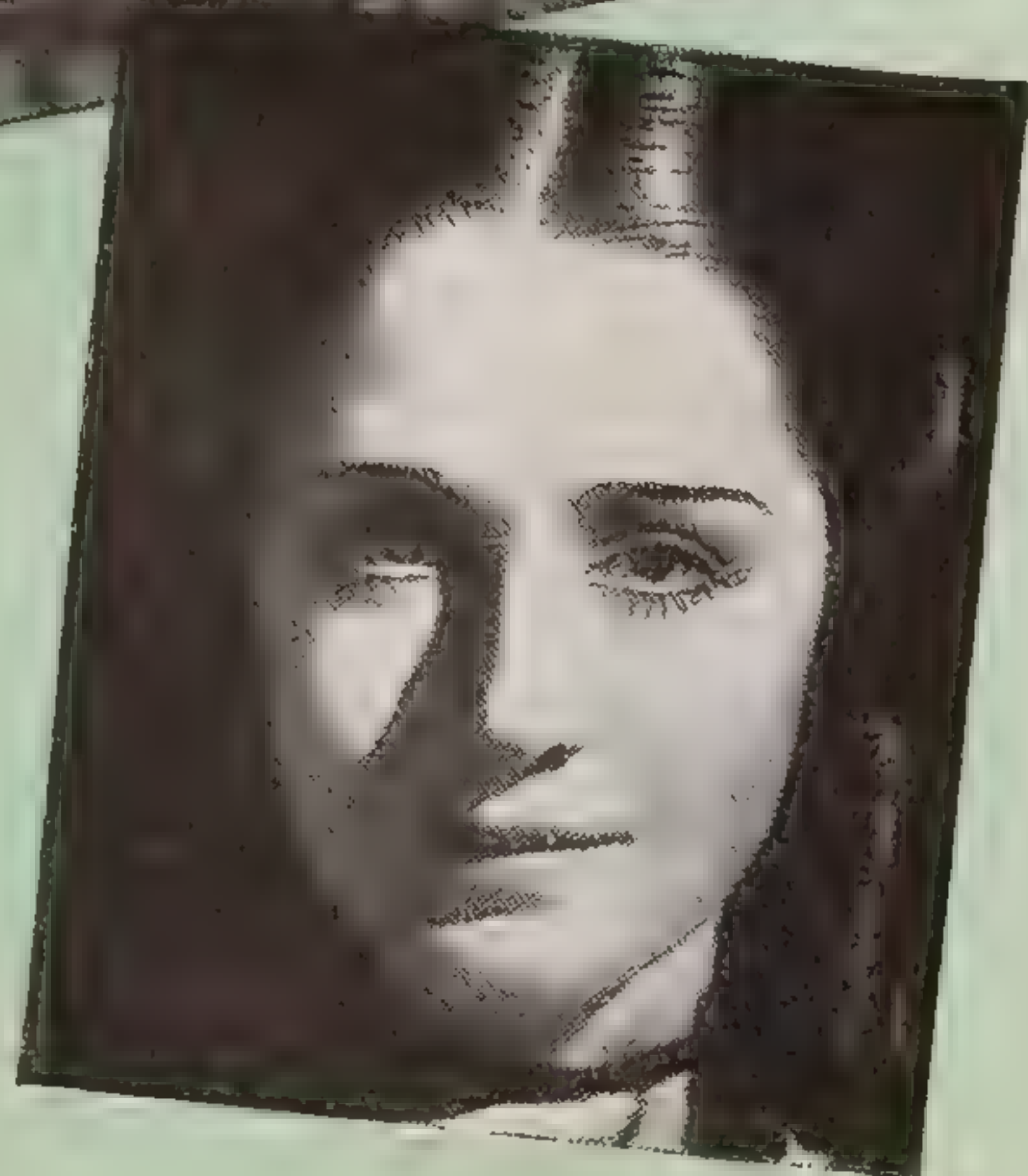
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The Winners

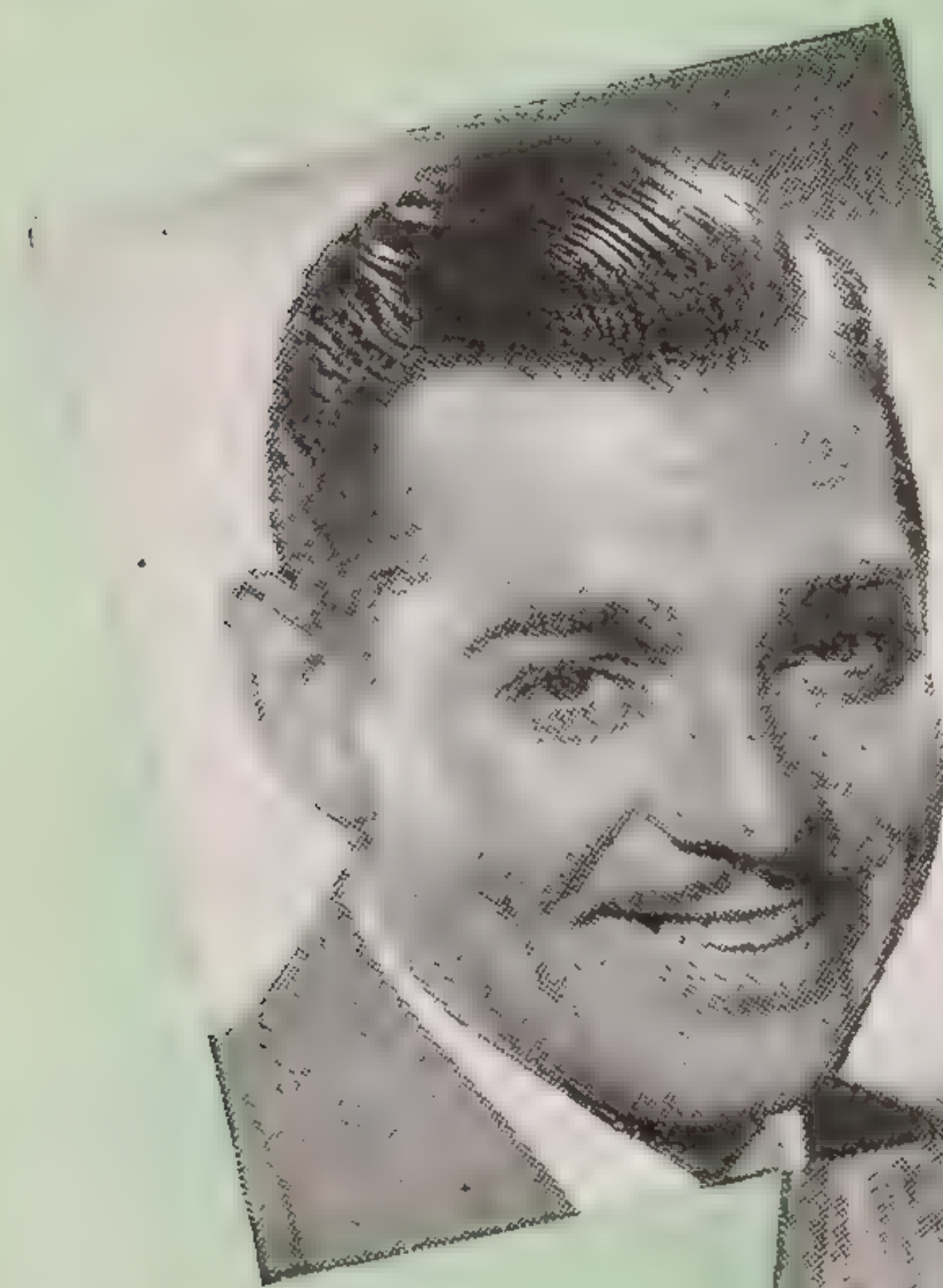
Anies Daye, Jr., of Winston-Salem, North Carolina, is the winner of the trip to award the People's Academy Prizes for the current year



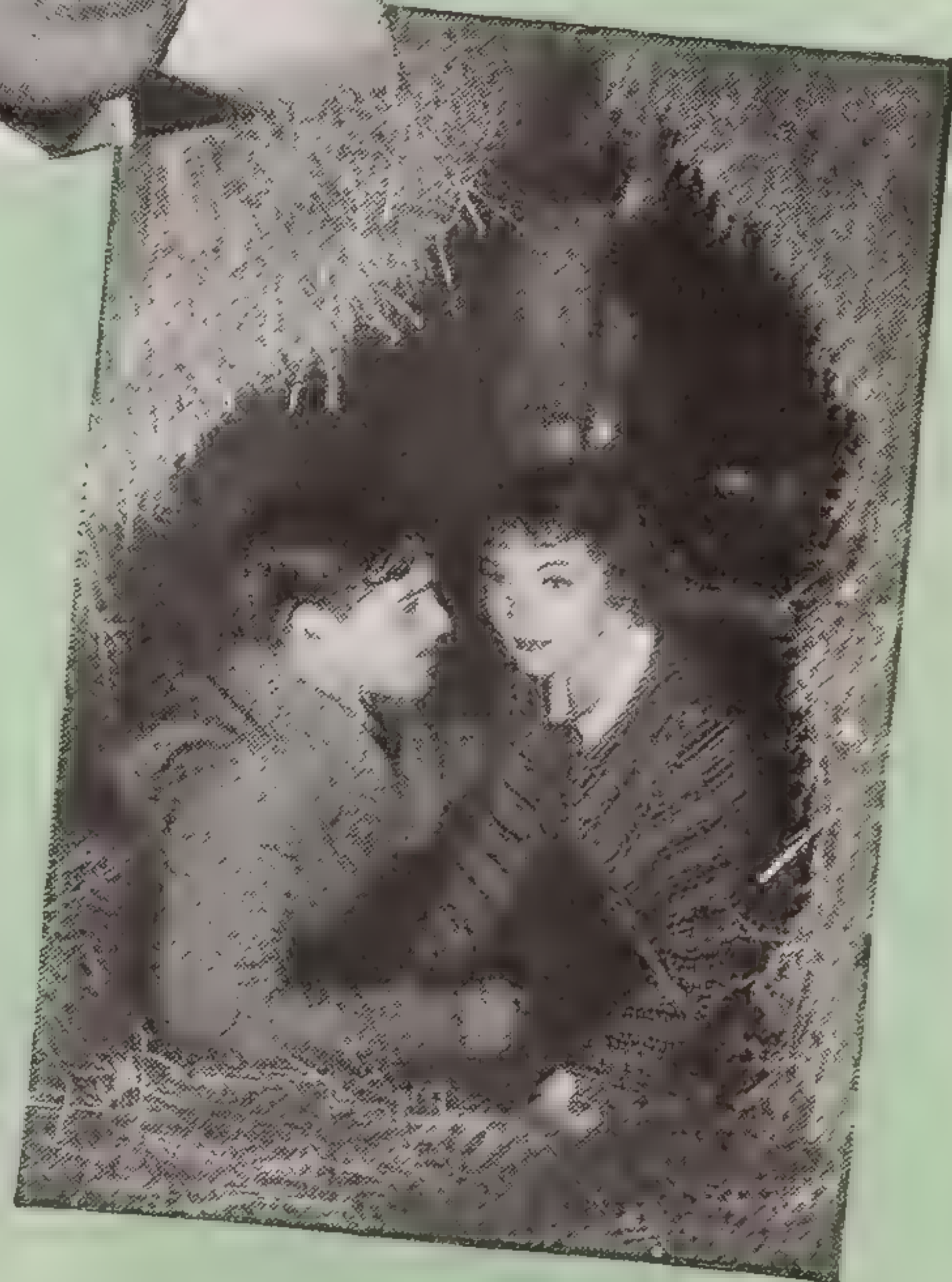
Little Women, produced by RKO, is a phenomenon—this is the second year it won an award. Right: Norma Shearer, the fans' choice for the best actress of 1934.



Above: The Barretts of Wimpole Street, picked as the best "all around feature" and also the winner in two other classifications.



Clark Gable, winner of the "best actor" award, and at the right "It Happened One Night," which won the award for Gable, and also won the award for the best comedy.



AS OLDER readers of NEW MOVIE know, each year our People's Academy of Motion Pictures, which NEW MOVIE sponsors, names the twelve outstanding motion picture achievements of the year past. Readers fill in the coupon which we print in the magazine each month, mail their selections in to us, and we tabulate them and pick the winner. The prize going to the winner is a trip to Hollywood or New York, to present the gold medals to the stars, producers, and directors involved, who are there to receive them in person wherever production schedules at the studios permit.

The thousands of coupons have now been tabulated, and the results are announced on this page. From towns and from great cities where people see pictures every night, the votes have poured in. The final tabulation gives a remarkable insight into what the men and women of America really like in the way of film entertainment. In some cases they agree with Hollywood—which presents its own yearly prizes. In others they do not. But here is what NEW MOVIE readers like in 1934:

BEST ALL-AROUND FEATURE PICTURE. "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" wins this, with "It Happened One Night" a close runner-up. "The House of Rothschild" was a strong bid for third place.

BEST PERFORMANCE—ACTRESS. Norma Shearer wins. The two actresses voted into second and third place by readers trailed so far behind Norma that it would be unfair to mention their names.

BEST PERFORMANCE—ACTOR. Clark Gable wins this. This is really amazing. Clark is an old stager, in pictures, now. His first novelty has worn off long ago and, when that happens, a star usually begins to lose popularity. But Clark, after all this time, is holding up as strongly as ever!

BEST MUSICAL PICTURE. "One Night of Love," as you might have expected, wins this hands down. Second choice was "The Gay Divorcee."

BEST HUMAN INTEREST PICTURE. "Little Women," of course. To explain the enormous popularity of this picture—and people are still talking about it, after all these months—is no easy job. It is not enough to say that it swept the country because the book from which it was taken similarly swept the country, when our mothers and fathers were girls and boys. By one of those accidents which sometimes occur, cast, direction, everything connected with making the picture just happened to strike the perfect note, the perfect mood. This is the second year "Little Women" has won a prize. It shows that the picture not only has remained in people's memories but also that it is still playing theaters.

BEST MYSTERY PICTURE. "The Thin Man." Here, again, everything connected with the picture, from the personalities and performances of Myrna Loy and William Powell down to the crackling dialogue and the cute dog, just happened to strike the right note. Not that it was an accident. If producers put as much thought and wisdom into all pictures as they did into "The Thin Man," we would have a lot more such sweeping successes.

BEST ROMANCE. A duplication, here. "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" wins in this classification, too, with "It Happened One Night" again following. It is interesting to note how our readers differ, in their insistence upon "The Barretts," from the Hollywood Academy, where the awards for the year were chosen within the profession itself. Hollywood voted "It Happened One Night" first prize. Our readers, much as they liked that film, disagree.

BEST COMEDY. But here "It Happened One Night" comes into its own, with NEW MOVIE readers, taking first prize. (Please turn to page 63)

The winner of the trip to New York:
Anies Daye, Jr., of Winston-Salem, North Carolina.

Closest Runners-Up:

Roberta Bender, 2411 Western Avenue, Davenport, Iowa.
Claudine Culp, 1009 North Merrifield Avenue, Mishawaka, Indiana.
Leona Leo, 4027 S. Campbell Ave., Chicago, Illinois.

Mr. Daye has by this time been notified of his good fortune and will be in New York at the time you read this. He will present the awards at a party at which the representatives and stars of the various companies will be present. You may win this trip next year.

About "It's a Fake"

AFTER having read an article in one of your magazines, entitled "Fake," I am somewhat concerned in regards to a daughter of mine that I think has gone to Hollywood in answer to an ad similar to the one you exposed.

I am asking if you would be so kind as to send me the addresses of some of the studios there, that do that kind of advertising, that I might address a letter to my daughter to each one of them in hopes that she might get it in time to avoid her losing her savings.

Enclosed is a self-addressed envelope, and any information that you might be able to give me will be held strictly confidential, I can assure you.

Thanking you for any co-operation that you might render, I will close by stating that we are surely in need of more such magazines that have the interest of the people at heart. If it hadn't been for your magazine I would have never known that there are such frauds in existence. You may quote me in anything that I say in reference to the above if you wish. I am a minister and I can heartily endorse your magazine for a safe and sane publication for the people of our land.

Allow me to thank you once again for any help you might render me. I await an early reply.—Rev. E. M. Fields, 530 W. 27th St., Houston, Texas.

Mrs. Magley Answers

Allow me to say a few words to the Crosby and Vallee fans who so generously "panned" me with their flattering (?) comments in the July *NEW MOVIE*. Thank you, my dear friends, it was really too much—I expected more. Some of the excerpts printed were not only amusing, but they were actually pathetic. How any intelligent person can enjoy listening to a couple of conceited crooners, who think they are the answer to a maiden's prayer, is beyond me. Well, well, some grown-ups are still infants at heart; it takes so little to amuse them.

May I also add that, regardless of what you Crosby and Vallee fans think of Lanny Ross, I'm still for him one hundred percent.—Mrs. J. Magley, 52 Center Ave., Chatham, N. J.

All right. This is all. Everybody has had fun, and the subject is hereby closed.

Good Friend

NEW MOVIE is a very good friend of mine and I consider it one of the most entertaining magazines of today.

It will be quite some time before I can attend a movie, but I do expect to know what stars are most popular and what pictures are four star, just by reading your various articles and the comments of other fans.

I must say I admire Joan Blondell for her naturalness and sweetness, and her ability to enact the role of Mrs. George Barnes with the same finesse she displays in front of the camera.—Mrs. Charlotte Parker, Essex County Sanatorium, Windsor, Ontario, Canada.

You Tell Us

We call this page "You Tell Us" because it's the page on which you do tell us what you think about pictures —and everybody has fun.



"'G Men' is a picture worth seeing. Our hero is just what he should be, a law-abiding citizen and not a movie Dillinger."



"In 'Private Worlds' Guinn Williams executed as fine a piece of work as it has been my privilege to see"—spoiled by a dumb audience.



"'Black Fury' was a terrible, almost frightening lesson to Americans and their adopted brothers, but it was true to life," says one.

NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE pays one dollar for every interesting and constructive letter published. Address communications to A-Dollar-for-Your-Thoughts, NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

We're very sorry you are in the hospital, Mrs. Parker, and we hope you'll be well soon.

Elizabeth Bergner

Just a note to tell you what I think of the new star, Elizabeth Bergner.

To begin with, I say good-bye to Crawford and Garbo. Take the fancy clothes from Crawford and what have you? Nothing. And as for Garbo I don't see how she ever got by in the first place, as far as acting goes. But Elizabeth Bergner is most charming; a frail little person, just full of pep, she certainly holds her audience, and one does not know what she is going to do or say next. You laugh with her, cry with her, and she is just too sweet for words. If producers would have pictures like "Escape Me Never" and actresses like Miss Bergner, then moving pictures would be worth going to see.

I wish Miss Bergner the greatest of success in movieland.—Mrs. Gerard M. Stone, 82 Glenville Avenue, Allston, Boston, Mass.

The Cover

I buy your magazine every month and enjoy it very much. I think the July cover of Joan Crawford was very cute but the one before that, of Grace Moore, was just lovely. She is my favorite movie actress and I save every picture of her that I can find, so you can imagine what a grand picture that made for my collection.

I like the "You Tell Us" department a lot, and the action pictures taken on the set of "No More Ladies" were supreme. Please have more of them.

The stories are swell, too, and the Gallery of Stars is another favorite of mine. Even the reviews are all I could hope for and the magazine as a whole is the best of its kind I've seen yet.—Jean Bigelow, 7 Roosevelt Avenue, Larchmont, N. Y.

If you liked the action photos of Joan Crawford, what do you think of the ones on Garbo, Jean? We're glad you like the new covers. We weren't sure, but so far everybody seems to like them.

Bang, Bang, Bang!

Three cheers for the "You Tell Us" department! In addition to being a battle-ground for fans, many intelligent ideas and constructive criticisms find their way into print. I may be the target for a number of expert javelin thrusts, but here are some honest convictions.

I think that continuity, clever dialogue and expert direction won the 1934 Academy Award for Claudette Colbert in "It Happened One Night," rather than the merit of her performance.

Also that Bette Davis turned in the best individual performance of the year, as Mildred in "Of Human Bondage." Her brilliant mosaic of histrionics held me completely spell-bound, and will never be forgotten as long as memory lasts. Miss Davis is not one of my favorites, but this picture established her as one of (Please turn to page 55)

WHAT is this thing called Hollywood love, anyway?

Is it something that buds under the warm glow of incandescent lights on a motion picture setting, and flowers in the drawing-rooms of Hollywood and Beverly Hills?

When intense love scenes are made on a motion picture stage, the actor who disclaims any emotional response to the object of his affections is either a piece of unemotional ice or, to put it mildly, somewhat of a prevaricator. That is what some of the players say.

Others declare that the actor who allows himself to become bothered about love scenes is hopelessly childish in his reactions, and that a professional actor thinks no more of a love scene than he does of driving an automobile or eating a meal.

It's a question of maturity of emotions.

"Kissing before the camera is about as arousing as smacking a window pane." That is Richard Arlen's opinion.

On the other hand, Dick Powell is terribly embarrassed by making love to Joan Blondell—especially when her cameraman husband, George Barnes, is shooting the scene.

Then Gary Cooper confesses with charming honesty that he used to fall in love with all of his leading women—but that he has now matured in his approach to the cinematic embrace.

LOVE itself is rather a confusing thing, and there are as many ideas about it as there are persons. So why shouldn't Hollywood have plenty of divergent views? It has; and in the interests of really solving this problem, a thorough research into it was made by this inquiring reporter, who nearly had his face slapped several times because of the impertinence of his curiosity!

But haven't you noticed that, in many of the marriages between film folk, the man and woman often met when playing opposite each other in a picture? Wedding bells have grown out of the "meaningless" love-making on a set. Sort of "in the middle of a kiss."

Now, what effect do screen love scenes have?

Here is Gary Cooper's full answer: "Some adroit actors can appear to make passionate love on the screen when, as a matter of fact, they are scarcely touching the lips of their leading women."

"I can't do that. The action must be real. It is the mind that must play the scene. When I was more impressionable than I am now, I used to fall for every leading woman. My leads became my girl friends in several instances. I'm a bit wiser now."

Now to get back to that Richard Arlen opinion: "Screen kisses are about as arousing as smacking a window pane." Making love before the camera is a problem of how the girl likes to embrace, whether the right hand shall be higher than the left or the other way around. It is a problem of getting a lot of ungainly arms wound up to appear graceful.



THE STARS TELL YOU JUST HOW MUCH



THOSE CELLULOID KISSES MEAN



KISSES



• **By WILLIAM BRYCE** •

"I have no emotional stirring when I kiss my leading woman. I think it is something to be learned by experience. Imagine how complicated life would be, otherwise!"

SYLVIA SIDNEY believes that emotions are aroused by love scenes, but that they are not *real*. She says, "Making love on the screen is only a part of acting. I feel the emotion at the moment, but it ends with the scene. What emotional reaction there is is attributable to the rôle and not to the other player."

Chester Morris admits that he enjoys love scenes. In a very frank reply he declared: "I always fall in love with my leading ladies—but my wife knows it, so don't go carrying tales. Naturally it is fun to kiss a beautiful woman, whether you're in earnest or merely acting, but it can't compare with kissing the one you love—your wife." Bravely said, my lad!

Warren William is very discreet in his love scenes. Dolores Del Rio played opposite him in a recent picture. They were off in a corner of the stage rehearsing, but when they came to the part of the scene where they embraced, William stopped and yelled across the stage for the director to come over and watch them. Before the director, they completed the scene.

"Kiss actresses in front of their husbands?" asked William. "I don't mind—so long as it's business and there's someone on hand from the studio to back me up."

Love scenes?—Well, here's Dick Powell's answer: "It's just a part of this business of picture making—but a nice part."

Dick has not been embarrassed by kissing Ruby Keeler, Ginger Rogers or Gloria Stuart, because it has been entirely business and he seldom sees any of them except at the studio. But the matter with Joan Blondell is entirely different. Dick is a very close friend of George Barnes and his wife (Joan Blondell in case you've forgotten). They go places with Dick and his girl friend. So when the time comes on the set for a love scene with Joan, Dick is faced by one of the really bothersome problems. Barnes, who shoots the pictures, isn't very helpful, either. He grins and makes faces.

"This is the time a feller needs a friend," declared Powell ruefully, "but not in his arms. Joan doesn't believe me when I say, 'I love you.' She just giggles."

Here's a feminine opinion. Ann Sothorn replies: "It is very possible to forget where you are for the moment in the carefully shaded lights and shadows, the whispered words of romance and the heavy quiet. The breath of illusion may exist for a moment in your own person, for that is necessary for a good performance."

"But the next instant the director shouts, 'Cut!' Someone else calls, 'Strike it!' A dozen workmen are stepping all over you and the entire place is reduced to pandemonium. If you're going to have any reaction, you've got to have it darn quick in that (Please turn to page 54)

Season's End PARTIES

The summer season for Hollywood society ends in the proverbial blaze of glory • By GRACE KINGSLEY

RE-MARRIAGES on marriage anniversary days are becoming quite the fad in Hollywood.

That was a pretty ceremony which was held in the garden of the Jimmy Gleasons' home, with Harry Tyler and Gladys Trolius, both known to Broadway and now in Hollywood for pictures, as the principals. The pair never had been divorced or even separated, but the groom, living up to his comedian reputation, explained that he "never had been sure the first marriage was legal, because he didn't have five dollars to pay the minister, and had to borrow it from the bride!" That was twenty-five years ago!

The re-blushing bride declared she was more nervous than at the first ceremony. And her husband gave her a gold medal as an anniversary present!

It really was impressive, and several young married couples were seen to be furtively squeezing hands during the ceremony, the squeezers including Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayers, Sally Eilers and

Harry Joe Brown, Stuart Erwin and June Collyer, and Helen Mack and Charles Irwin.

Even the settled-down married folk, like Ralph and Daisy Morgan, Otto and Sue Kruger, Mr. and Mrs. Monte Blue, Harvey and Bea Stephens, Mr. and Mrs. Boris Karloff and the Lewis Stones, seemed to look at each other with fresh interest.

Edna May Oliver, who seldom comes to parties, but who had acted on Broadway with the groom and had been present at his first wedding, dropped in for a few moments with Lynn Starling, playwright, but disappeared when the photographers began to set up their cameras. She was discovered later behind a rose arbor, munching a sandwich.

The day was also James Gleason's birthday, and Jimmy cashed in on some gifts. May Robson brought neckties—brave woman! Jim immediately donned one. Then May got a little nervous as to whether Jimmy really liked them, and put Sam Hardy—of all people—up to tell Jim that the tie he was wearing was immense. Sam did. He told Jim that the necktie was in most exquisite taste. Then Jim took a look at the hectic tie that Sam himself was wearing and wondered if Sam was such a good judge!

Grand Opera Stars En Masse

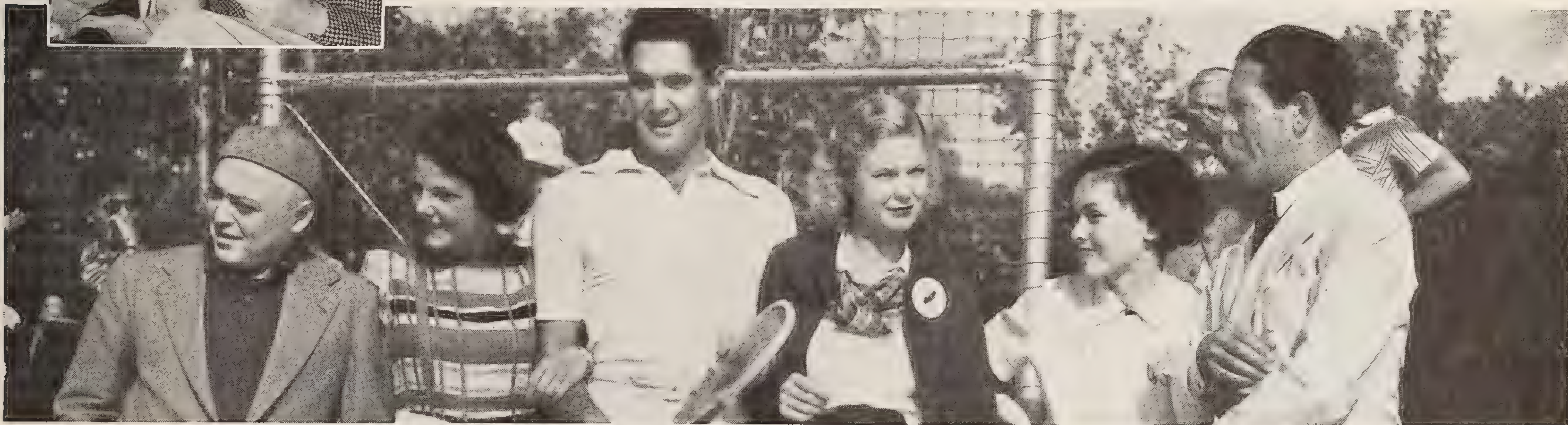
Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Lasky gave a party for Nino Martini, in the patio of their Hollywood home, where were present at least half (*Please turn to page 48*)



Wide World



Warren William chats with Claire Dodd at the M. C. Levee party. Right: Lee Tracy and Estelle Taylor, who are quite often seen together these days.



Left to right at Elissa Landi's: Peter Lorre, Miss Landi, Philip Reed, Jean Muir, Maureen O'Sullivan and Paul Cavanagh caught by New Movie's camera.



Also among those at the Pat O'Brien party were Joe E. Brown, Jack LaRue, Glenda Farrell, Jimmy Cagney and—not surprisingly—Pat himself.

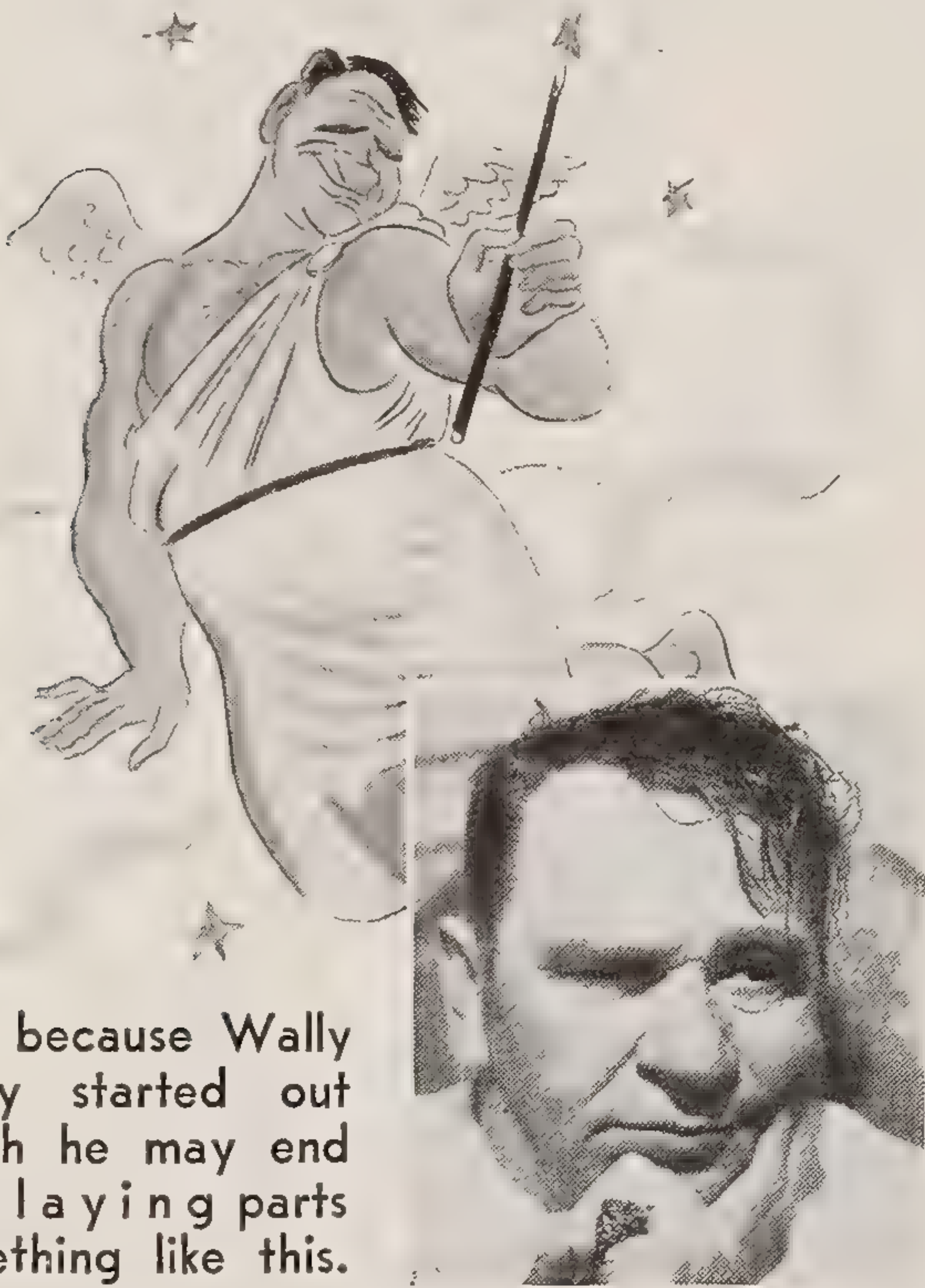
REVAMPING THE MALES

And it's not only their clothes and their hair and their teeth
the studios change, not only their roles, but their souls

By KATHRYN WHITE

IT wasn't so long ago that I bumbled a story in this magazine for you about how the Hollywood make-'em-over gang utterly remakes your favorite she-star.

Like popping her into a dentist's chair and coaxing most of her teeth out with a pair of forceps, so they could install a new set that'd photograph swell!



Just because Wally Beery started out tough he may end up playing parts something like this.

And having a hefty masseuse lay her out on a slab and slap a half dozen pounds or more off her too protuberant you-know. And devising a set of harnesses to give her that maewestian oomph above the equator. And things like that until the poor gal, looking into a mirror, wouldn't recognize herself as Mama Nature made her at all.

BUT in that story I never did mention a word about how Hollywood remakes its bee-oo-tee-ful boys, did I? No—and NEW MOVIE's editor noticed it and asked, with the dearest irony: "H'm—and are the men so perfect to start with that Hollywood doesn't have to make them over?"

So here's the answer to that—

THE Hollywood make-'em-over machine does its stuff on the screen's men as well as on its women. But in a different way, it seems.

With the women it's almost entirely a physical job. Hollywood takes the original chassis and mounts a more or less new body on it. Teeth, hair, eyelashes and brows, and other things like wadda-yucallems—all these are

changed over before Li'l' Miss Baby Star steps before the camera.

But with the men—well, it's a character change, rather than mere looks. Oh, I don't mean to say, understand, that handsome Mr. G. flaps the same ears and bares the same teeth he stepped into films with, for instance. Or that pretty Mr. R. doesn't do things to make that lovely blond wavy hair lovely and blond and wavy. Or that a plastic surgeon doesn't deserve the credit-line for a certain star's nose. And things like that.

But what I do mean is that these are just side-issues with the men, and that the *real* male Hollywood changeling is one whose character undergoes a presto-change-o metamorphosis. And that goes for offscreen as well as on.

TAKE, for instance, Jimmy Cagney. He muscled in on the movie racket with all the hard-boiled toughness that he picked up as a kid in the gas-house alleys of New York. He was tough, and he squished many a grapefruit in Blondell's movie face to prove it. But today—why, if they keep on changing Jimmy's characterizations the way they have, you'll be able to set him down in a bed of blooming *viola tricolor* (you'll find it in your dictionary under *Viola*) and hardly be able to pick Cagney out from the rest of 'em. . . . !

Or on the other hand, take Adolphe Menjou for example. . . .

Adolphe you could never have called beautiful. But he was always the unexcellable pinnacle of sartorial splendor and sophisticated brilliance. Society words, those—but you have to use 'em to describe Adolphe. But Hollywood's make-'em-

over machine got to work even on Adolphe—and in "Little Miss Marker" he wore baggy trousers and an ungilleted chinful of stubble!—and a sloppy nightgown in "Barnum"—and in "Gold Diggers of 1935," he gawks through sequence after sequence in a character wherein he looks simply like what the newspapers have to spell aitch-dash-dash-ell, and the characteristic Menjou class is all rubbed off.

Now, there are a couple of examples of what the screensters are doing today to change the men. It seems that they've gotten the idea that you get tired of seeing your favorite star in picture after picture in the same old rôle. And so presto!—all of a sudden he's something else.



Look at Clark Gable. And he started out as a cave man!



At first they let Randolph Scott say "I love you" only to horses, but now he's a real Romeo.

Decorations by Charles Mulholland

TAKE our Gable, then.

When Clark first stepped into screen fame, 'way back there in the dim, dark ages of nearly five years ago, he was just an extra-heavy lover. He was male sex-appeal with a wallop. Big, stuh-rong, hair-on-the-chest sort of stuff; and we gals were supposed subconsciously to sense that if we didn't give in an' give all when Clark whistled, why he'd just as like as not smack us one in the façade and make us!

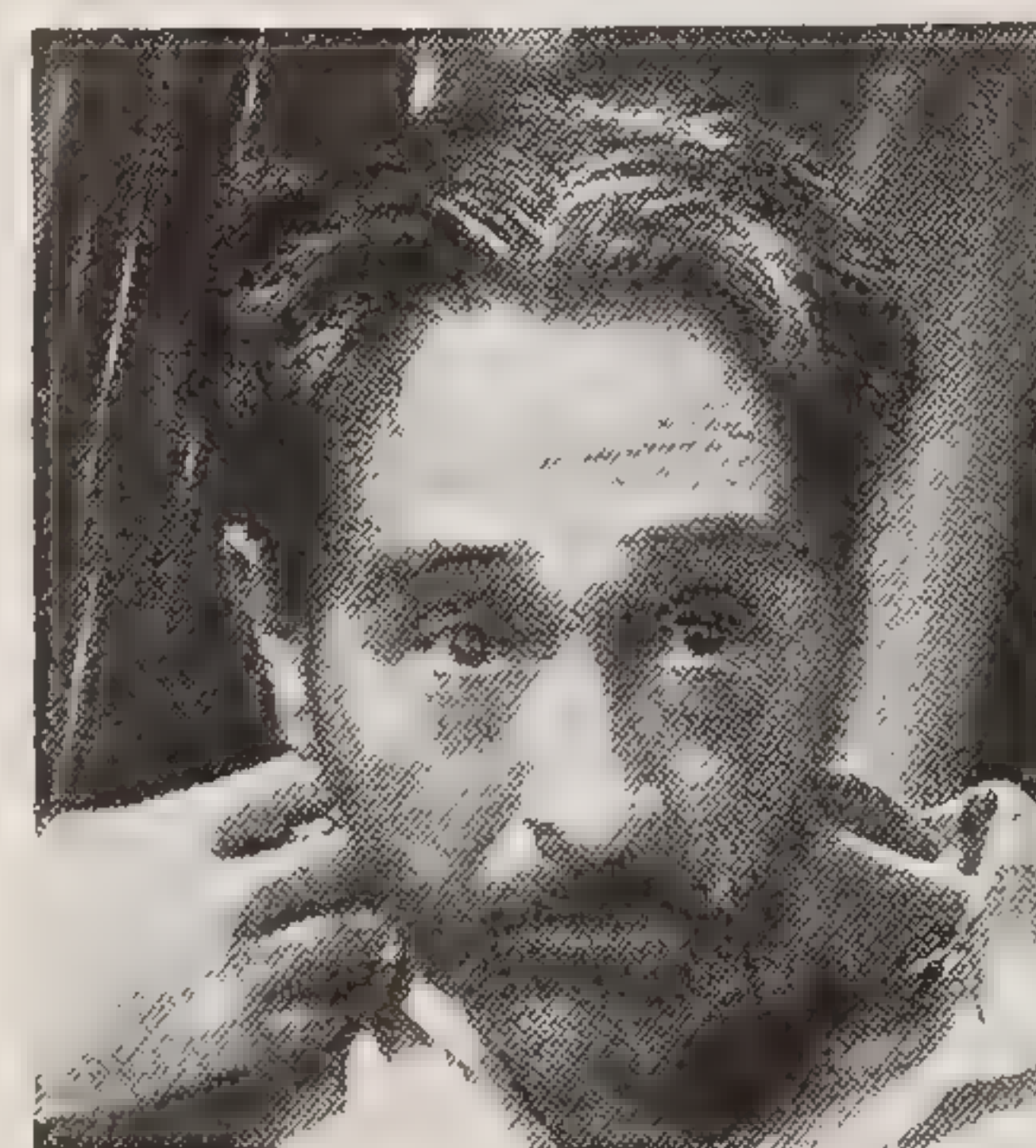
That went over big. You remember? And then, odd as it seemed to the producers, Clark's sex-appeal power suddenly waned. And there was a slump. Was it, maybe, because Mrs. Gable had been publicized? Or was it just too much of a good thing for the movie palates of the screen goers?

Anyway, somebody got wise. And then you saw "It Happened One Night."

In that Clark Gable, the he-man of the fillums, suddenly snapped out of it and became a perfectly elegant comedian. And all of a sudden, then, Clark Gable was re-discovered. He'd been

sunk in that welter of other gablesque leading men the various studios had thrown into the movie pot to skim off some of the box-office cream Gable was collecting for M-G-M. There were so many second-Gables that the original Gable was almost lost in the shuffle. And so, when he suddenly blossomed out as a comicker instead of a dame-knocker-overer, he was a hit all over again.

Smart M-G-M cashed in on Columbia's motion picture award opus. They threw him into "Forsaking All Others," with la Crawford and wisecracking Montgomery. And they told 'em to make it funnier and lower. So low, in fact, that Gable, not to mention the others, did some stuff that would have gladdened the vulgar haw-haw-haw heart of ol' Mack Sennett himself, in his Keystone-iest days. Therein Gable even descended—or ascended, if you prefer—into the ne-plus-ultra of (Please turn to page 46)



And as for that deb-on-air fashion-plate, Mr. Adolphe Menjou, all he can wear today is old night-shirts.

ON-THE-SET REVIEWS

A useful page to help you pick the movie you want to see.

By **BARBARA BARRY**
New Movie's studio scout

PARAMOUNT is in the throes of a radio movie to end all radio movies. But from the fun they're having on the lot, all we can do is cross our fingers and hope fervently that somebody will decide to make another one just like it!

THE BIG BROADCAST OF 1935 PARAMOUNT

For instance, the days we were there, Charlie, Jack Oakie, shining light of a one-lung radio station, stands behind the desk in his private office, utterly resplendent from the tips of his miniature moustache to the buttons of his tailor-made spats.

Outside the closed door George Burns and Gracie Allen wait to be admitted.

Gazing soulfully into space, Oakie murmurs: "Lochinvar!" thumping his knuckles on the desk for emphasis.

Still outside, Gracie says: "Come in!"

Startled out of his pose, Jack looks around suspiciously and thumps the desk again. Again, Gracie calls: "Come IN!"

As Jack knocks for the third time, Gracie opens the door. "Well, either come in or stop knocking!" she says. "You're a silly man!"

And so it goes, with Director Norman Taurog having more fun than anybody on this George Marion, Jr., story.

With such artists as Bing Crosby, Amos 'n' Andy, Charlie Ruggles, Mary Boland, Ethel Merman, Helen Jepson, Jessica Dragonette, Ray Noble and his band, Lyda Roberti, Sir Guy Standing, Gladys Swarthout, Gail Patrick, David Holt and Willie West and McGinty in the cast, the plot needn't have been such a cracking good one.

Oakie and Henry Wadsworth are proprietors of the struggling radio station when George Burns moves in on them with a television and radio invention that is supposed to pick up action in any part of the world, both audibly and visibly.

When they try to get the backing of a foreign princess, Lyda Roberti, the gal takes a fancy to both of them, shanghai's them on her palatial yacht and carries them off to her kingdom.

Lots of possibilities, eh? Well, Lyda's prime minister is so jealous of the interlopers that he tries all sorts of ways to have them executed, but (shades of Scheherazade!) as long as Oakie can keep the princess entertained by bringing in famous radio personalities, the execution is put off.

Exhausting every possibility, the kids finally send a frantic message to the United States, and what do you think? Why, a contingent of the Coast Guard climb into their gondolas and get there just in time to save our heroes!

Surprise!

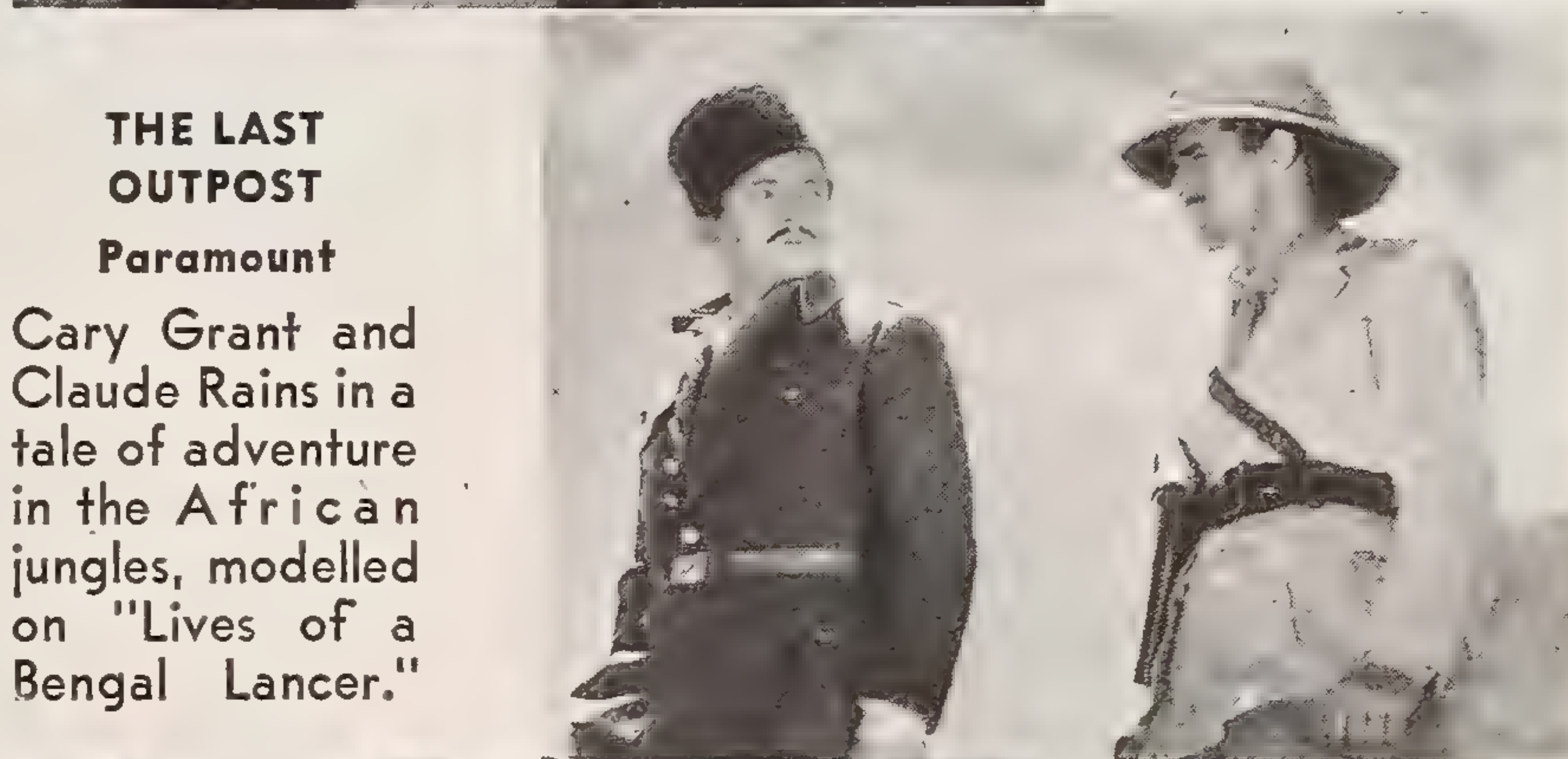
WE'RE IN THE MONEY WARNERS

HERE'S a snappy yarn that should be good for a lot of laughs. George Gilson wrote it and it's all about a pair of female



THE RETURN OF PETER GRIMM RKO

Lionel Barrymore thinks spiritualism is bunk, but from the great beyond he tries to repair his earthly mistakes.



THE LAST OUTPOST Paramount

Cary Grant and Claude Rains in a tale of adventure in the African jungles, modelled on "Lives of a Bengal Lancer."



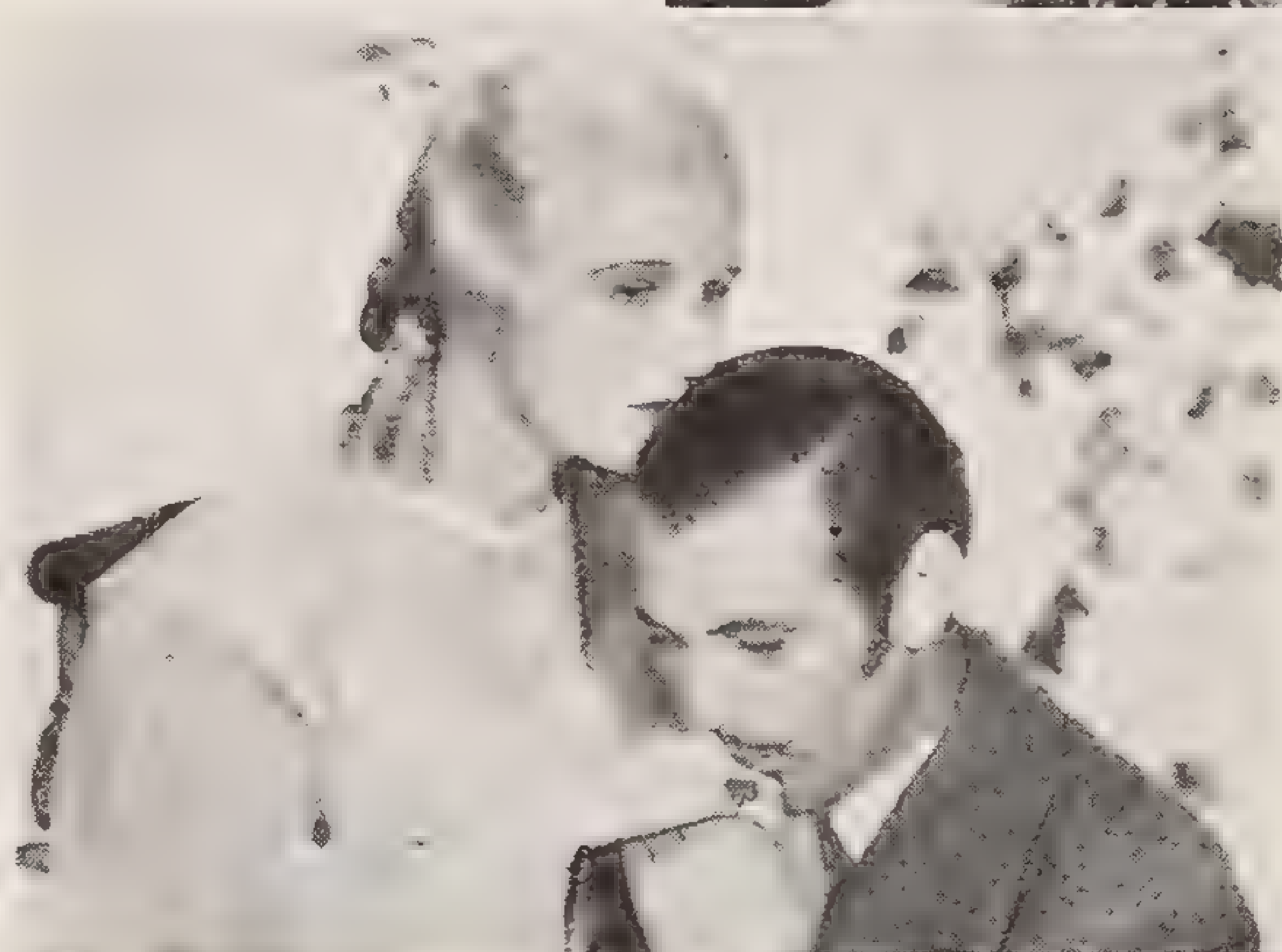
SHANGHAI Paramount

Charles Boyer, half Chinese, falls in love with American Loretta Young. Are mixed marriages good or bad is the question?



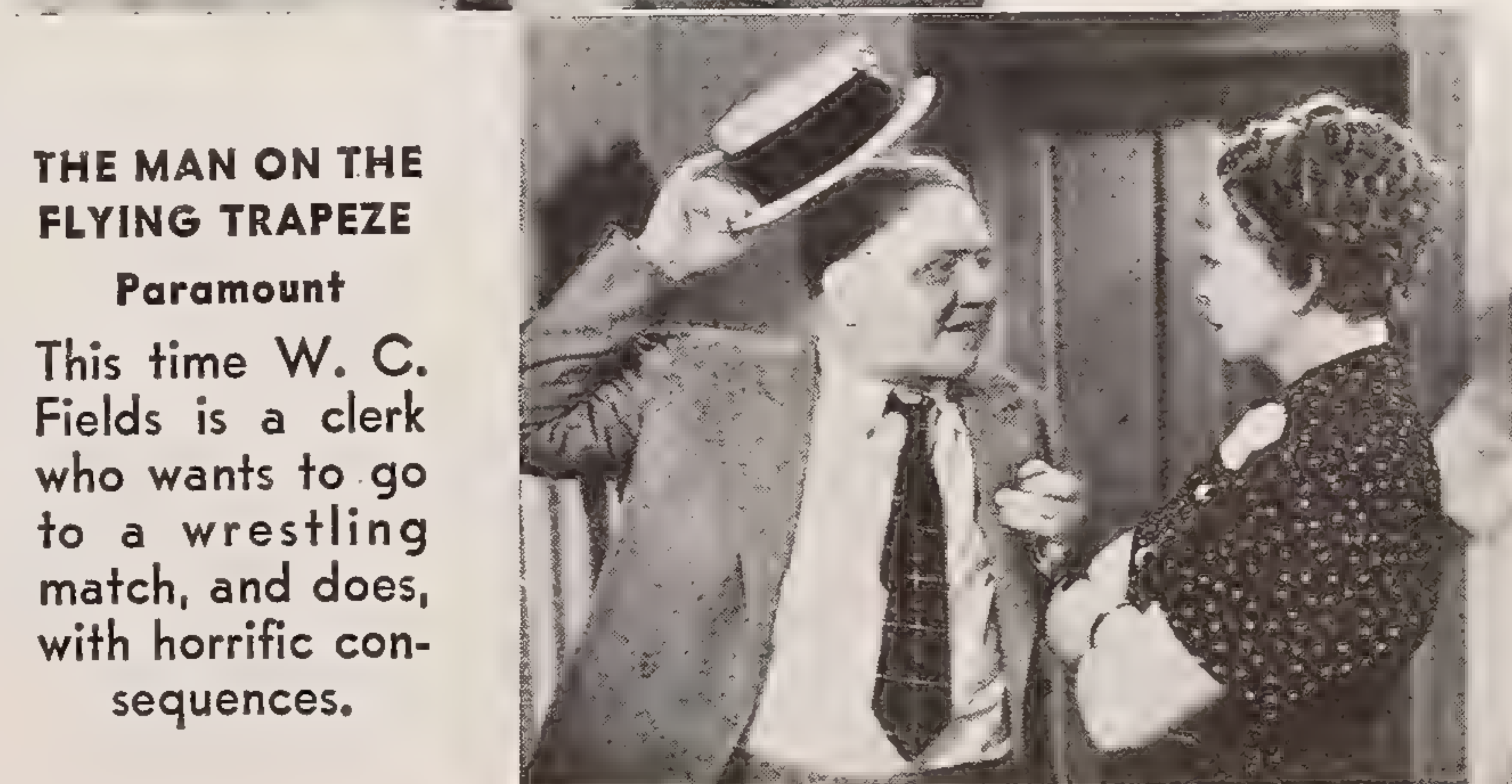
BIG BROADCAST OF 1935 Paramount

More nonsense from Burns and Allen, Jack Oakie, Ruggles, Boland, Ethel Merman, Helen Jepson, Jessica Dragonette.



PETER IBBETSON Paramount

The story of a supernatural love which joins Ann Harding and Gary Cooper though prison bars keep them separated.



THE MAN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE Paramount

This time W. C. Fields is a clerk who wants to go to a wrestling match, and does, with horrific consequences.

process servers (Joan Blondell and Glenda Farrell) who stop at nothing to "get their man."

In love with what she thinks is a handsome chauffeur, Joan is mad as hops to discover that her Big Moment is none other than a famous millionaire playboy and a bachelor at that. Funny what some gals get mad about!

On top of that Hugh Herbert, the absent-minded attorney for whom the girls are working, assigns them to serve papers on the boy friend on account of he's the leading man in a half-million dollar breach of promise suit!

When the lad (Ross Alexander) attempts to escape aboard his yacht, Joan and Glenda hop into a speed boat, determined to follow the fellow to the ends of the earth.

The following scene takes place in Joan's cabin on the yacht. She is wearing a man's dressing gown and big slippers and has her hair pinned up on top of her head.

Ross enters holding a tray of food before his face and wearing a steward's cap.

"What are you doing with that tray?" Joan yells. "I told you what to do with it—don't you intend to pay any attention to my orders?"

"No, mum . . ." Ross assumes a cockney accent. "Hit 'appens Mister Courtney's lord and mawster his hon this bloomin' ship."

"Ho, 'e his—his 'e?" Joan mocks him.

"Yes!" Ross sets the tray down, revealing his face to the astounded Joan.

"Well . . ." she says finally, "I'm surprised you didn't sneak in disguised as an avocado salad!"

"Ah-ah!" Ross wiggles a finger at her coyly. "I wouldn't try to fool an old fooler like you!"

"You certainly go for uniforms, don't you!" Joan gives every evidence of being plenty exasperated. "I'll bet when you were a little boy you wanted to be a fireman when you grew up!"

"With a nice red and braid uniform? I'll have to try that!"

Joan starts around the table after him. "Why don't you just try growing up?" she shouts.

Eventually they iron everything out, admit they're in love, and Joan magnanimously tears up the subpoena. But when they land on shore Glenda pops up with another paper and, thinking Joan has framed him, Ross tells her off and goes away in a huff planning to marry the complainant just for (Please turn to page 57)

BEST BETS OF THE MONTH

THE BIG BROADCAST, with Burns and Allen.

THE MAN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE, with W. C. Fields.

THE RETURN OF PETER GRIMM, with Lionel Barrymore.

THE LAST OUTPOST, with Cary Grant and Gertrude Michael.

MAD LOVE, with Peter Lorre and Colin Clive.

JALNA, with Peggy Wood and David Manners.

PETER IBBETSON, with Gary Cooper and Ann Harding.



Poor Jimmy Cagney is always being cast in aviation pictures. "Devil Dogs of the Air," in which he appeared with Margaret Lindsay and Pat O'Brien, was only one of them. Yet Jimmy has a tummy which can't even stand elevators.

CAN ACTORS BE THEMSELVES?

"If only I were a movie star," people sigh, "things would be different." But the stars are held back by the same human frailties we all have • By RICHARD ENGLISH

HOLLYWOOD with its background of emotion, populated with artists, writers and glamorous people from the ends of the world, should be the happiest city in the universe. In how many pictures we've seen Hollywood extol the virtue of obeying one's emotions. In how many articles have actors and actresses stressed that "free thinking" was essential to the career of an artist!

If ever there was a citadel of free souls it should be in the cinema city. Yet not a star in pictures is free from some phobia—some fear that may be pathetic, may be humorous, frightening or foolish, but is always human.

One of America's most beloved actresses still saves every pair of shoes that she has worn. Her fear is caused by knowing what it means to do without. One prominent actor has a great and honest dread of "being an actor" while another is afraid of awnings! Some have quite commonplace fears, such as gaining weight or losing it. One of the screen's most dynamic males is worried most over what "the hometown folks will think of him." They all may step out on the screen to be gay, daring, Bohemian—but they have their own private nightmares just as you and I.

MYRNA LOY was so long cast as a vampire, preferably Oriental, with vipers, snakes and slithering pythons at her beck and call that it's really funny to learn that she's frightened to death at the least mention of snakes! In three pictures at least she was the "lure," employing sex appeal, witchcraft and hissing reptiles to get her man. But in person! Nosiree, not for little Myrna! As a freckle-faced kid in Montana Myrna once stepped on a rattlesnake with no harm done to anything but her nerves. Today she can't even stand the sight of alligator leather.

Carole Lombard finds her greatest harassment is

in endeavoring to live up to her reputation of being the screen's gayest off-screen young lady, past master of the fine art of repartee. And if you don't think so you should hear her tell it! Her phobia is that, if she ever lets herself down, Hollywood will think she's lost the shining sparkle that makes her so glamorous on the screen. No sparkle, no stardom!

An incident that her secretary, Fieldsey, tells is representative of the Lombard dilemma. On completion of "Twentieth Century," which met with the executives' wild acclaim, one of them asked Carole what manner of present she'd most appreciate. Carole smiled a bit ruefully and said, "I'd like to be able to stay home a few nights without Hollywood thinking I'm getting ready to retire to an old ladies' home!"

Just as incongruous as Myrna Loy's pet fear is that of Jimmy Cagney. Jimmy has been cast more than once as a dashing, swashbuckling cavalier of the air lanes—a pilot, no less. But just try and get Mr. Cagney up in a plane! He's the screen's best little stayer - on - the - ground, and with good reason, too; for Jimmy has a chronic dyspeptic stomach that rebels at even the sight of an elevator. As you probably know, he is also an ardent pacifist in the sense of avoiding any

(Turn to page 62)



The bold Mae West lives in mortal terror of black cats and numbers 13 and 23.

Van Pelt



Bull

Left: Ruby Keeler dreads the thought that she has succeeded thanks to Al Jolson's name. And Jean Harlow is so afraid of newspaper gossip now, that she is scared even to have her picture taken with William Powell.

A LITTLE STAR Must EAT To Grow

**Freddie Bartholomew lunches daily with his
aunt in the M-G-M commissary wisely choos-
ing food that keeps him sturdy**

By MARY MARTIN



ELEVEN-year-old Freddie Bartholomew, who was such a wonderful discovery for M-G-M in his part as David Copperfield, is a regular worker under the klieg lights now. In spite of the glamour that surrounds it, movie work is hard work even for an adult, and children must be carefully guarded against nerve strain and over-fatigue, while on a picture.

Picture work can make a child completely artificial in his daily life, or scarcely make a ripple in his routine of growing. It all depends on the management of his parents or guardians. Freddie is growing strong. He is not spoiled, or coddled, and fortunately his food tastes fit right in with what the doctor ordered. He drinks without a whimper his more-than-a-quart of milk daily. He loves fruit and his breakfast consists entirely of fruits and a pint of milk. He eats cherries every morning.

Chicken is his favorite meat, and if he could plan his menu every day, he would have a chicken dinner with mashed potatoes and asparagus, positively swimming in butter, and topped with straw-

A bit of goodness packed with calories. Dates, stuffed with peanut butter on pineapple and lettuce.

berry shortcake. But simple puddings for dessert are always welcome—such things as tapioca, custard, bread pudding and rice pudding, all of which carry an extra quota of milk and eggs to take care that those extra inches added to his height are sturdy ones.

Freddie loathes spinach, but as there are other greens with just as many precious elements, no one forces him to go against his prejudice—and sometimes a child does know what's good for him. Escarole, kale and even the decorative parsley have even higher values than spinach and turnip tops, watercress, beet and dandelion greens, and Swiss chard are just as good. If it so happens that your child does like spinach, but would like more variety in the serving of it, why not try spinach soup, Italian style? Or serve him any of the following nourishing dishes.

Italian Spinach Soup

Wash spinach very carefully in several waters to remove grit, preparing about 1½ lbs. for four people. Put in large soup pan with tight cover and add two cups of water, and salt. Cook over slow fire until spinach is tender then add one can of chicken bouillon or two cups of plain chicken stock, unthickened. Serve in soup plates with a mound of spinach in each, with the soup poured over it. Sprinkle with grated cheese and serve very hot.

Spinach Puff

1 tablespoon butter	½ teaspoon salt
¼ cup evaporated milk	Pepper
2 stiffly beaten egg whites	2 cups cooked spinach
2 well beaten egg yolks	

Melt butter in saucepan with seasonings and evaporated milk. Then add the spinach and egg yolks. Fold in the whites. Turn into greased baking pan and bake in moderate oven for 30 minutes or until firm.

Creamed Codfish

In a frying pan put two tablespoons of butter over slow fire. Stir in one tablespoon flour as butter melts. Add one cup milk stirring constantly until it comes to a good boil. Add shredded codfish and let cook for two or three minutes. Serve on buttered toast, with baked potato and new peas. If salt codfish is used, it must be freshened by soaking overnight.

Baked Eggs and Tomato

Cut stem end from small tomato. Scoop out pulp. Break in an egg. Season with butter, salt and pepper. Cover with bread crumbs and bake until tomato is well-cooked.

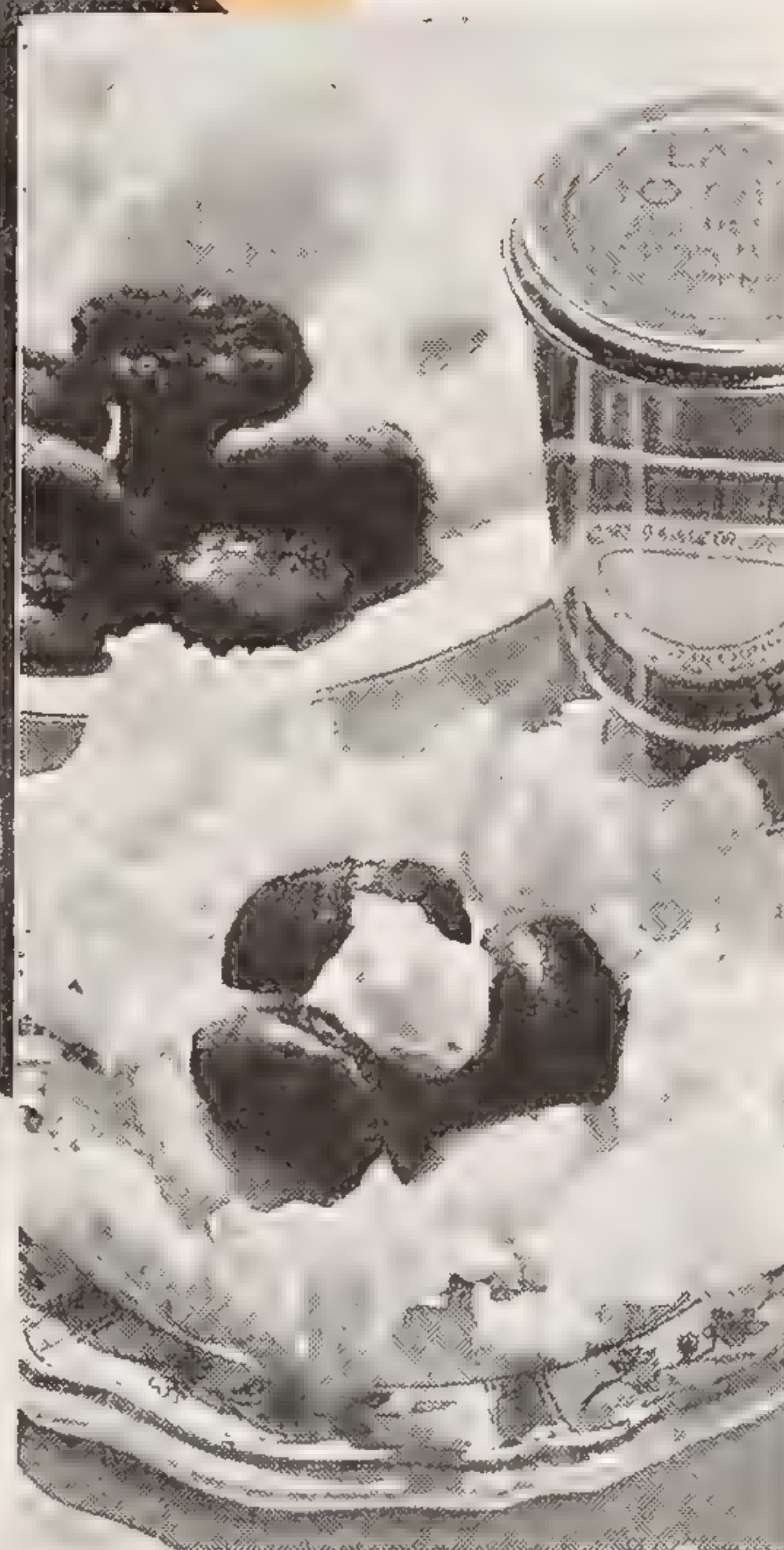
Corn Bread

2 cups corn meal
2 cups flour
1 cup sour milk
2 eggs beaten light
⅓ cup sugar
½ teaspoon salt
Butter size of an egg
1 teaspoon soda dissolved in milk or hot water.

Sift corn meal, flour, sugar and salt. Add to beaten egg the milk and dry ingredients alternately, then melted butter. Bake about 20 minutes.

Fruit Meal Salad

On lettuce-covered salad plate, center a mound of cottage cheese (1½ tablespoons). Around this at equal distances arrange 3 piles of orange slices. In spaces between orange, place 3 or 4 stoned dates (first space); 1 dessert spoon seeded raisins (second space); 5 walnut meat halves (third space). Serve with French dressing. With buttered roll and milk this makes a well-balanced luncheon.



Send ten cents to Home Service Dept.,
New Movie, Tower Magazines, 55
Fifth Avenue, for our circular "Food
Children Like to Eat."

SUNDAY MEATS

May Robson comes of age with vim and vigor enough for a showman half her years. She says good, simple food and not too much of it can do a lot for her contemporaries

By AMY VANDERBILT

THAT sprightly and talented lady, M-G-M's May Robson, has a health formula for young women of seventy. One reaches her age, she thinks, by remembering that the adult, as well as the child, needs rest, exercise, and a well-balanced diet to build and maintain strong bone and muscle and to have ready energy always on tap. Like all successful showmen, Miss Robson must keep healthy and you will find her taking a daily active interest in kitchen affairs. For example, she knows the value of the vitamin-rich vegetable waters and the role they can play in the concocting of nourishing soup, of which she is very fond, and all such juices are carefully saved for the soup pot.

Sunday dinner in these United States is quite an institution and the average family's favorite Sunday standby is roast beef. Miss Robson serves, with it, Yorkshire Pudding, the famous English accompaniment to prime roast, and although it may not be familiar to you, she warns that you'd better make enough, once you introduce it to your household.

Roast Beef With Yorkshire Pudding

Schedule the roasting of the beef so that it will be done about 35 minutes before you plan to serve it. When it is ready, place it in the warming oven on its platter. In the meantime the following pudding has been prepared:

2 cups milk 3 eggs separated and beaten
2 teaspoons baking powder 2 cups flour
 1 teaspoon salt

Sift dry ingredients, add milk, then yolks and whites. Mix to a creamy consistency. Pour into two round biscuit pans some of the drippings from the roasting pan and fill each pan with the pudding and place them in a hot oven until dinner is ready to serve, in about 35 minutes.

Chicken Cream Fricassee

1 medium sized chicken 2 slices canned pimiento,
1½ cups evaporated milk di- chopped fine
luted with 1 cup water ½ teaspoon dried onion or
3 stalks celery (minced) onion salt
Paprika 4 tablespoons fat
 1½ teaspoons salt

Have chicken cut into servings. Dredge each piece in well seasoned bread crumbs. Then dip each piece in undiluted evaporated milk and drop into frying pan until golden brown. Add diluted evaporated milk and other ingredients and bake slowly until chicken is tender.

Stuffed Leg of Mutton

Leg of mutton 2 large onions
Sage Salt
Tomato paste Pepper

Wash the meat and dry with a clean cloth. Boil

two large onions until tender, then chop fine and add bread crumbs and sage to taste, and salt and pepper. Slit the sinewy part of the leg, insert stuffing and roast 12 minutes to the pound in a hot oven, with a little water in the pan. Salt only after it has begun to roast well. Baste from time to time with its own juices. If it begins to brown before the cooking period is over, cover with parchment paper. About 15 minutes before it is done, dredge with flour and baste with butter. Skim the gravy, add tablespoonful tomato paste, or to taste, thicken slightly with flour. Serve with spiced peaches or a tart preserve or jelly.

Stuffed Egg Plant

Cut egg plant in two, stemwise. Scrape out inside and place in saucepan with ¼ cup cooked tomatoes, well drained, 2 tablespoons minced ham and boil until tender. Chicken can be substituted for the ham, if you wish. Drain off the liquid and add 1 tablespoon of butter, 3 tablespoons of bread crumbs, half a small onion, minced, salt and pepper. Stuff each half with this filling. Add a dab of butter and bake in baking dish 15 minutes.

Baked Sliced Ham and Apples

2 large thin slices raw ham 2 tps. vinegar
¼ to ⅓ inch thick 1 cooking apple
1 tsp. dry mustard ½ cup brown sugar
 Butter

Remove bone from ham. Mix together mustard and vinegar. Spread the mixture thinly on the ham. Slice apple very thin and spread 2 layers of the thin slices on ham. Sprinkle well with brown sugar. Now roll the ham the long way, starting from the fat side and rolling the fat side in to the center. Fold together with metal butcher skewer. Place in baking pan and put a few dabs of butter on each ham roll. Bake in a moderate oven for 25 minutes. Baste two or three times while baking. Serves four.

Spiced Bananas

With either assorted cold cuts or hot meats spiced bananas form an unusual garnish.

⅔ cup vinegar ⅔ cup sugar 1 small stick cinna-
3 bananas 24 whole cloves mon

Boil vinegar, sugar, cloves and cinnamon until sugar is dissolved and bubbles begin to look thick. Peel bananas, halve them crosswise, if you wish, and drop into the hot syrup and boil hard for two minutes. Remove from fire and cool.

Send ten cents to New Movie Home Service Department, Tower Magazines for our circular, "Meat at Any Price"—58 recipes.



Spiced bananas, a quickly made garnish, dress up cold cuts for a Sunday night supper. RIGHT, Miss Robson sears the roast before salting, to retain the juices. "Diets should be planned to include all of the varied nourishment necessary to health," she says.

Sniffles!



"I'm sorry, but Anne is in bed. She has the sniffles and I can't let her go to school or play with anybody until she is well again."

WISE mother. She knows that sniffles may be the forerunner of any one of several infectious diseases and she helps to protect other people's children while she protects her own.

A mild case of sniffles may seem so unimportant at first that little or no attention is paid to it, but it may be the warning symptom of a threatened attack of measles, whooping cough, scarlet fever, diphtheria or influenza. These diseases, combined, cause about one in every five deaths of children between the ages of one and nine.

The child who is "coming down" with one of these diseases is likely to spread the germs in class at school or to give them to other children at play.

An attack of measles may be a simple affair, soon over; but sometimes it causes serious complications

—injured eyesight, deafness. Whooping cough may so reduce resistance that the child is more susceptible to pneumonia or tuberculosis. Scarlet fever frequently affects the kidneys and ears. All of these diseases—including diphtheria—may affect the heart and leave it permanently weakened.

If your boy or girl seems well one day and develops a case of sniffles the next, the child should be kept at home under close observation and should not be permitted to play out-of-doors or with other children. If there is no improvement within twenty-four hours and the child is feverish, send for the doctor.

Any or all of the following booklets will be mailed free on request: "Measles," "Whooping Cough," "Scarlet Fever," "Diphtheria," "Colds, Influenza, Pneumonia." Address Booklet Department 935-B.



METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

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MUSIC in the MOVIES

A page for lovers of
tunes from pictures

BY
JOHN EDGAR WEIR

PROBABLY the outstanding musical of the moment, which you'll be seeing soon if you haven't already seen it in your town, is "Top Hat," with Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers. As we told you last month, any number of the songs in it are written by that grand old man of song hits, Irving Berlin.

"Broadway Melody of 1936" is also nearing completion and should soon be released by M-G-M. Nacio Brown and Arthur Freed, famous for their "Pagan Love Song," provide the songs. The titles are "You Are My Lucky Star," "I've Got a Feelin' You're Fallin'," "Broadway Rhythm" and "On a Sunday Afternoon."

Paramount is rushing out "The Big Broadcast of 1935." The production includes such stars as Bing Crosby, Ray Noble and numerous other radio satellites. The outstanding song of the production, however, goes to Mr. Crosby. The title is "I Wished on the Moon" and promises to be an outstanding hit.

Those of us who were so captivated by the glorious singing of Grace Moore in "One Night of Love" can hardly wait to hear the star in her newest picture, "Love Me Forever." Gus Kahn, who wrote the delightful waltz, "One Night of Love," has written the title song, "Love Me Forever," also a waltz, and we believe he has done equally well this time.

The best selection of the month is, in our opinion, Bing Crosby's recording of "I Wished on the Moon" from "The Big Broadcast of 1935." The selection is given first place because of the beauty of its melody, its appealing lyric, and Bing's grand vocal interpretation.

"TOP HAT," from the picture of the same name, is played by Ray Noble and his orchestra. The selection is a typical show tune and very danceable. Noble employs one of those clever, modern dance arrangements with which he has captured the ears of American dancers. Though this young English maestro has been with us but a few months, he has already won for himself a high place in the esteem of American music lovers. His band is superb in the rendition of this number and Al Bowlly handles the vocal chorus capably.

The reverse side carries "Piccolino," another characteristic show tune by Ray Noble's band. The number is played in a quick tempo with amazing harmonic effects in both the brass and sax sections. Three fiddles also lend themselves admirably to a fine recording by a great band. Al Bowlly sings another vocal refrain and splendidly too. (Victor)

"CHEEK TO CHEEK" from "Top Hat" is a melodic little tune well suited to the smooth style of Eddie



At the left are Nancy Carroll and George Murphy as they appear in "After the Dance," and below we show you Shirley Temple's latest and cutest dance routine, from her picture "Curly Top."



Duchin's orchestra. We refer of course to the style of Eddie's Central Park Casino band . . . The Duchin band on the radio commercial program is augmented, and, as you may have noticed, plays more on the show style. On this recording a lone trumpet is heard in a pleasing interlude and, as always, Eddie's piano playing stands out as the best individual performance on the record. Lee Sherwood's vocal refrain is up to his usual standard.

The opposite side presents "Isn't It a Lovely Day?" from "Top Hat" and is also played by the Duchin band. This is a rhythmic tune in medium dance tempo and Duchin gives it a bouncing dance rhythm which we feel sure will appeal to the feet as well as to the ears. The sax section turns in a smooth job as does Lee Sherwood in the vocal interpolation. (Victor)

"BROADWAY RHYTHM" from "Broadway Melody of 1936" is played by Richard Himber and his orchestra. As the name implies this one is a rhythmic dance tune. A unique harp introduction launches the Himber band into a lilting but simple arrangement with reverence for melody. A section of four fiddles furnishes a brilliant string interlude as does a sub-tone clarinet. Stewart Allen sings the chorus.

The other side brings us "On a Sunday Afternoon" from the same picture, and is played by the same orchestra. This tune is a melodic fox trot, better suited to the Himber style, which does not embody intricate arrangements but which emphasizes melody and superb tonal quality in the instrumentation. The string section, one of the best, does a grand job on the record. Stewart Allen sings a pleasing vocal. (Victor)

"THE ROSE IN HER HAIR" from "Broadway Gondoliers" is played by Ted Fiorito and his orchestra, who, incidentally, appear in the picture. This is an engaging little song in waltz time and promises to be a big hit. If the opening strains sound familiar to you, we refer you to the middle strains of "The Continental." The Fiorito band gets a lot of color into the arrangement and gives it a Spanish accent. The vocal chorus is interesting as sung by Muzzy Marcellino and the Debutantes, a female vocal trio.

The reverse side brings us "Outside of You" from the same picture and played by the same band, a selection in medium tempo in which the Fiorito band gets plenty out of a smart dance arrangement. A muffled brass interlude is heard with complete satisfaction, as is a sizzling clarinet. Muzzy Marcellino sings a vocal refrain, this time without the aid of the Debs. (Brunswick)

(Please turn to page 50)

Gossip of Hollywood

WELL, gals . . . the Wailing Wall is straight down the hall and the second door to the left!

Tullio Carminati, your current heart throb, has gone to London to make a play there. Furthermore, while there, the dashing gent may make a picture for Gaumont-British in response to an offer made him just before he left there last year.

Being continental (beautiful music . . . ta dee da!) it is as natural for him to pick up his cane as his hat upon leaving the house. But realizing our American scorn for such goings on, Tullio satisfies himself by picking it up on his way out, but leaving it in the car when he gets where he's going.

Is everybody happy?

RONALD SUDROW, eleven years old, of Buffalo, has organized a baseball team and calls it the "Mae West Nine."

"And," writes Ronald, "with curves like that, we never lose a game!"

These kids have got us stopped without even trying!

FOR that "tired" feeling!

Lynne Overman reports that he's just about all rested up after spending three days on his back, "dying" for a scene in "Men Without Names."

GETTING tired of hearing some of our male stars boasting about their prowess in the kitchen, Stu Erwin decided to take a crack at it himself and show the braggarts up.

Mixing it with a special veal paprika, Stu was doing right well until something went haywire and filled the house with so much smoke that the regular cook was fit to be tied and threatened to walk out, then and there, unless she got Stu's sworn promise to stay out of the kitchen in the future.

THE stars have complexes, even as you and I.

For instance, Joan Crawford makes her own bed so as to be darn sure the covers don't come out at the foot!

Clark Gable changes the oil in his car, because he once burned out a bearing by trusting the word of another.

Jean Harlow does her own fingernails, because it makes her fidgety to have anybody work on her hands!

Bob Montgomery likes fooling around with figures so well that he keeps all his own accounts. "And if I want to gyp myself," he says, "it's okay with the police department!"

No matter how busy she is, Maureen O'Sullivan always plans her own menus and makes out the grocery list, even if she has to do it on the set between scenes!

And there hasn't been an electrician in Otto Kruger's house for years, simply because, next to acting, there's nothing he'd rather do than fool around with electrical devices.

EVER hear of "bursitis?" Well, that's what Claudette Colbert came down with. But before you start to worry, we'd better tell you it's just an inflammation in her right arm from playing too much tennis.

DRIVING into our favorite Pig stand, who should pull in alongside of us but Nils Asther, and goodness knows, we haven't seen him in a columnist's age!

You'll be seeing him right soon now, though, because he's reporting to Universal for a part in "Storm Over the Andes," just as soon as the script's ready.

"Are Blackheads due to Faulty Cleansing?"

YOUNG WOMEN ARE ENDLESSLY TROUBLED BY BLACKHEADS. THEY FREQUENTLY WRITE: "ARE BLACKHEADS JUST DIRT? IF SO, WHY ARE THEY SO STUBBORN? WHAT CAN I DO TO GET RID OF THEM?"



Here is an answer that sets these questions at rest. It provides an intelligent understanding of the real nature of this common difficulty, and the approved method of combating it.

BLACKHEADS are not "just dirt"—that is, dirt from the outside.

Did you ever press a blackhead out? Behind that black speck on the surface came a little plug of cheesy matter. That cheesy matter consisted of thickened secretions from the oil glands *inside* your skin. It choked and clogged the pore opening just like a tiny cork. Till finally outside dirt lodged in it—You had a blackhead!

Proper cleansing will remove that blackhead. Cleansing and stimulating will prevent new blackheads.

Have you ever tried the Pond's way of dealing with blackheads?

With clean finger tips, spread Pond's Cold Cream liberally over your face—pat it in briskly till it has made your skin warm and supple. Pond's sinks deep into the pores and softens the thickened accumulations in them. Wipe the cream and loosened dirt off. Then, with a clean cloth, gently press the blackhead out.

That is all! Do not force it. Do not break the skin.

Do not use your bare fingers. A stubborn blackhead is better left alone. Or it may yield after hot cloths have been applied to the face, to relax the pores further. You can close the pores, after this, by bathing the face with cold water, or rubbing it with ice.

Now this rousing Pond's treatment does more than clear the pores. It invigorates the *underskin*! Stirrs the circulation. Wakes up the faulty oil glands. Brings back snap to weakening fibres. As the underskin functions actively again, further clogging of the pores is avoided. Your skin keeps clear, fresh, transparent.

These Common Skin Faults all begin in your Under Skin

Not only blackheads, but practically all the common skin faults have their start in the underskin.

Blemishes, enlarged pores, even lines and sagging tissues—you can ward them all off with the steady use of Pond's Cold Cream.

EVERY NIGHT, give your skin this pore-deep cleansing and underskin stimulation. It flushes out of the pores every speck of dirt and make-up, as well as waste matter from within given off through the skin.

IN THE MORNING and the daytime before making up, freshen and invigorate your skin again with a deep-skin Pond's treatment. It leaves your skin satiny so it takes your make-up evenly, holds your powder smooth and long.

Just send for the special tube offered below, containing enough Pond's Cold Cream for nine treatments. See your skin grow clearer, fresher, smoother—free from lines and blemishes.

Pond's is absolutely pure. Germs cannot live in it.

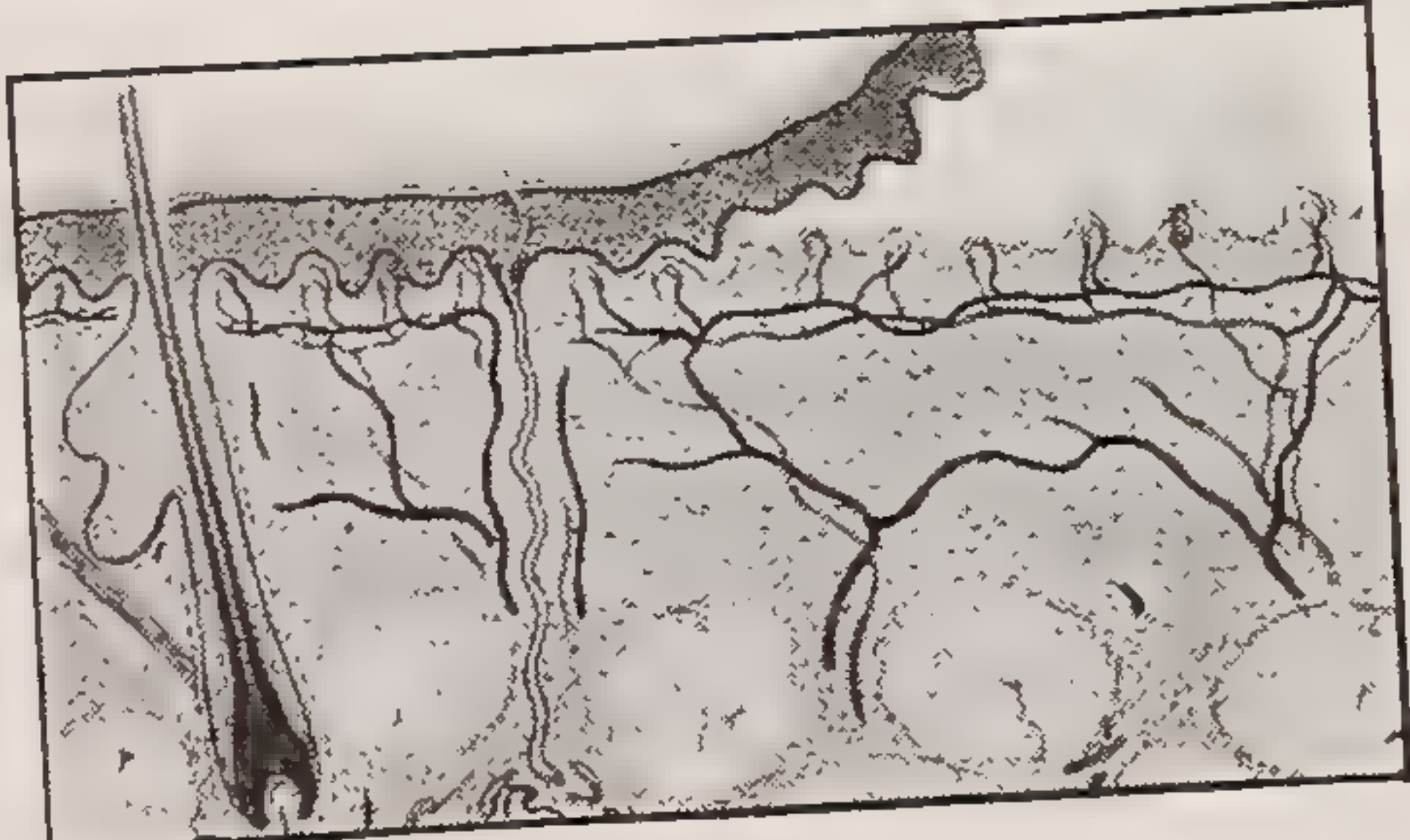


Marjorie Gould Drexel

now Mrs. John Murton Gundry, Jr., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel and granddaughter of the late George Jay Gould, says: "Pond's Cold Cream is all I need to keep my skin in perfect condition. It cleanses every pore and smooths away tired lines. I am never without it—even for a day."

The Underskin—where skin faults begin

If you could see through the epidermis into your underskin, you would discover a network of tiny blood vessels, nerves, fibres, fat and muscle tissues, oil and sweat glands. When these grow sluggish, look out for skin faults.



- 1. LINES** form here when oil glands underneath fail to nourish, and the underskin grows thin and wasted.
- 2. PORES** stretch and grow larger when clogged by impurities from inside the skin.
- 3. BLACKHEADS** form when the pores remain clogged with thickened secretions from within the skin.
- 4. BLEMISHES** follow when the clogging accumulations are not removed from the pores.
- 5. DRY SKIN** occurs when oil glands slow up, cease to supply the oils that make skin soft and supple.
- 6. TISSUES SAG** when circulation slows, under-tissues grow thin, nerve and muscle fibres lose their snap.

Mail this Coupon—for Generous Package!

POND'S, Dept. J48, Clinton, Conn.

I enclose 10¢ (to cover postage and packing) for special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder.

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Beautiful Eyes

ARE YOURS FOR THE ASKING
WHEN YOU ASK FOR

Maybelline

says DOROTHY HAMILTON
Noted Beauty Authority of Hollywood



Dorothy Hamilton, heard every Sunday afternoon in the "Maybelline Penthouse Serenade" over N. B. C. network

NOTICE your favorite screen actress, and see how she depends on well-groomed brows, softly shaded eyelids, and long, dark, lustrous lashes to give her eyes that necessary beauty and expression. More than any other feature, her eyes express her. More than any other feature, your eyes express you. You cannot be really charming unless your eyes are really attractive... and it so easy to make them so, instantly, with the pure and harmless Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids.

After powdering, blend a soft, colorful shadow on your eyelids with Maybelline Eye Shadow, and see how the color and sparkle of your eyes are instantly intensified. Now form graceful, expressive eyebrows with the smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. Then apply a few simple brush strokes of Maybelline mascara to your lashes, to make them appear naturally long, dark, and luxuriant, and behold how your eyes express a new, more beautiful YOU!

Keep your lashes soft and silky by applying the pure Maybelline Eyelash Cream nightly, and be sure to brush and train your brows with the dainty, specially designed Maybelline Eyebrow Brush. All Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids may be had in introductory sizes at any leading 10c store. To be assured of highest quality and absolute harmlessness, accept only genuine Maybelline preparations.



BLACK BROWN BLUE



BLACK OR BROWN



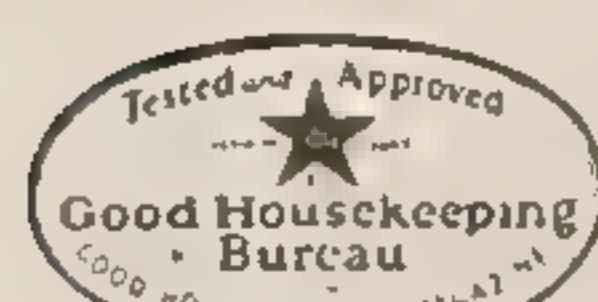
BLUE, BROWN, BLUE-GRAY VIOLET AND GREEN



COLORLESS



BLACK OR WHITE BRISTLES



All Maybelline Preparations have this approval



Junior Hollywood

Even Hollywood mothers say: "What won't those youngsters think up next?" And it's no wonder!

By HENRY WILLSON

Patsy Doyle as Katharine Hepburn, John Gustien as John Gilbert, Eula Love as Connie Bennett, Sterling Holloway as Sterling Holloway (ah!), Mary Dees as Jean Harlow, Ritz High as Dolores del Rio, Martha Wentworth as Mae West and John Albin as John Barrymore.

THE picture above embodies a cute idea. Universal is making a comedy with the following plot: Sterling Holloway is running a broken-down old hotel that is deep in the red ink. He gets the bright idea—he isn't any too bright—that he can put said hostelry back on its feet by filling it with movie stars. He hires an agent to get the stars for him but, to the agent's incredulous dismay, the most he can pay such people as Greta Garbo and Wallace Beery and Cary Grant is thirty-five dollars a week. So, to get even, the agent hires all of the stars' stand-ins, instead of the stars themselves. They do a good job of it, too!

All of which, of course, gives Universal a chance to show you a bunch of Hollywood youngsters who can do impersonations of the stars. We show you some of them above, and we hope you'll like the comedy. It's called "Double Crossed."

It's really amazing that the young movie aspirants and junior stars of Hollywood, who are being groomed by the studios, don't lose their minds. Or maybe they have. If you've trained for ten years and developed your talents along the musical line—singing and dancing—you are bound to be kept out of musical pictures. Patricia Ellis is a perfect example of that. But the prize quirk of the year happened to twenty-year-old Mary Blackwood (not to be confused with Mary Blackford, the little girl crippled ten months ago in an automobile crash). Miss Blackwood is a lovely Southern belle who came visiting Hollywood with her mother a year and a half ago. One of the studio executives at Fox saw her at a restaurant and sent her a note to come to the studio. The same routine—but this time they had found a sensational beauty—if she could really act Fox was set.

Mary was all prepared to sign a contract starting at \$250.00 a week when they discovered, after making several tests, that her speech contained too much of a Southern drawl. It was very lovely and all that—but anyone other than a comedienne with a Southern accent can only be cast in Southern rôles, so Mary was immediately put under the company's dramatic coach, Miss Barclay, and told to lose that accent. Of

course they could only pay her \$50.00 a week during the preparation period. So for one year and a half Mary Blackwood appeared in playlets on the lot, she practiced diction constantly—made new friends and contacts (people who were not Southerners) so as to completely lose the drawl. But still no parts came up. Directors often considered her for featured rôles—one even changed her hairdress, and lightened her locks, but still she wasn't quite the type. Patience was finally its own reward and after eighteen months of hard work the call came:

"Miss Barclay—this is Mr. Las-ky's office—send Mary Blackwood over right away."

Mary was thrilled.

"Miss Blackwood," said Norman McLeod, the director, "we have a part for you in 'Red Heads on Parade.' It's three pages of dialogue—and a swell little part. You have to wear a red wig of course and"—(this really is the pay-off—now, no kidding)—"and you must speak with a very Southern accent."

Mary soon regained consciousness.

"But Mr. McLeod, I can't. I've completely forgotten—why the studio has been training me for a year and a half to lose it."

"I can't help it—you're the only girl for the part."

So to make a crazy situation crazier, Mary was given twenty-four hours to regain her Southern accent. She scrambled home, called all her old friends, invited them over and told them to talk—just (Please turn to page 54)



Longworth

Patricia Ellis, working on "Broadway Joe," takes a ride at the beach.

how to keep ROMANCE aflame

Mary Jean (*below*) knows that Lux helps any girl's game. Ted and Tim are beaten before they start by a swanky pink shantung. Lux keeps Mary Jean's cottons and summer silks fresh and gay, her sweaters soft as down.

At parties, Sally (*below*) is always the center of things. Her lovely yellow organdie, fresh from its Lux bath, panics the boys. "The swellest femme on the floor," they agree. Never would Sally trust dainty washables to ordinary harsh soaps or cake-soap rubbing. "Mercy no! Lux is a girl's best friend!"

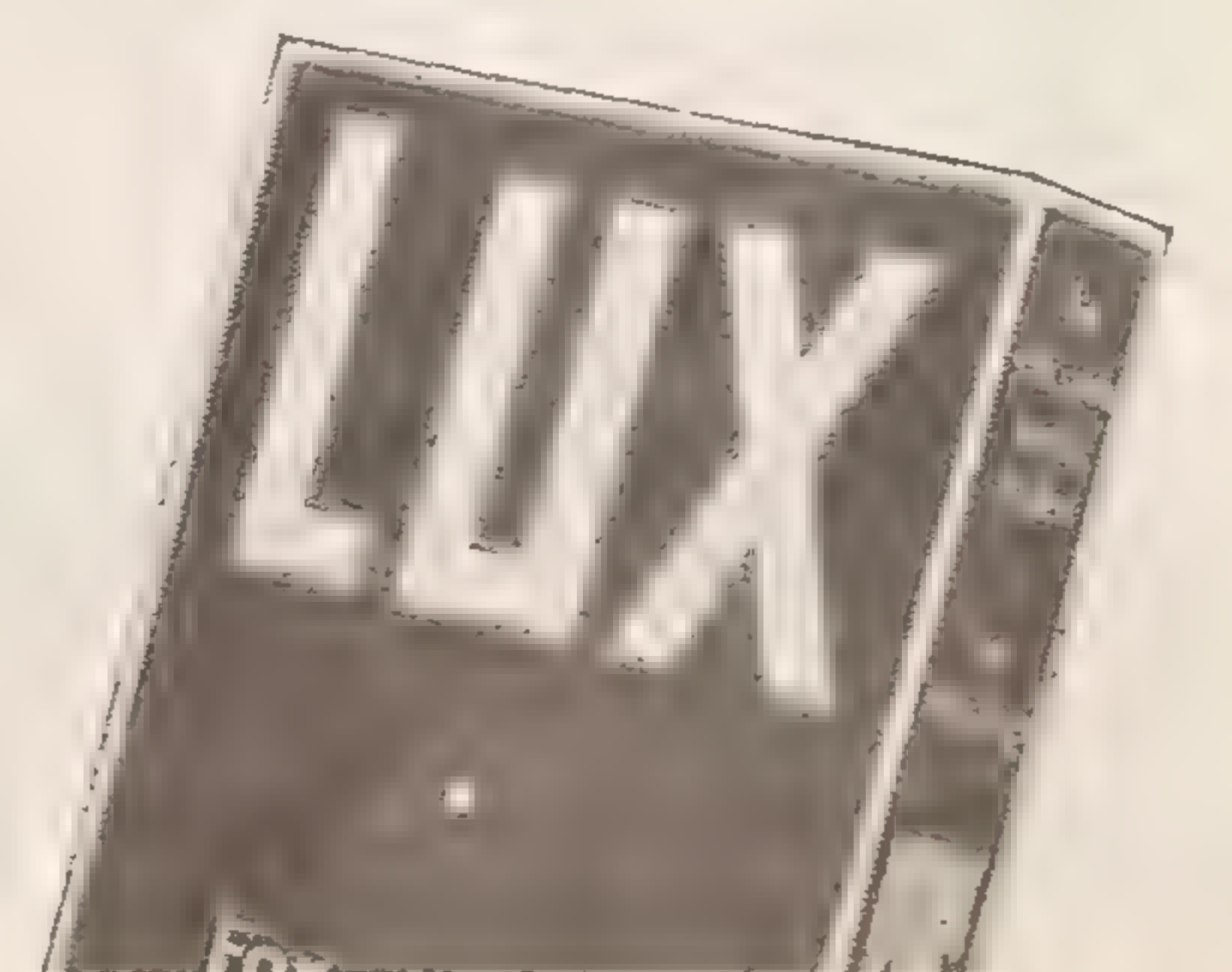


"That dress is a knockout!" compliments Ralph (*below*), married five years. Stepping out with his wife always gives him a kick. "You darling," purrs Fran, delightedly. "I do adore this blue printed silk even if it is made over. It's silly to let things get faded and dowdy when you can keep colors looking gorgeously new with Lux."

Of course, you want romance—dates by the dozen—an adoring husband through the years. Lux helps to make all this come true! Lux is made to keep you attractively dressed at little cost—to keep colors like new. Avoid ordinary soaps with harmful alkali and cake-soap rubbing. They're apt to fade colors, shrink woolens, mar the adorable freshness of cottons and linens, wear out things far too soon. But Lux, you remember, is safe for everything safe in water alone!



Connie (*above*) is pleased with her green peasant linen—color-fresh, like new, thanks to last night's Luxing. "Looks like a million," thinks Jerry, the new man at the office. Connie knows how to keep her pet frocks gloriously colorful—always ready for a big moment. That out-of-the-box look brings down the strongest men! Moral: Stick to Lux!



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Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.



RALEIGH CIGARETTES . . . NOW AT POPULAR PRICES . . . ALSO CARRY B & W COUPONS

Hollywood Day by Day

(Continued from page 5)

SO Richard Dix's new wife presented him with twins! And Dix is tickled over the wire he received from Bing Crosby, who beat him by a good year.

The wire read: "Dear Rich: Whenever a guy does something different in Hollywood, somebody else always jumps in and tries to follow suit! Anyhow, congratulations no end and I mean there's plenty of room for both of us!"

If Dix is a bit superstitious we'll bet this is his last marital venture. With wife No. 1 presenting him with one child and wife No. 2 presenting him with twins . . . well, where's the man (outside of Mister Dionne) who'd take a third chance?

Incidentally, Lyle will have to look to his lady-snatching laurels, since Cary Grant's been back in circulation the gals are crowding around "tall-dark-'n-hand-some" with that certain look they used to wear for Lyle just south of the eyebrows!

For a while Sandra Rambeau seemed to have the inside, then Lillian Bond crowded her over and shot into first place. But now Betty Furness seems to have the best of it.

AND methinks it's sort of a nice coincidence that the "Glitter" company, starring Joan Crawford, should have picked the same time and location to start shooting, which should make it a dandy holiday for Joan and Tone. Don't you think so?

LAUGHTON, who has a regular "Captain-hates-the-sea" complex and hangs around the old boat every minute of the time, told us an amusing angle in connection with the picture.

It seems that the studio hired a bunch of lads who were more or less handy at climbing rigging and stuff, and, so's they'd look authentic, paid them salaries for two weeks in advance while they were getting tanned up.

When the picture started and they needed men who could really run a ship, they sent out an SOS for old-timers. And when the McCoys arrived and stood alongside the sunburned rig-climbers, they were so lily-white that Director Frank Lloyd went into hysterics just looking them over!

FOR your sakes we hung around the Motion Picture Hall of Fame at the San Diego Exposition a few days ago, while we were really dying to straddle a purple-eyed horse on the merry-go-round and grab ourself a few brass rings.

First of all, when Francis Lederer and Mary Anita Loos arrived, the bouncing Czech was so bewildered by the milling crowd that he frantically phoned the Motion Picture Building for directions on how to get there.

The extremely courteous gateman suggested that an escort would be the thing and not until Lederer and his girl friend arrived safely at the building did they discover that the man who had towed them over was a Pinkerton detective.

On the opening day Thelma Todd and her mama slipped into the crowd in front of an exhibit where a seven-foot spieler was telling one and all what could be seen inside where pictures were being made.

Two women in front of Thelma were betting, pro and con, that the guy was (or was not) standing on stilts.

Finally, to settle the argument, one of the curious gals sneaked up and pinched

the fellow good and proper on the ankle.

P.S. There were no slivers in the lady's hand when she romped back to collect her bet.

After posing for dozens of pictures Anita Louise got tired of it all and ducked out of sight. And the next time we caught up with her she was standing at a hot dog stand, eating electrocuted puppies with none other than Maxie Rosenbloom, light heavyweight champion of the world!

Is Tom Brown in the crowd?

LEAVING the Hall of Fame, Binnie Barnes and Edward Arnold, fresh from finishing "Diamond Jim," decided to go for a spin in one of the hand-pushed wheel chairs.

Seeing them climb in Maxie (hot dog and all) dashed over to offer his services as pilot.

Occupied with a bit of dripping mustard he accidentally ran his passengers into another chair containing two ladies who were dumped out with very little ceremony.

But instead of getting mad, one of them looked up, saw who it was and gasped: "M-mm-may I have an autograph, Miss Barnes?"

Well, Binnie and Arnold were so pleased that they brushed both of 'em off, took them over to the Motion Picture Building and personally escorted them through.

LEE TRACY is one of the best eggs in the business.

Stepping out on the stage where movies were being made for the benefit of the public he not only played one role, but ad libbed so fast and furious that the audience, as well as Robert Young, Ralph Morgan and Bela Lugosi (also members of the cast) howled with laughter.

It was funny enough to be worthy of any studio production.

So that for the Hall of Fame! And if we can find another free afternoon right soon, we'll pop over again and bring you some more about the hilarious doings.

YOU short-wave radio fiends ought to catch up with Buck Jones, who is an indefatigable addict of the P. S. 21-, P. D. Q. 69- or maybe it's just plain old V-8.

Anyway Buck has a radio in every room in the house, and the other night when he couldn't sleep, he started working his short-wave set. Well, at four A. M., what did he get but the Soviet Union City of Khabaroosh in Russia!

If you'd like to know, it was Station R. V. 15- and they announced in six languages, one being English.

AT THE opening of "Amaco"—an indictment against the machine age, that ran in the Pasadena Playhouse and starred Onslow Stevens, we sat next to Jetta Goudal, Grand Passion of our dear, dead Youth.

So enchantingly charming was she that we could scarcely take our eyes from her, and if Onslow's performance hadn't been so undeniably powerful, we might never have known what the play was about.

Back stage after the last curtain we wriggled through the mob to congratulate Stevens, but what we'd like to know is—who was the striking young blonde who hurled herself into his arms and kissed him, soundly, getting plenty of

cooperation, too, we might add. In fact, we will add!

All we can tell you is that when they pulled out of the clench and she turned away, Onslow gazed after her, tenderly, and called: "See you later, Katherine!"

Katherine, now . . . m-mm-m . . . let's see—!

GENE RAYMOND has been having lots of fun on his personal appearance tour. And is that lad tactful!

So much so, that when a little stenographer turned loose a possible inhibition and announced to a startled world, including Gene, that she was engaged and soon to be married to the blond star, Gene merely asked the reporters: "Who is she?"

AT the opening of that popular play, "Three Men on a Horse," movie fans crowded around the lobby as usual, hailing their favorites with the customary fanfare, and for the most part, enjoying smiling recognition from the stars so favored.

Later than necessary a long, shiny car drew up before the theater and Gloria Swanson stepped out, assisted by the ever-present Herbert Marshall.

Inasmuch as it's been a long time since our ex-Sennett bathing beauty has appeared pictorially before the public, we sort of felt that the round of applause that went up was a pretty sweet gesture.

However, without looking to right or left, nor smiling even two cents' worth, Miss Swanson gathered her luxurious wrap around her svelte figure (maybe we're over-doing this) and swept majestically into the theater!

Even Herbie, who is usually darn nice, stalked along after his lady without bestowing one teeny weeny bow on anybody!

But don't jump to conclusions, kiddies. Maybe it was a private fight and just none of our business.

BUT let's forget it and have ourselves a laugh over W. C. Field's favorite parlor story.

It seems as how there was a famous Japanese ambassador who was being honored with a swanky dinner at an ultra-swanky hotel in New York.

With the soup course a guest sitting on the ambassador's left (who had arrived too late to do anything but slide into his seat and try to look as though he knew what it was all about) determined to do the right thing and be sociable.

Leaning over he said friendly-like: "You likee soup-ee?" To which the guest of honor smiled happily and nodded agreeably.

After the dinner Mister Ambassador was called upon to make a speech, and getting to his feet, he delivered an oration that was so grammatically perfect that the assembly applauded long and loud.

Reseating himself, the Jap leaned toward the late arrival. "You likee speech-ee?" he murmured amusedly.

And Fields almost gurgles himself into a spasm every time he tells it!

WHILE we're at Paramount a few more laughs won't do us any harm. You know Gracie Allen? Well, it doesn't make a "diff of bitterness," says Gracie, but after a whole day on the "Big Broadcast" set, George Burns went (Please turn to page 63)

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Tomorrow you must take Today

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FIGURING IT OUT WITH SYLVIA

**Don't be a slave to a starvation diet but
learn a few simple rules for shedding
your excess weight**

By MARION HAMMON

I DON'T diet and I loathe exercising," confided Sylvia Sidney across the luncheon table.

It was one of those cold, raw summer days in New York when the rain beat a gloomy tattoo on the windows of the famous "Twenty-One," popular restaurant and meeting place of celebrities. She was wearing a perfectly tailored brown suit (the kind of suit that emphasizes the lines of a good figure), a sailor hat slightly tilted, and a beautiful sable scarf about her shoulders.

"But," I protested, "I wanted to get a story from you about how you keep your lovely figure . . . you know the sort of thing . . . a new diet, perhaps, or a detailed account of the kind of special exercises you go through morning and night."

She leaned back in her chair and laughed, and when Sylvia laughs, her eyes crinkle so mischievously that the whole effect is irresistibly contagious. "Sorry, but I don't go in for daily dozens or trick diets. So let's order," she said as the waiter stood patiently and I mentally debated between lobster Newburg and creamed chicken.

Vegetable soup, spinach and stewed tomatoes, Melba toast, and coffee was Miss Sidney's order, which shamed me into hastily ordering the same.

"You see, it so happens that I have sensible food tastes," she explained. "Even as a child I ate spinach without fuss or nonsense. I still do . . . and like it, what's more, so perhaps that explains why I don't worry much about taking on weight. As to sports, I simply adore swimming—not as exercise particularly, but because it's good fun."

Lucky little Sylvia! She's five feet two and weighs only one hundred and four pounds. No problem of weight-control there. But how many of you petite girls find yourselves on the plump side? Remember that a few extra pounds over your normal weight will make your figure look dumpy. Make up your mind today to shed those pounds, not by going on a starvation diet which is dangerous, but by eating the right kinds of food. If you haven't a natural instinct for choosing the kind of foods that are good and wholesome and non-



In "Accent on Youth," Sylvia reveals the lines of her slim, young figure in a pajama costume of paisley lamé.

3. *Avoid* fat meats and fish.

4. *Eat plenty* of fresh vegetables, green salads, and fruits (both fresh and stewed). These foods provide bulk without unduly increasing the calories.

5. *Drink plenty* of water, at least eight glasses a day, and fruit juices. Citrus fruit juices are effective in a reducing diet not only because they offset acidity but because they are so high in vitamin content.

Begin your weight-losing program with a one-day liquid diet to tone and cleanse your system.

Start in the morning with a very large glass of orange juice. Then a cup of black coffee (or tea) for breakfast. In the middle of the morning, have a glass of iced tomato juice or sauerkraut juice. For lunch, a bowl of clear consommé. At night, you have another glass of fruit juice . . . orange juice, grapefruit juice, or unsweetened pineapple juice. A tablespoonful of milk of magnesia should be taken before going to bed to insure proper elimination. Elimination through the pores of the skin should be induced by a warm tub bath at night and a brisk shower in the morning.

The one-day liquid diet literally "shrinks" your stomach and lessens your appetite. You will find that your system will be content with far less quantities than it has been accustomed to. Now you are ready to go back to your three meals per day, but keep the above rules well in mind. Try, for example, a breakfast of stewed fruit, whole wheat toast with half a pat of butter and black coffee. For luncheon, a bowl of crisp green salad, tea with lemon, and a gelatine dessert. For dinner, have a cup of clear soup, lean meat with liberal helpings of vegetables, salad and stewed fruit.

You'll find a menu of this kind is appetizing and satisfying and it won't be long before you'll attack a portion of spinach with as much gusto as you used to feel for Boston cream pie. Take your exercise in "sugar" doses, too. And if you refuse to bound out of bed mornings and go through your daily dozen, you can walk some of the way to office or give Junior an extra ride around the park in his carriage.

So don't be a slave to a diet, but just remember to choose those foods that are good-for-you and thin-for-you. Then you, too, like Sylvia Sidney, need not be concerned about the problem of "keeping your figure." You'll eat what you like, like what you eat, and gain a slim little figure in the bargain!

fattening, cultivate it. You don't have to know much about calories and vitamins to remember the following rules if you would lose excess weight and keep your figure.

1. *First and foremost, eat less.* Most of us eat far more than we require.

2. *Cut down* on rich foods, highly seasoned gravies, potatoes, concentrated desserts, bread and butter, sugar and cream.

A Woman's Reputation Is Made . . .

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A DASH of imagination, a good measure of variety—and your gastronomic reputation is made! Something new, something different is the keynote to successful meal-planning. Each of the food circulars listed here contains scores of delicious recipes to add interest to your meals. Tell us, using the coupon below, which ones you want. Each set is 10c complete.



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- 22 -

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JANE OSBORNE,
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Star Light, Star Bright

(Continued from page 15)

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after months
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FOR ALL
WHITE SHOES**
BOTTLE OR TUBE



from Jellico. I'm afraid they were a bit old-fashioned, but I wanted to be really married, not dividing my life between a career and a husband. I couldn't have hoped for the complete happiness we have while I was concentrating on voice development, operatic arias, opportunities to advance. Ah, no, it wouldn't have been possible; but now—"

Grace paused.

It was obvious that she didn't want to change the subject. I egged her on by saying that I thought the "oneness" of marriage the most important factor. The sharing every thought. The intimacy which many modern married people consider fatal.

"Oh, you are so right!" Grace said. "It's wonderful to feel that no matter where we are, or what's going on, we can shut the door of one room and have a world all our own."

I yessed her with fervor.

"And," she continued, "he is so wise, so clever; his judgment is perfect. Whatever he advises, I do without question—in my work, I mean."

She laughed, realizing, no doubt, I was not quite believing that the independent Grace had become just "the little woman" in every way.

"What I mean is, Elsie, you know how easy it is to be carried away by people around you who are always telling you that you are right, yessing you about your make-up, your acting, your everything as long as you are successful. Well, he tells me the truth, and," she sighed happily, "I love it."

THERE, ladies and gentlemen, you have practically a verbatim recording that should be put under glass and preserved. A woman who has climbed to what appears to be the highest peak of accomplishment meets a guy as she is looking down on the world at her feet and says, "Oh! Now I see that other peak up there, and with your help I know I can climb it." Marvelous! Just in case you don't know who this miracle man is, his name is Valentin Perara. He

is tall and dark and handsome. He is a writer, director and star of Spanish pictures; and, as you may have gleaned, he is not "Grace Moore's husband," she is Valentin Perara's wife. In order to cling to that certain "oneness" I spoke of, he has given up a splendid contract at Fox Studios to accompany Gorgeous Grace to Europe.

"Why, I wouldn't even get a thrill out of singing the command performance at Covent Garden if he was not with me!" Grace said. "Oh no! No separations for us."

"None of that 'You go your way, I'll go mine, and I'll meet you in the boudoir next Christmas,'" I added somewhat crudely.

"You said it!" the girl from Tennessee quipped without a trace of southern accent.

That night Grace was given a dinner by the Society of Arts and Sciences. They presented her with a gold medal. It is hers for having added another art to their list. For bringing opera to the screen and making it so easy to take that the most anti-classic fanatic didn't realize he was cheering what he thought he didn't like. Grace did not take that medal lightly. She was proud; so proud that she wore it hanging right in the middle of her slightly extended chest when she sailed the next day. She had her picture taken wearing it, and I'd be willing to bet that she is still old-fashioned enough to have copies sent to a lot of folks down in Jellico. Many people are successful; but a medal, no matter where you hang it, is still impressive, especially to an old home town.

I asked about her new picture, just completed.

"I think it is better than 'One Night of Love,'" she said. "I have learned things, I believe, which will help my performance. Of course it will never have that first acclaim that 'One Night of Love' had, but I have great hopes."

It is nice to think of anyone starting out to improve after being the sensation of years. Maybe "he" had something

to do with it, though I don't see how even a husband could have found any flaws in her performance in her first picture, which incidentally was her third picture, but so few people remember the others that it's best to let flopping films lie.

Grace, however, doesn't want to forget the other two. She likes to remember how she came out to Hollywood with a great fanfare of the Studio's Press Department Trumpets. How everyone bowed and scraped before the great star of opera who was coming slumming in motion pictures. How she took the biggest house she could find. How the papers said that she was going to be the greatest star of them all when her first picture appeared. How she played sweet Jenny Lind in the film and never had a chance to show any of the great humor and peppiness which is hers. How it was not up to expectations, in fact, it was not up at all. Still, Grace had everything then that she has now.

In the second picture, instead of trying to get a better vehicle for her to star in, they co-starred her with Lawrence Tibbett, who also left the films a little later without having hit the Box Office Target. He will, next time, because sound is more perfected, photography is more under control and the public is ready for Operatic Cinema. Thanks to Grace Moore!

The reason she likes to retrospect about what should have been a crushing blow and have sent her away from Hollywood "panning" the entire system is because she didn't do that. She came back for more and the only person who realized what she wanted to do, was bound to do, and did do, was Harry Cohn of Columbia, "Bring 'em back alive Cohn." When other studios say a star is finished, he steps in. When he steps, he steps a footfull. Grace is almost as grateful to him as she is to Irving Berlin. In fact, for a raging success, she spends an awful lot of time being grateful. A very nice way to spend your time, really. At least you don't get crushed in the crowd.

What Do You Think of Color?

(Continued from page 16)

business, true—so complicated that it took twenty years to learn it—and along about 1927 or 1928 we were just beginning to grasp the fundamental laws which applied to it. Then, overnight, the talkies came into existence and swept all our hard-bought knowledge away, with no small amount of destruction, thrusting us back into chaos to learn all over again. We had to stop just when we were learning.

But now a few of the new laws begin to emerge. For instance we know that sound, the new element, was quite different essentially from the basic root of moving pictures as moving pictures. They are primarily for the eye. The eye is the quickest of our senses. The ear is much slower. We see before we hear, and what we see makes a much deeper impression on us than what comes to us through our ears. Doubtless you know the old Chinese proverb, "A picture is worth ten thousand words." It had a great deal of truth in it. If, instead of merely reading about murders and automobile accidents in our morning newspapers, we could look at

the page and really *see* the events, just as they occurred, in all their blood and horror, our lives would never be the same from that morning on. If the newspapers found a voice and simply told us about them, on the other hand, it wouldn't affect us much more than it does at present. If sound were as powerfully affecting as sight—to give an example—we would all stay at home and listen to football games on the radio, in preference to attending the games and seeing them with our own eyes. But, when talkies first came in, we forgot all this. Instead of planning pictures for the eye, directors planned them for the ear and filled them with dialogue. Pictures became overbalanced, lopsided. They slowed. Instead of being two-thirds sight and one-third sound, as I think they ought to be, they became half of each. I believe that color will restore pictures to the old, desirable balance of two for one.

Why? Because every object in the world, every house, every stone, every tree, has two visual elements, form and

color. To see only one of the two is to half-see the object. If you see a photograph of a rose, uncolored, you see only the design. You accept it as a rose because you happen to know what it means in life, in actuality. But if, in real life, you saw a gray rose, you would be seeing only half a rose. A rose by any other name may swell as sweet, but a rose without its color is no rose at all. Color on the screen increases the visual element by accenting it, doubling its power and bringing it home to us with its real-life force. Hence in my opinion it is connected with the very essence of the motion picture, its visual quality, and belongs integrally to the screen. More than ever, now that we have talkies, I think it belongs there, to restore the balance I have mentioned.

What, after all, is picture-making? To direct a film is to tell a story, or express a character, by drawing a series of pictures of that story or character. Up until now the drawing has been done in charcoal. Now those silent men of the laboratories have said to us direc-

tors—"Here is color for you. Take it and use it in your drawings." What man with an ounce of artist in him could resist such an offer? We are like men who have been condemned for life to draw in black and white, and who suddenly find ourselves painters with a palette and oil paints. If we have called them motion pictures, before, from now on we ought to call them motion paintings.

BUT the whole point is this. Now that color is possible on the screen—how will the film makers use it? Will they go about it like the newly-rich and turn the screen into a gaudy riot of hues? I hope not. I hope they will avoid the mistake that early sound pictures made—that is of having too much dialogue and noise in them. The directors will have to learn the science of colors and light and will have to exercise their color instinct with discrimination and tact. The scenic designer alone cannot solve the problem just as the dialogue director could not and did not in the talkies. Neither sets nor dialogue by themselves make a film. The film depends so much on camera treatment and cutting and the color progression of these elements can only be controlled by the man who tells the story.

The sensible outlook, it seems to me, is this. There is no sense using color just because we have it. As a silent spot in a sound picture can be effective, so a neutral gray spot in a color picture can be effective. A painter often finds a subject which lends itself better to a black-and-white drawing or etching than it does to his colors. So with moving pictures.

Hardly anything in life is objectively good or bad. Fire is good for warmth and bad when it burns your house down. A medicine that will heal you if you take it according to the doctor's orders may kill you if you take an over-dose. Anything of inherent power, anything with force, is good or bad depending upon the circumstances. Color, definitely, is a force. It is not neuter. It, too, can be destructive or creative. It answers a strong basic craving in us. Children love it. So do savages. That is why traders, who do business with them, carry large stocks of bright beads and bolts of brilliantly dyed cloth. There are few of us in whom color does not provoke a definite reaction. Through association, different shades and tints have even come to be symbolic to us; there are tints that are warm, aggressive, soothing. Red, for instance, traditionally stands for danger, for excitement, whereas a pale blue is cool and soft. Here is the use for color on the screen.

The play—the story—is the thing. Color can be good only when it serves the story. It must be selected to fit in with the emotional and psychological aspects of each scene of the film. If red is a color bound to excite your audience, then it will be foolish to use it in a sad scene. The audience must be in the director's mind every moment. That was the first problem I had to meet when I started work on "Becky Sharp." How was I to introduce my color to audiences unused to it and bound psychologically to be a little shocked by it? Should I thrust it on them, with a bang? That, definitely, I was sure was wrong. So, if you saw the picture, you will remember that it began with the palest of tints, only building up later, as the drama of the story itself climbed to the stronger, brighter colors.

Selection, there is no doubt of it, is going to be the main problem. Just as no camera angle is good unless it is the one angle which will best capture the

mood of scene, so we will not be able to photograph colors as they happen accidentally to appear in Nature. We are going to have to choose them with the utmost caution, whether it is for harmony or for contrast. Selection crops up again in the cutting-room, where the film is edited. When working with black-and-white film we could cut almost where and how we pleased, and the monotone color note of gray would blend the scenes and join them together. With color this will be changed. If one scene shows a bed of scarlet geraniums, and the next a lady's boudoir in pink and pale gray, the shock to your system would be like having a stick of dynamite go off in your lap. Where once we could intensify our actions with clever cutting, now we are going to have to do it with the colors.

To show what I mean, in the ballroom scene in "Becky Sharp," on the eve of Waterloo, the dancers were gay and carefree when news of Napoleon's approaching army came to them. The alarm spread and they went into a panic, with the women rushing to escape and the men hurrying out to their horses to join their troops. Now, if I had thrown the colors in the scene together, I would have had a jumble. I had to arrange my shots so that each had a dominant hue, running first to the weaker tints and later to the powerful ones. I took my groups in this order—dark blacks and blues and greens, then lighter greens, yellows, orange, purple and finally scarlet. In life it would have been unreal for them so to select themselves, but on the screen the color logic is so undeniable that it is completely convincing.

COLOR speaks with its own voice and the directors must listen. The language of color should be used beautifully and correctly, it should tell the story even as effectively as the camera and dialogue are telling that story.

And how much there is to learn about color we do not even suspect, at this early date. For instance—any painter will tell you that the three primary colors are red, yellow and blue. But making pictures, we work not with pigment, but with colored light—and the primary colors, working with light, are red, violet and green. Add to this the fact that the chairs and tables and costumes on the set all have colors of their own, which must blend with the colors of the light. The laws of harmony and contrast of colors become more intricate because none of your characters stands still and holds poses for you, as models do for a painter, but are constantly in motion. Add that, and a few other facts, complex and extraordinary, and you have a slight notion of what a new fairy-land full of mystery and excitement we are facing!

Difficult it is—but interesting. But make no mistake about it. Color is here to stay.

Rouben Mamoulian was born in Tiflis, Caucasus, near the Russian border, on Oct. 8, 1898. Educated at the Lycee Montaigne in Paris as well as at the University of Moscow, he studied law but, going to London, became interested in the stage although he spoke not a word of English. George Eastman, president of the Kodak Company, brought him to Rochester, N. Y., to direct American opera, and that led in turn to productions on Broadway, and to Hollywood. Among his pictures are "City Streets," "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," "Love Me Tonight," "Queen Christina," and now "Becky Sharp," the first major picture using Technicolor's new color process.

MARGIE MAKES FUN OF MY DRESSES, MOMMY—SHE SAYS THEY'RE TATTLE-TALES!



"TATTLE-TALE! TATTLE-TALE!"



"Pooh! Clothes can't tattle," says Mother. "Where did Margie get that silly idea?"

"She heard the club ladies, Mommy—they said your clothes were full of tattle-tale gray."

* * *

Maybe it's never occurred to you that clothes can tattle. Yet if things look dingy and dull, they do show that they aren't perfectly clean. And the neighbors are sure to notice.

Why risk the criticism? Why use a "trick" soap that leaves dirt behind?

CHANGE TO THE SOAP THAT ENDS "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

Fels-Naptha is *one* soap that does get *all* the dirt. Every last deep-down speck of it.

For Fels-Naptha brings you something no "trick" soap does—two

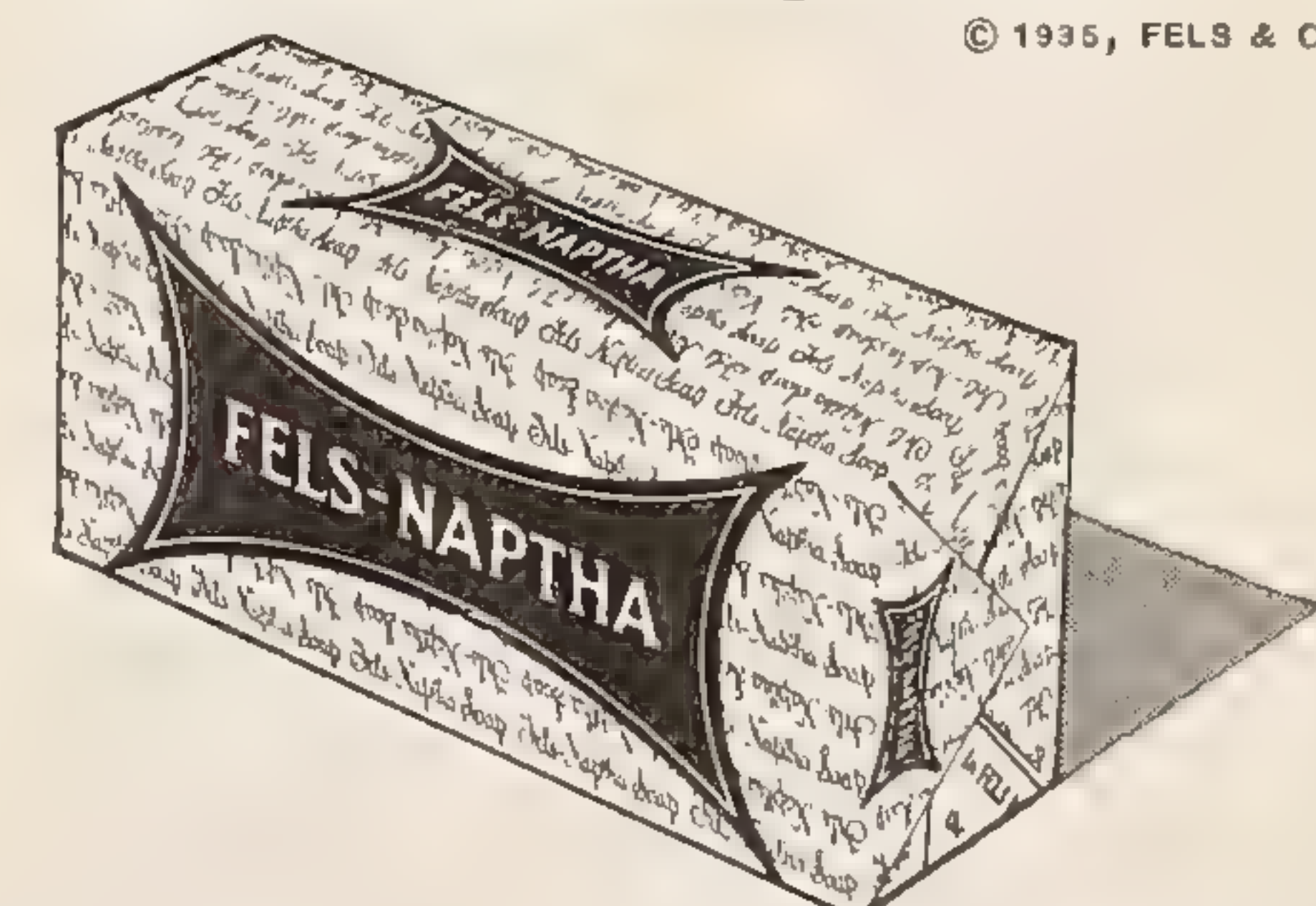
cleaners instead of one! Richer *golden* soap combined with *plenty* of naptha. A lively combination that washes clothes beautifully, snowily clean.

Fels-Naptha is so gentle in every way that you can use it for your finest linens, your daintiest undies and silk stockings.



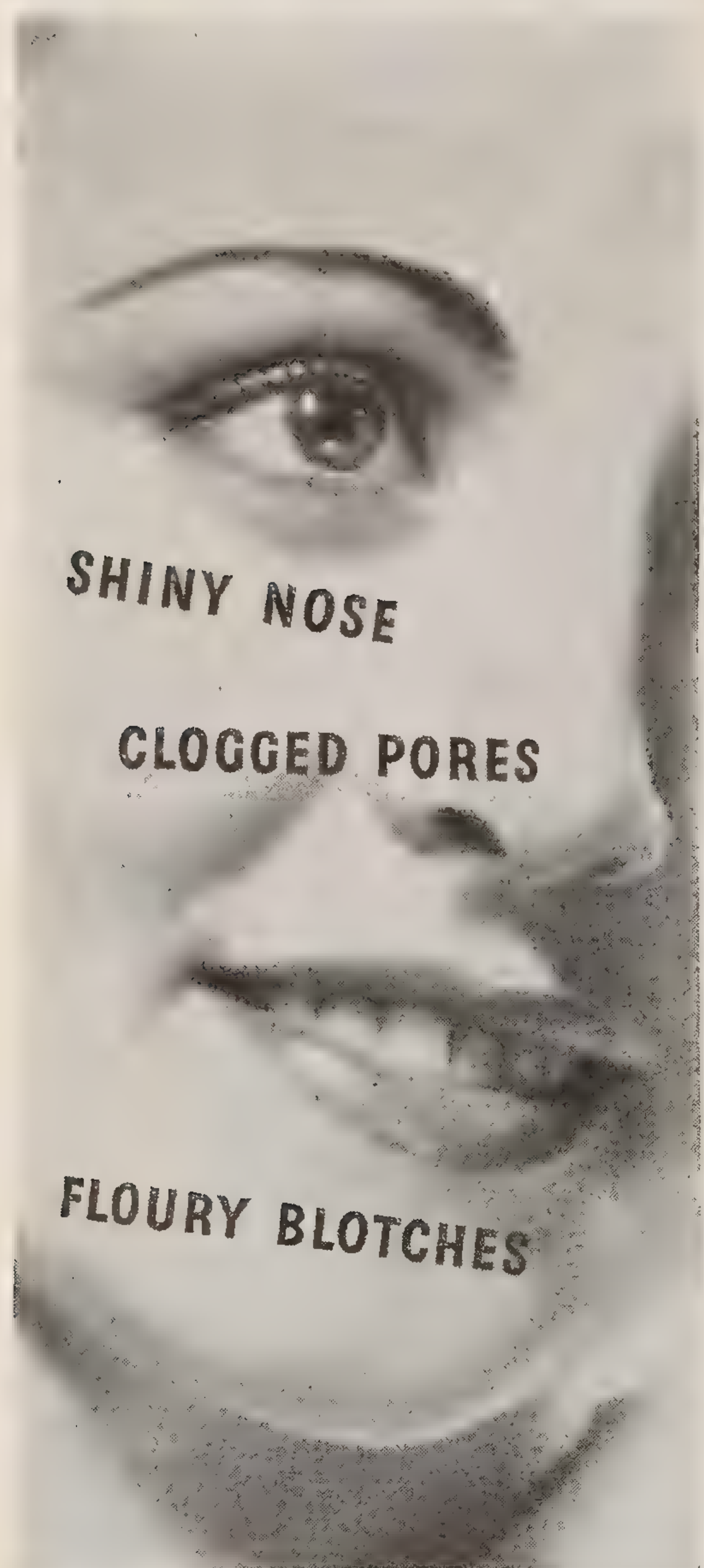
It's a real friend to hands, too—for there's soothing glycerine in every golden bar. Ask your grocer for a supply of Fels-Naptha Soap today!... Fels & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

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Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray"
with FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

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BE sure your face powder is moisture-proof. If you want to make your skin clear, transparent, lovely... and have it last that way for hours. Paste on skin is the ugly reason for many bad complexions. The result of face-powder moisture mixing with the natural moisture of your skin.

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There's moisture on even the driest skin. But Luxor won't mix with it, any more than with water in the glass.

That's why it defies the ravages of oils, pore secretions and other enemies of long-lasting make-up.

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Make a 10 days' test for yourself at our expense. Get a big generous 10 days' box of Luxor, the moisture-proof face powder, just by mailing the coupon. Send for it now. No money required.



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TM-9 ☐ Rachel ☐ Rachel No. 2

Name.....

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1,000,000 Landscapes

(Continued from page 18)

Salton Sea. At other times sand dunes are required, in which case the Holy Land is transplanted to the shimmering El Centro Dunes of Imperial Valley. This sea of sand is used, too, to simulate the sun-baked Sahara Desert—and well it might, for in California's early history its sand-blasting inferno cost the lives of many Mexican soldiers and travelers seeking an inland route from Mexico City to San Francisco.

A Japanese fishermen's village is frequently represented by the picturesque Japanese colony at Los Angeles Harbor near Long Beach. Whereas, Japan in cherry blossom time is exactly duplicated in the breath-taking Yucaipa Valley. Fujiyama, Japan's magnificent sacred mountain, has several times been doubled by graceful, snow-capped Mt. Tom that stands guard over Bishop, California.

When George O'Brien or Johnny Mack Brown go galloping through reels of inspiring "Wild West" scenery, you can bet your last chain letter dime those scenes were taken in the Vasquez Rocks of lonely Mint Canyon, only an hour's drive from the movie capital.

Once in an indigo moon a fan will write in that the sage brush in a western flicker he's just witnessed is not the kind of sage brush that actually grows in that certain part of Arizona, let us say, where the story was supposed to have occurred. The location manager's answer to such rare criticisms is justifi-

able. He says—and I'm putting into my own words what three of these trained technicians state—if only one or two persons out of thousands and thousands who see a picture discover a technical flaw, the location department's job has been well done; for when a western movie's scenery is restful or soul-stirring in its beauty, the public is thoroughly pleased, and cares little for detail, so long as in general the picture looks "Wild West."

Few people, even native Californians, know that hundreds of acres in the extensive and fertile San Joaquin Valley are given over to the cultivation of cotton. Here your "Cabin in the Cotton" type of pictures are made. And "Old Man River" keeps rollin' along in the eddying ripples of the broad Sacramento River which empties into San Francisco Bay from the north.

Warner's "Oil for the Lamps of China" took Pat O'Brien and the all-star cast to Lone Pine, near Mt. Whitney, highest peak in the United States. Here the flat, semi-desert floor of Owens Valley rises abruptly to the snow rim of the High Sierras, faithfully simulating China's remote interior.

On and on your guide could take you, pointing out London's Limehouse, or a Mexican Village in the heart of metropolitan Los Angeles, oil fields in the outskirts of Long Beach that look exactly like those of Oklahoma, stock yards that stretch for blocks in Los Angeles' indus-

trial district which many times have spread before you on the screen as close-ups of the Chicago meat-packing center. You would view boulevards in the "unhilly" section of Beverly Hills which have passed in celluloid for Floridian vistas. Olive orchards and terraced vineyards approachable by streetcar from Hollywood, some of them as pretentious as Italy's finest, have been used repeatedly for Mediterranean settings. That the Spanish-Mayan civilization still lives could be proved if you visited the strangely beautiful buildings of the San Diego Exposition. Even glamorous Venice lives right here within a stone's throw of the film studios, where, with the aid of a few kleig lights, fresh paint, and Venetian lanterns, Warners rejuvenated the canals of the old amusement beach known locally as "Venice" for Dick Powell's "Broadway Gondolier."

Twice in the past year the movie industry in a body has threatened to leave the Golden Bear state in a great huff—move to Florida, or Timbuktu, or somewhere, bag and baggage. Once, because Upton Sinclair's election to the governorship seemed imminent; again, because the state threatened to soak the studios with high taxes. There are those who say it was all a bluff, pointing out among other reasons that the movies could not get along without a double for Dame Nature. At least it's true, in all the land none could be found quite so versatile as Hollywood's ever-dependable Miss California.

Revamping the Males

(Continued from page 30)

comedy—the lowly but hilariously ludicrous bit of business known universally and technically on stage and screen as a prattfall. Undoubtedly—I've heard it explained to a very nice visiting lady in a Hollywood studio—because the originator of the fall was one Mr. Pratt. Well, anyway—

Another example of a complete character make-over is our old palsy-walsy, Randy Scott.

Less than four years ago Randy rode out of Virginia with that handsome pan, them long legs, them oh-oh shoulders, and right into horse-operas. Horse-operas, being, you know, Hollywoodian for western films. Here, then, was to be another Bill Hart, another Hoot Gibson, another Ken Maynard, another any-six-shootin' - hell - for - leather - hard - ridin' western star.

But Randy had something else. He had a certain suave charm, a polish, that didn't confine itself within the circumscribed limits of what a film cowboy should be and do. And what's more, Randy himself had no intention of staying a western star. "In western's," he said sagely not so long ago, "there lay a constant peril to my dramatic ambition. But I did what I could to satisfy those ambitions by being myself *plus* the spurs and chaps and pistols. It was easy enough. Audiences that like rustler and Indian-fighter films are said to be more easily satisfied than those which prefer artistry in stories, setting and acting. But because I did get over, I was apparently 'typed' as a horse actor. I didn't like it."

So Randy got busy. He tried to put into each western character something

more, something "different from the stereotyped character of the plains," he himself put it. And bye and bye, it clicked. Today, after hopping out of westerns in "Roberta," Randolph Scott is still out of them in "Village Tale," wherein he's a straight male lead. And from the looks of things, it'll be a long time before you see him in leather pants again.

UNLESS he's going to do a Warner Baxter. Now Baxter, my dears, is more than just a Hollywood makeover. Baxter is a double-makeover. Because Baxter has gone back to where he started in his film meteorology—he's back Cisco Kidding it like nobody's business!

Baxter's career is probably as variegated an example of the Hollywood make-'em-over racket as any male in the films. He was just another heavy at first. And then they made "The Cisco Kid," and Baxter, with that devil-may-care charm, those glittering clothes, that reckless romanticism, swept more than one audience of females off into an emotional storm that left the movie theaters positively throbbing with reaction. In that one characterization, Warner Baxter jumped from just another actor to the top few of the stars.

But Hollywood's make-'em-over machine was still running, and so they made him over again. They took all the pretty clothes away and made him wear straight citizen's attire. They gave him matter-of-fact rôles. They pushed him as far away from the Cisco Kid as they could. And so what?—in that case, Baxter (and it can't be denied) slipped

down the ladder of audience-appeal again.

The executives scratched their heads. So did Warner. It looked bad. Then somebody got the bright idea. "We made him over once," said that somebody, "why not make him over again—or rather, make him *back* into what we made him over into in the first place?"

All very complicated but you get the idea. They set the make-'em-over machinery whirring again and the answer is that the Cisco Kid is back. "Under the Pampas Moon" brings him back in all his tooth-flashing, sinister charm. If you went for Warner "Cisco Kid" Baxter the first time, you'll go for him again now.

Spencer Tracy, funny guy, became a hero and a villain. Ronald Colman lost the eyebrow he called a moustache and became quite a different fellow entirely in "Clive of India." George Raft, as nasty a baddie as ever sneaked onto the screen, has become a hero instead of a villain. Bill Powell stops being what they slice and put between rye bread, and does a swell job of acting in "The Thin Man" and things like that. George Brent turns out to be an actor of versatility and force and not just a straight-man for some film beauty.

Harpo Marx, they insist, wants to talk in his next film!

And Rudy Vallee—ah, can it be?—wants to do an old-time Cagney rôle when and if he goes before the cameras again.

Next thing you know, they'll be filming "Cinderella." And Wally Beery will positively insist on playing the fairy godmother. . . !

If You Would Be Popular

(Continued from page 25)

Remember never to take advantage of your femininity by being undependable, late for appointments. That is annoying rather than intriguing.

"Be a pal, a sincere friend, to men as well as women, and you'll never suffer from chronic datelessness."

CAROLE LOMBARD doesn't qualify her advice when she says, "Concentrate on clothes."

But she feels it requires elaboration.

"That sounds superficial and frivolous. I'm not advising you to become a clothes horse. There's absolutely nothing duller than a woman who makes a fetish of clothes. A woman who is constantly clothes-conscious, who is absorbed in each new fad and fancy, is an only slightly animated dummy. Mentally, as well as in appearance.

"Once you are dressed, once you have added the correct accessories, forget what you have on. It is most important at all times that you be appropriately gowned, well groomed, an attractive pictorial effect. But it isn't at all necessary to follow every whim of fashion, to stint on other personal items so as to increase your clothes budget.

"Dowdiness isn't the effect of wearing last year's coat, or last season's styles. Dowdiness is neglect. Heels run over, crooked seams, the wrong lines, careless grooming. When I say concentrate on clothes, I mean just that. You don't need an expensive wardrobe, nor a single track mind, nor a special kind of face and form.

"Learn to dress not for the effect on your friends, but on you yourself. You don't have to dress for men. Or other women. I never knew a man yet who knew what I was wearing. He'll refer to it as 'oh, yes, that blue thing' or 'that something in white.' Just so you are pleasing to the eye and your clothes aren't extreme, men won't care what you wear. They do hate to have you appear conspicuous.

"The importance of clothes in relation to popularity is the effect your wearing apparel has on your personality. It has a very decided one. A bright colored dress when we're feeling low will perk us up, make us feel gay. A daring gown, a little naughty.

"If you have a limited amount to spend on clothes, dress conservatively. Be certain that the dress you are buying feels right. That it doesn't make you feel stiff or self-conscious, or unfamiliar with your own image.

"Even though the saleslady assures you that you look perfectly divine, that Garbo wore one just like it in her newest picture, and that it has been reduced in price so that she's practically giving it to you as a gift, if you don't feel right in it, it's the wrong dress! It's not for you, if the gown overshadows your personality, instead of enhancing it.

"You must first attract favorable attention before you can be popular. A candid inspection before a full length mirror, a little time to experiment, and then, go ahead with your shopping. Knowing you are dressed harmoniously will give you self-confidence and poise. You need this, not only socially, but in the business world. You can't over-estimate the distinction and assurance it will add.

"Clothes don't make the woman," Carole concludes. "But their psychological effect on the wearer is an important factor in permitting her to unfold her

personality in any group. Knowing you are looking your best will assist you in suppressing any tendency to an inferiority complex you may have.

"Timidity and shyness are at the root of many a girl's failure to be popular."

CLAUDETTE COLBERT uses something she deems the most important ingredient of popularity. She is convinced of its potency.

"Cultivate charm," says this shrewd French woman.

"Charm is ageless," begins Claudette vivaciously. "Once cultivated, it will make you as popular at eighty, as you should be at eighteen. I'm not being facetious. I mean that literally. Charm outlasts beauty and every other kind of feminine appeal. Too many women neglect its cultivation entirely.

"A woman with charm need never dread approaching age or a few extra pounds, or bemoan irregular features. Charm has nothing to do with classical beauty. It has everything to do with personality. What is charm? It is consideration and thoughtfulness. Who doesn't appreciate these courtesies, as guest or hostess, as visitor or intimate friend?

"It is the little things that lead to the big things in our lives. Charm is a gracious deference to the feeble and helpless, to the very young and the very old. It is sympathy and understanding for the unfortunate and troubled. It is tolerance and compassion for the weak and wayward.

"It is appreciation. It is subtle, but sincere, flattery that adds to our well being, and inspires. It is gentleness and the very essence of femininity. It is good manners. It is more easily cultivated by those not self-centered and selfish and indifferent to the fate of friends and acquaintances whose path they cross.

"Charm is evident in the tilt of a head, the gesture of an arm, the flash of a smile, the cadence of a spoken word. As you think, as you act, so do you reflect. You have to be interested in others before you can be interesting to them. Invite people into your heart, and they will seek you out to share their lives. You must thaw before people will wish to invite you into their own world."

PERHAPS I don't have to explain why Joan Blondell couldn't avoid adding her ingredient for popularity. She is, possibly, the most thoroughly liked woman in Hollywood.

"Be entertaining," Joan beams.

And adds in the same breath, "Don't be dull! Don't be a bore! Dull people don't keep friends for long. You may never suspect what is blighting your life. Your boy friend (the one you were certain was yours, anyway) elopes with the girl next door. Your brother's best girl looks vague when you suggest a four-some. You become, in a short while, the forgotten woman.

"You can't understand why you're invited places only when someone fails to show up. Think hard. Are you committing the unpardonable social sin of being dull? Are you A. Bore? Are you Mrs. A. Bore, perhaps, who is losing her popularity with her husband?

"You know, women offend more often than men. They live in a narrow world of emotions. Their interests are centered in the petty cares of the day. They don't confine the discussions of Sadie's new boy friend, the complete story of

(Please turn to page 48)



Why Ex-Lax is the Ideal Hot Weather Laxative!

VACATIONS are made for fun. Every moment is precious. But often a change of water or diet will throw your system "off schedule"...and you need a laxative.

Ex-Lax is the ideal summer laxative for the following reasons given by a well-known New York physician:

1. In summer you should avoid additional strain on the vital organs of the body, even the strain due to the action of harsh cathartics. Ex-Lax is thorough but gentle. No pain, strain, or griping.
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loss of body fluids due to normal perspiration. Avoid the type of laxatives that have a "watery" action. Don't "dehydrate" your body. Take Ex-Lax.

And Ex-Lax is such a pleasure to take—it tastes just like delicious chocolate.

So be sure to take along a plentiful supply of Ex-Lax. Ex-Lax comes in 10c and 25c boxes at any drug store.

When Nature forgets—remember

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The TRUTH About My NAIL POLISH



**LADY LILLIAN CREME POLISH
GIVES MORE FOR YOUR MONEY!**

See Free Offer Below

"I'll tell you the truth about my Nail Polish. I do not claim for it any extraordinary qualities which others do not have, although my polish is *every bit as good* as the most expensive. Years of experience and scientific tests have convinced me that ALL nail polishes are much the same in their effect—except for color. But I offer you *more* polish for your money than you can get in any other advertised brand. You can buy my new CREME Polish at Department and Drug Stores—in a color that will harmonize perfectly with your complexion."

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HOW TO GET LADY LILLIAN POLISH REMOVER—FREE!

To get a FREE full-size bottle of my new oily Remover (25c value)—buy LADY LILLIAN Polish—25c size—at your Department or Drug Store, fold up the white box in an envelope and send with your address to Lady Lillian, Dept. T-3, 1140 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

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CREME
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**LARGE BOTTLE 25c
—WITH FREE WHITE PENCIL**



ALSO IN HANDY SIZES AT 10c STORES

If You Would Be Popular

(Continued from page 47)

how they saved for months for that new dress (an exact copy of a Paris model), to the sewing circle where such purely personal matters belong.

"They are trivial. No man is interested in feminine conversational knick-knacks. And our girl friends get tired of repetitious remarks.

"Men have a wide variety of interests and enthusiasms. Why not learn to share them? Their interest in the baseball score or President Roosevelt's radio talks isn't lessened by the spell of romance, or a domestic upheaval. They are not only spectators, they are commentators. They are as vitally concerned over a massacre in an obscure country, as if it had occurred on their own doorstep.

"Can't you see, therefore, that they will be bored with banal chatter? If you wanted to take a walk, you wouldn't choose a treadmill, would you? Then why let your mind trod one?

"You don't have to be bright and clever, to be entertaining. Men don't like women who talk too much. Heaven knows, there's no worse bore than the incessant chatter. You can make people feel brilliant and clever and well informed by enwrap silences.

"People love to talk, if they feel you understand and are sympathetic. Particularly men. How they love to discuss their hobbies, their work, their views on everything under the sun. But they won't expand unless they think you know what they're talking about. And there is no reason why you shouldn't.

"It's a big world we're living in. Your opinions on current events, the heavyweight champion, the horse you favor in the Derby, will find an attentive audience when there's a lull in a conversa-

tional group. Keep up with your friends and neighbors. Don't allow yourself to be dropped by the wayside.

"This is a competitive age. It isn't enough for a woman to be merely decorative. It never was, really. Men have always been fascinated by women who have many different facets to their personality. A sense of humor can be the saving grace of any woman. You can't be completely dull, if you can share laughter, if you appreciate the wit and amusing by-play of others.

"You don't have to be a practical joker. But a spirit of fun, a jovial outlook, is delightful in a person, and lovable. Mental health, as a result of your efforts to be stimulating to others, will give you popularity."

YOU need not be skeptical when Ginger Rogers says, "Dance."

Ginger, like Joan Crawford, danced to popularity and into the arms of romance.

"Many girls miss valuable contacts," Ginger is convinced, "by refusing invitations to dances and parties because they are poor dancers. They fare equally badly if they sit miserably in a corner all evening while gay couples dance by.

"Being a good dancer is a definite social advantage. On the dance floor, you have a chance to be noticed, to be singled out for admiration. You must have the carriage and ease that comes with mastery of your steps. You certainly won't get repeated invitations to dance, if your clumsiness on the dance floor embarrasses and discomfits your partner, as it is bound to do.

"Neither will you make a hit with friends of either sex if you spoil the spirit of social diversion by your awk-

wardness. A guest owes the duty to her hostess of keeping a party 'moving.' Of entering into the mood of the occasion. After all, our lives are composed largely of these little things.

"They make or mar, not only an evening, but a lifetime. The intimacy of the dance floor, the exhilaration the exercise of motion to music gives us, breaks down the reserve of newly formed friendships and hastens the period toward a closer, more enjoyable association. It heightens our personal attractiveness, too.

"On the dance floor a woman can put all her charm or personality into play. She is, in a sense, on exhibition. It's obvious, that the spell is rudely broken if you have to be dragged across a floor like dead weight, if you make even a very excellent dancer apologize constantly for your clumsiness. He will resent just as much having to remain at your side, as your escort, while music makes wings of his feet.

"Watch other dancers. Notice their animation and grace. Don't tell me you have tried, and can't learn to dance. We are all born with a sense of rhythm. You can find an inexpensive dancing teacher in your vicinity.

"Study and practice privately, so that you won't be subject to the embarrassment and humiliation of appearing clumsy while learning."

YOU have only to apply yourself to acquire the qualities these stars have outlined as essential to popularity. They have shown you the way. The wages of popularity is a form of riches that is within your grasp. But first—popularity must be earned.

Season's End Parties

(Continued from page 29)

a dozen other noted song-birds, including Grace Moore, Jeanette MacDonald, Gladys Swarthout, Lawrence Tibbett, and Namara. But only Nino sang.

Signor Martini declared he was awfully nervous when he got up to sing, and he glanced at Miss Swarthout and Miss MacDonald. But both applauded bravely.

Sig. Martini, by the way, divided his attentions between the lovely Anita Louise—who is to be his leading lady in his first picture—and Astrid Allwyn.

As for love's young dream, it wasn't very well represented. Anita Louise, to be sure, came with Robert Hoover, explaining that Tom Brown was away on location; whereat Hoover remarked that "it seemed all for the best, too!"

Gloria Swanson and Herbert Marshall were there and Brian Aherne was quite attentive to Miriam Hopkins, while Francis Lederer seemed to find Claudette Colbert tremendously interesting. And the still-honeymooning couples, Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayers, Adrienne Ames and Bruce Cabot, were present.

Star patrons of the arts among the guests included Edward G. Robinson, Anna Sten, Richard Barthelmess, Charles Boyer, Clive Brook, Bing Crosby, Ricardo Cortez, Elissa Landi, Marlene Dietrich, Pauline Lord, Loretta Young, and Nancy Carroll.

THERE are games in all the patios of the best houses in Hollywood and Beverly, and at the Sedgwick homes—

any of them—you are supposed to play ping-pong or some of the other games the minute you arrive.

So we found a lot of guests having a try at a game which Ed Sedgwick called "hand-football," out in the patio, at the party which Aileen Sedgwick Hudson (maybe you remember her as Babe Sedgwick, back in the old days of westerns) and husband Clarence Hudson were giving for Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Breen. The Breens, you know, went to Europe after a hard year helping Will Hays tell the producers what was and was not wicked to put in pictures.

Wally Beery and Pat O'Brien seemed to be winning from Edward G. Robinson and Ted Healy in the "hand football" game, if what Ed Sedgwick described as winning was true—"the side that hollers the loudest wins the game."

Josie Sedgwick, Ed's sister, who also used to be a star, and his mother, Mrs. Josephine Sedgwick, helped to entertain the guests.

Jeanette MacDonald Honors Bert Lytell

Reunions in Hollywood are always a bit thrilling. So it was delightful to see two old friends, Jeanette MacDonald and Bert Lytell, get together at the party which Jeanette gave for Bert and Mrs. Bert (Grace Menken) during his theatrical engagement here. Jeanette hasn't been here so long, and Bert Lytell was a

star in Hollywood here for more years ago than his looks show; but they knew each other on Broadway.

Vivian and Genevieve Tobin were both there. Vivian was with her fiancé, and Genevieve came with them.

Pat O'Briens Entertain

Barbecues with all sorts of fancy fixings are popular this year in Hollywood, and everybody who has a barbecue oven in his back yard, or who can fix up a couple of oil cans and set them in the ground back of his house, is staging a barbecue these days.

Pat O'Brien has a very swanky oven, with little cupolas for making gravy and places for baking potatoes in ashes and all the rest of it, out at his place; and he warmed it up for Bert Lytell and Grace Menken Lytell.

It was old home week for Bert, meeting as he did at the O'Brien party such former cronies as Herbert Rawlinson, Hugh Herbert, Leo Carrillo, Bert Wheeler, Ralph Morgan, Frank McHugh, Guy Kibbee, James Gleason and others.

Pat O'Brien himself insisted on doing a lot of the barbecuing, but Mary Brian said she must be some sort of relative with her name so closely resembling Pat's, and therefore she should help him, and her cheeks were all rosy from bending over the fire. Then Sally Eilers claimed she was jealous of Mary, and

put on an apron and went through the motions of helping cook.

Bert Wheeler came with a face like a southern sunset from he said, playing golf. And he declared he had had a birthday the day before and was just of an age really to enjoy golf.

Glenda Farrell was wearing a wrist-watch which looked rather little-boyish. She confessed it had been given to her son Tommy. In fact, she said that her whole family had been supplied with watches by those given to Tommy; and that when she ran out of watchless relatives, Tommy would probably get one.

Estelle Taylor came with Lee Tracy—which affair is getting to be quite something or other.

Actors Dress Up

For one actor to dress up as another actor, supposed to be his favorite, is a ticklish business, so it didn't work out when the Countess di Frasso had the bright idea of having her actor-guests come to her costume party clad in costumes assumed by their favorite players either on or off the screen.

Only Elizabeth Allan, Ruth Chatterton, Fredric March and Joel McCrea had the courage to do it, Elizabeth arriving as Marlene Dietrich in her boy's suit, Ruth as Josephine Baker, the famous colored actress, Fredric as Charlie Chaplin and Joel as Mickey Mouse!

Of course, Marlene and Charlie should have returned the compliment and come dressed respectively as Elizabeth and Fredric in some important rôle or other; but they didn't. Marlene wore a Lida-and-the-Swan costume, swan and all, the bird being embroidered on her breast, and Charlie came as a Chinese Mandarin.

Other costumes included Dolores Del Rio's Spanish senorita dress, Norman Foster's tramp outfit, Ivan Lebedeff's Turkish prince gorgeousness, and Wera Engels' Russian peasant costume, Loretta Young's Mandarin princess garb, Paulette Goddard's Chinese peasant girl scenery, and Fay Wray's Spanish peasant dress.

Joan Bennett Catches 'Em

Gene Markey is hiding his head in confusion now whenever anybody mentions fishing.

He and wife, Joan Bennett, together with Barbara Bennett (Mrs. Morton Downey) and Mr. and Mrs. Raoul Walsh, went fishing out Catalina way on Gene's new boat.

Gene had been bragging about his fishing, and kidding his wife and sister-in-law about not being able to catch anything. He chided them for the bait they used, told them how to play a fish, how to hold their rods and all the rest of it. They listened, all respect and wide-eyed admiration.

But when the fishing began they held their rods as they darned pleased and stuck to their favorite bait. And they caught all the fish!

Elissa Landi's Tennis Court

Elissa Landi hated like everything to give up even a small part of her gardens to the aridity of a tennis court, but health demands finally prevailed, so she has a smart new court, and of course it had to be initiated.

Edward Everett Horton, who has been such a bachelor, is seen about a lot with the girls lately. He brought Jean Muir, with whom he has a lot in common, inasmuch as he is experienced in the production of plays and Jean's one ambition is to direct and produce them.

The glamorous Merle Oberon arrived all alone, but was pretty much monopolized by Philip Reed until Carl

Laemmle, Jr., cut in. And of course Gertrude Michael came with Paul Cavanaugh.

Chester Morris was in the pink and beat James Cagney at tennis, while Maureen O'Sullivan and Hazel Hayes proved the best of the women players.

But it was Frances Drake who took the palm for wit. They were drinking some toasts at supper and somebody proposed, "Miss Drake forever!"

"Oh, not Miss Drake forever, I hope!" exclaimed Frances, putting the emphasis on the "Drake."

Blind Date

George Murphy, who is a great friend of Cesar Romero's, tried to do a little cupid-ing for him with Sally Blane after the affair was broken off. He invited Sally out with a "blind date," as a surprise, promising she would meet an "awfully nice boy." Sally has implicit faith in him, so she said all right. Then George did the same with Cesar and, being a man, he naturally concurred more quickly than had Sally.

Then, the night of the date, he brought the two together. Both gasped. They danced a bit—the date was at the Coconut Grove—and they talked amicably, but so far nothing has come of it, and Cesar has been squiring Betty Furness a lot, while Sally has been going about with Norman Foster.

Here and There

Lyle Talbot giving a birthday party for his grandmother, but forbidding her to tell her age. Roger Pryor inviting a bunch of stags down to Santa Monica to help him christen his new boat, said stags including Eddie Buzzell, Hugh O'Connell, Paul Kelly and Cesar Romero. And here's one man's boat that isn't named for a girl. It's called "The Dickie Bird." Mary Brian's theme song might now be, "From Crooner to Grand Opera Star," since Dick Powell seems to be a little out of it in favor of Nino Martini, who has been taking Mary to lunch every day. Jack Oakie's ma, Mrs. Evalyn Offield, telling us at a party that she was wearing her very first lipstick! Glenda Farrell, who doesn't like airships, being lured into one by her boy friend, Ed Bellande, the aviator. He asked her before a crowd of fliers, and her pride wouldn't let her refuse. Dick Powell, Virginia Bruce, Regis Toomey and Nelson Eddy gathering at Dick's house for an evening of singing hymn tunes! Eric Linden entertaining a few friends at his new Laguna Beach home, where he writes on his novel when he can find time. Man Mountain Dean, famous wrestler, being introduced to Frank Lloyd at a party, and wishing to rise to acknowledge the introduction, putting up both hands to Frank, asking him to help him to get up! Jackie Coogan, Patricia Ellis and Gertrude Durkin rolling up their sleeves and cleaning out Paula Stone's swimming pool.

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for the most interesting film features, the liveliest Hollywood gossip, the most vivid personality stories, the most beautiful pictures.



(above) Miss Faith Corrigan, brown-eyed but fair-skinned, uses Pond's Rose Cream Powder. (below) Mrs. M. Bon de Sousa, medium blonde hair but creamy skin, uses Brunette.

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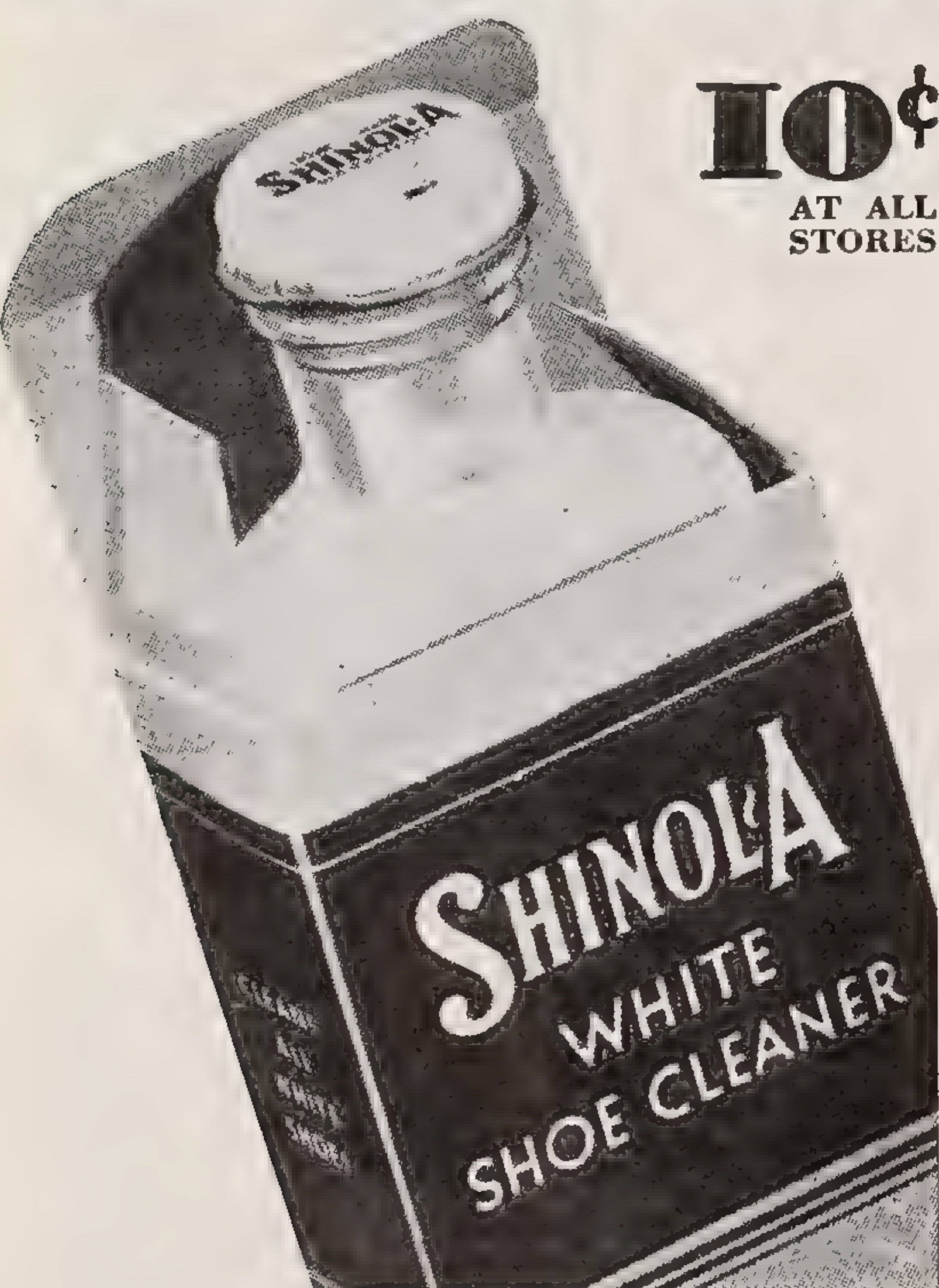
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Music in the Movies

(Continued from page 36)

"YOU CAN BE KISSED," from "Broadway Gondoliers," is played by Victor Young and his orchestra; another melodic number, well executed by the Young band. The splendid sax section produces perfectly blended harmony and the violins take a prominent part. The rich tenor voice of Milton Watson, of operetta fame, is heard in the vocal refrain.

"Rose in Her Hair" crops up again on the other side, played by Vic Young's band. We believe this lovely waltz will strike your fancy, and as to which is the better recording, the Fiorito or the Young record, well—it's a toss-up; they're both very desirable. (Decca)

"LOVE ME FOREVER" from the Grace Moore picture, "Love Me Forever," is another captivating waltz played by Johnny Green and his orchestra. The number embodies a sweet flowing melody with a pleasing lyric, and, with Grace Moore featuring it, it should be a hit. Johnny Green's band does a splendid job on the recording. Marjory Logan sings the vocal in a splendid soprano voice. (Brunswick)

"YOU'RE ALL I NEED," from "Escapade," is played by the Dorsey Brothers' orchestra. This one is a lilt-ing little fox trot in medium tempo. The Dorsey band treats it very interestingly with an interlude by three trombones which provide unusual harmony and tonal quality. As far as we know this is the only band that uses three trombones. Bob Eberle is heard in the vocal.

The opposite side offers "Foot Loose and Fancy Free," a composition by Carmen Lombardo and played by the Dorsey Band. The tune is very rhythmic and the orchestra rides through it in modern hot style. Jimmy Dorsey, one of the foremost sax players, is heard in both a sax and hot clarinet interlude. The band trio sings the vocal chorus. (Decca)

EARL CARROLL'S "Sketch Book" embodies several new songs, two of which look like big hits: "Gringola," a Mexican fox trot, and "Let's Swing It," as you can imagine from the title, a very swingy dance tune. These numbers have been recorded by the inimitable Ray Noble and should meet with favor among dance fans. (Victor)

JOE HAYMES and his orchestra have made a fine record of "Now I'm a Lady" from the film, "Goin' to Town." Joe and his boys are always sure of giving us something a little out of the ordinary. A low-down tune with a nice bit of singing by Skeeter Palmer. An old favorite is on the other side, and it's "Honeysuckle Rose." A bit faster than the preceding side and Joe Haymes and the orchestra really go to town. Just the thing for dancing. (Bluebird)

"HATE TO TALK ABOUT MYSELF" from the film, "Four Hours to Kill," is played by Fats Waller and his rhythm. Fats handles this without the usual Wal-

ler loudness and the result is quite pleasing. Not so much Harlem hotcha but more straight melody and a fairly soft vocal by Fats himself.

"You're the Cutest One" is the title of the song on the reverse side and it's another by Fats Waller and his rhythm. This is the same type tune and is played to the same tempo. Nice work, with the vocal refrain as usual sung by the Maestro. (Victor)

A SWELL vocal record by a swell vocal artist is "In the Middle of a Kiss," sung by Gertrude Niesen. The tune is from the picture, "College Scandal," and it's needless to say that Miss Neisen sings it the way that it should be sung. We think this is a record that everyone will like.

Another excellent bit by Gertrude Niesen is on the other side, this time from the film "Go into Your Dance," and it's the lately popular "She's a Latin from Manhattan." We know you'll like it. (Columbia)

A change in tempo as we listen to a waltz played by Eddie Duchin and his orchestra. "The Rose in Her Hair" is the title and it's from the film "Broadway Gondolier." We told you about Fiorito's rendering of it. The summer season seems to bring many three-quarter tempo numbers each year, and it would seem that though the waltz may fade with the Fall it's right back in full bloom with the Spring. A typical Duchin arrangement with plenty of Eddie's far-famed piano work.

A fox trot is on the other side, "Outside of You." Eddie, needless to say, gives us another top-notch performance. (Victor)

ANOTHER one for the waltz lovers as we listen to Richard Himber and his Ritz-Carlton orchestra play "Love Me Forever." Altogether different from Green's recording. Himber has one of the finest orchestras playing today, and we know after hearing this number you'll agree with us.

Another three-quarter tune on the other side, this time played in the English manner. Jack Jackson and his orchestra play "Faith," a tune, so we understand, that is making a big hit on the other side of the Pond. Personally, we like the melody and we like the orchestra. (Victor)

TED FIORITO and his orchestra go native as they play "Love Song of Tahiti," the theme song from the picture, "Mutiny on the Bounty." It's a hard job to tell these South Sea songs apart, as far as the tunes go, but it's a cinch to let you know that Fiorito and the boys have made a fine record here. As an added attraction the vocal work is done by Muzzy Marcel-

lino and the Débutantes.

The other side is also recorded by Ted Fiorito and his orchestra—"You're All I Need," nothing much to the tune, but it's well handled by the orchestra and includes a good bit of vocal work by Muzzy Marcellino. (Brunswick)

BIGGEST HIT OF THE MONTH

I WISHED ON THE MOON. Sung by Bing Crosby (or)
Played by Victor Young. (Decca)
Played by Ozzie Nelson. (Brunswick)

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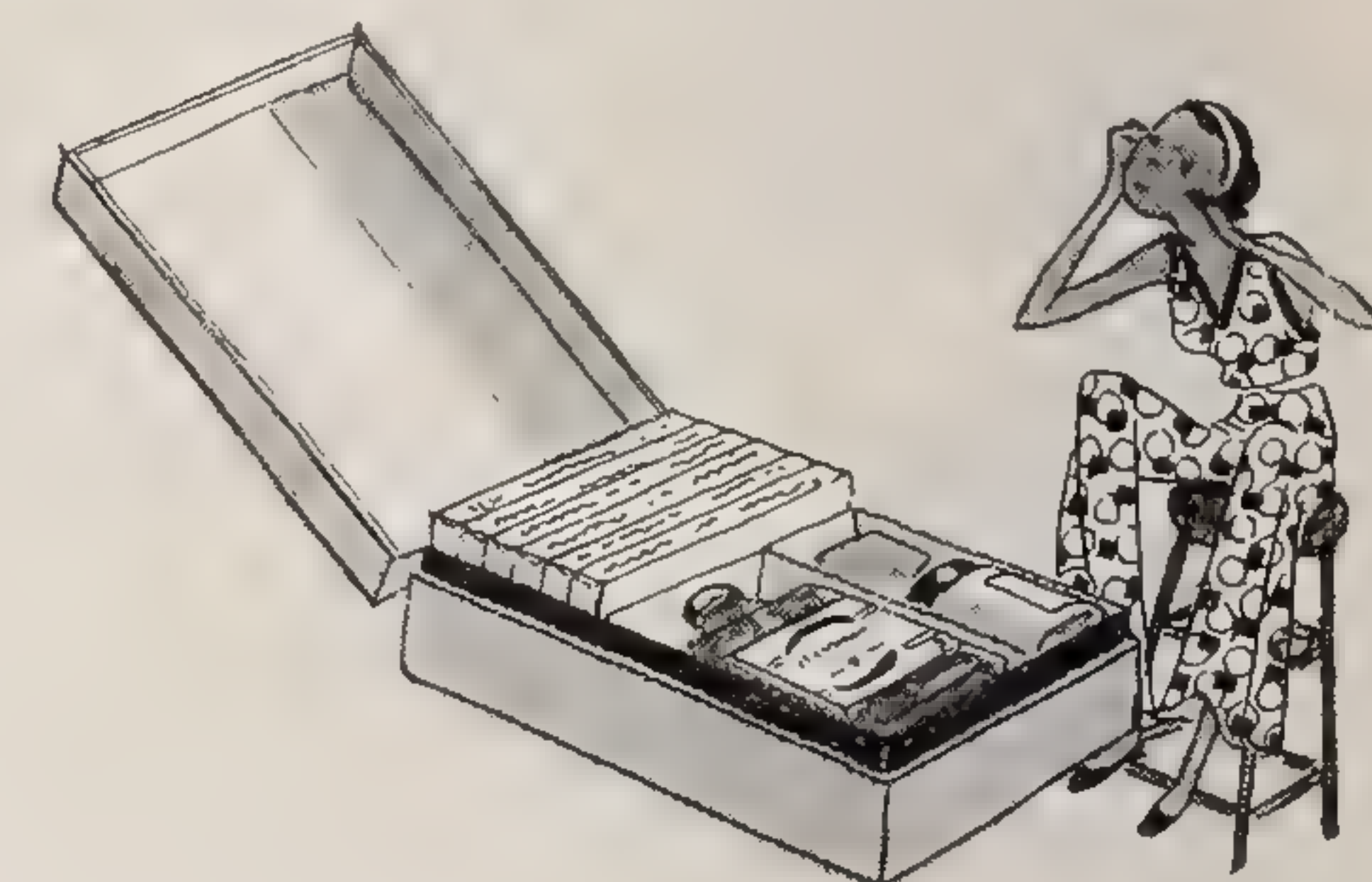
TOP HAT. Played by Ray Noble. (Victor)
THE ROSE IN HER HAIR. Played by Ted Fiorito. (Brunswick)
LOVE ME FOREVER. Played by Johnny Green. (Brunswick)

THE Make-up Box

HOLD THAT LINE! Sagging contours and a double chin are definite danger signals to women of any age. If you detect one or the other, or both, marring your pretty faces, how about a contour-molding bandage (chin strap to me) for banishing said saggiess and double chin? The newest one to come to my desk does a neat job of face-lifting at home. It's neither uncomfortable nor unattractive and you could answer the doorbell while wearing it without frightening the laundryman into spasms at the very sight of you. We noticed that it was quite reasonable in price, too.



ACNE ADVICE: Acne, that nightmare of adolescence, has caused many young girls to write to THE MAKE-UP BOX for advice. My answer to these poor distressed souls is, first of all, consult a doctor. The condition may be caused by improper diet, glandular disturbances, or a skin infection. Often internal treatment is necessary but external treatment is advisable, too. The little kit pictured below contains a medicated acne lotion, six herbal cleansing packs, a roll of cotton, and a jar of circulation cream. The directions for use are simple, and the results are heartening.



OF ALL THINGS: A perfectly grand mask cream to fight five o'clock fatigue. Try it when there's no time for a salon facial and it's imperative to present a radiantly smooth face to your best beau... Be beautiful and hairfree with one of my favorite depilatories. It's mild and perfumed and removes hair like nobody's business, but your own... My latest rave is a creamy liquid containing the very oils which sensitive dry skins need. Just the thing for those who sunned themselves well but not wisely this summer... then there's a gay decorative box that holds three flacons of delightful summer fragrances. Use them during the warm weather; they're as airy and cool as a plunge in the salty sea... More anon—

Marilyn

If you would like further information about the articles described, and other beauty news, write enclosing stamped envelope to Beauty Editor, Make-Up Box, New Movie Magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Fred and His Future

(Continued from page 8)

picked them up at Beaver Dam High School, and he could make them respond to a very fine touch. He didn't make it generally known, but he could croon a tune, too, if necessary. All these talents were good enough to get him a job in an orchestra at the Warner Brothers studios. This was, for a time, steady employment, for Warners have always had to keep a number of singing box-office stars supplied with tune-and-toe shows.

Later he played in the pit at a Los Angeles theater. All the while he remained on the fringe of the theatrical game where much money is made, but saxophone players didn't turn actors in those days of the first talkies when New York thespians out of work crowded Hollywood boulevards. The MacMurrays were desperately in need of money; the doctors had just made the first of what proved to be a series of operations to restore Mrs. MacMurray's broken hip. The family wage-earner was driven to some grim-lipped thinking. Actor or no, he decided to enroll in the extra mob and try for a "bit." He appeared in two films called "Tiger Rose" and "Girls Gone Wild," but he was far, far away from the cameras in both of them. Fred resolved that he would remain a musician.

Then came the piece of good fortune that brightened the MacMurray days. A dance orchestra, which took the name "California Collegians," was organized cooperatively in Hollywood. MacMurray, with a half-dozen other young and ambitious jazz instrumentalists, banded together under that common title and began to play their way across the continent. The farther from California they got, the more formidable the title sounded, and they had no hard time of it as they melodiously worked their way East.

In New York the band chanced to be found good enough to be hired for "Three's a Crowd." Libby Holman had a torch song for that show that was destined to make her and the show famous. It was "Body and Soul." Mr. MacMurray was the gentleman to whom that song was to be sung nightly, it was decided. Mr. MacMurray had the appearance that would justify the fiery longing Miss Holman put into her effort. For Fred, answering in song was a big assignment. He immediately hunted out one of New York's best vocal teachers and changed his voice from that of a crooner to one fitting his tall ruggedness. When he wasn't on the stage engaged in colloquy with Miss Holman, Fred Allen, and Clifton Webb, the show's principals, he returned to his seat with the "Collegians" and took up his sax and trumpet.

"Three's a Crowd" ended a profitable existence in Chicago. Fred's taste of the footlights, once he got over his fright, hadn't convinced him that he was an actor and ought to be playing "Hamlet" somewhere. He knew a good thing when he saw it. His mother was still in the hospital after a fifth operation had at last promised success. He stayed with the "Collegians," who returned to New York and were kept busy in Manhattan night clubs until Max Gordon hired them again for "Roberta." In this second stage hit, Fred was given another chance to sing, and so pleased was everybody, before and behind the footlights, that he was made understudy to the juvenile. Before he could fill this assignment the Paramount scout had decided there was

something for Fred to do back in Hollywood.

So Fred went home; his mother was able to leave the hospital in a wheelchair, and to this good news was added the very astonishing intelligence that Paramount thought Fred MacMurray would be a good leading man for Claudette Colbert's new picture. Critics and fans soon reported that there was much wisdom in that thought of Paramount's.

When Fred MacMurray was born in Kankakee, Illinois, on August 30, 1909, there might have been reason to believe that he would ultimately be of the greasepaint world, rather than a thorough Middle Westerner who came into it quite accidentally. His father, at the time of the birth, was a featured violinist in a vaudeville act playing Kankakee. Mrs. MacMurray was the daughter of a Beaver Dam family, and it was decided that the heir should grow up in the fresh air of Wisconsin. Mrs. MacMurray took her son back home; Mr. MacMurray continued on the road. Their child therefore escaped being nurtured in a theatrical trunk.

When the lad was very young the MacMurrays were divorced. It is very probable that from that point on Fred was made to believe the theater was a world of restless and irresponsible vagabondage to be avoided. The violinist father, a former minister's son, continued his itinerant stage life until he rose to the dignity of concert artist, good enough to be widely recognized on stage and over radio before he died two years ago in San Francisco.

Mrs. MacMurray did not have an easy time of it fending for herself and son by being a bookkeeper in a store, and later, secretary to a circuit court judge, but youngsters, rich or poor, usually have no stressful childhoods in a town like Beaver Dam. As the name suggests, this community of ten thousand souls is surrounded by nature's best out-of-doors. No kid needs to look far for a place to exercise any imagination he may have about cowboys and Indians. The MacMurray flat was a crowded two-room home, but it was next door to the McKinstrys, the furniture man, and Bud never lacked a rambling house to grow up in and a Packard car to ride about in occasionally. Bud and Bill McKinstrys grew up together.

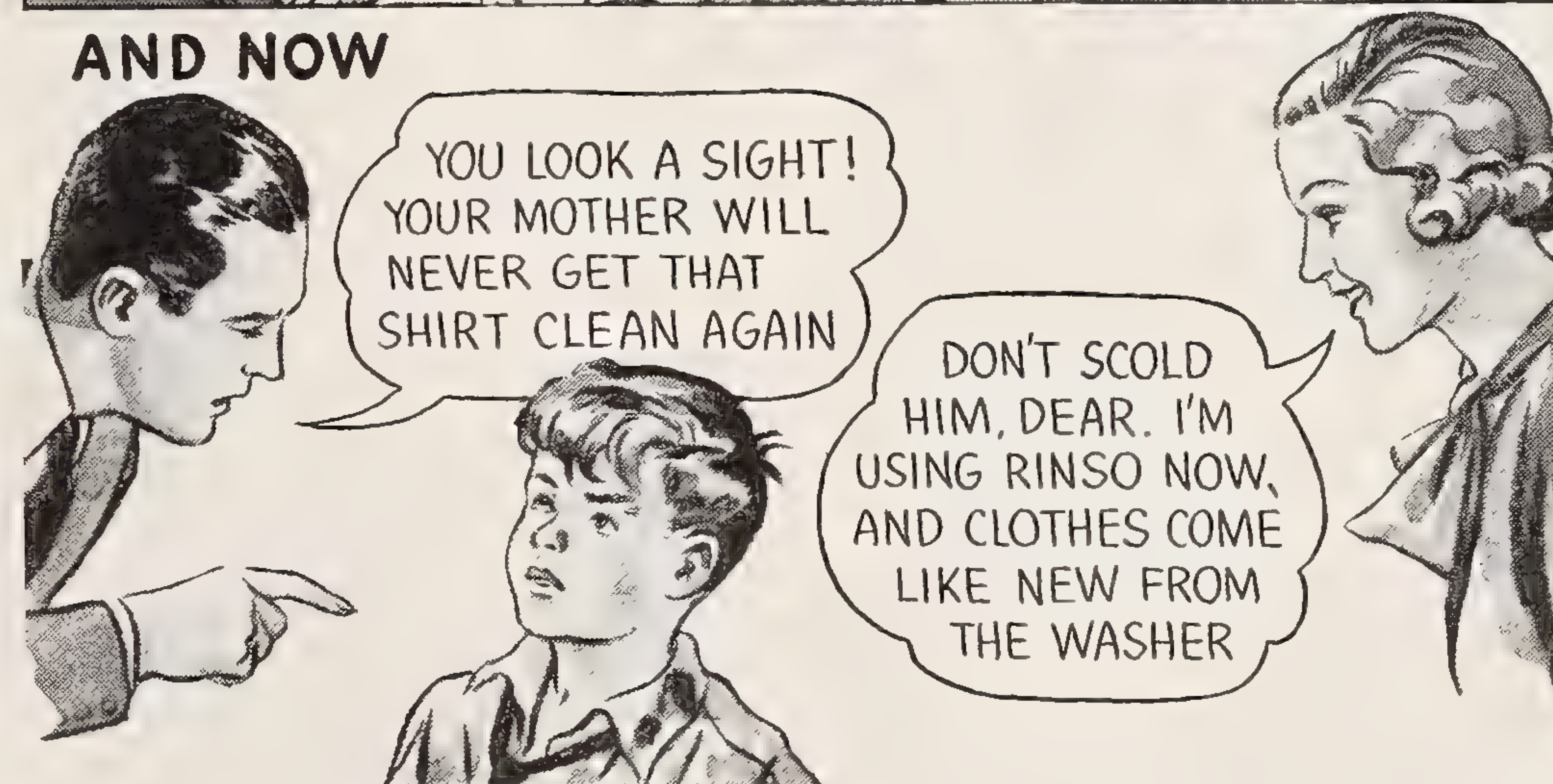
To say that Bud MacMurray grew to manhood is understatement. To his own embarrassment, and to the further complication of his mother's economic problems, he shot up to manhood. At the age of ten he was so tall that he had to carry a birth certificate in order to get into the local movie house at half price. In high school the growing process stopped at six feet, three inches. This dimension made Bud instantly the outstanding student in school.

Driven to it by the demands of increasing stature, Bud was always ready to eat at the slightest provocation. Nearly every Irishman in Wisconsin must sooner or later come to love sauerkraut or go hungry at times. From the start Bud, whose mother was German, had no objection to sauerkraut, nor to anything else commonly known to be edible. In "The Gilded Lily" he was revealed as a newspaperman with an inordinate fondness for popcorn, which Miss Colbert, if she is to love him, as she does, must also like, for he mixes the popcorn with his love-making. In making those scenes Fred must have thought

(Please turn to page 52)



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Fred and His Future

(Continued from page 51)

of winter nights before the McKinstry fire when the two chums foundered themselves on that delicacy.

One looks in vain for evidence from boyhood that young MacMurray was destined to be a performer. One finds, instead, every sign that he was not to be anything of the sort. In school and on the playground he effaced himself by perpetual shyness and reticence in speech and action that was believed by many of his companions to be sheer laziness. At any rate, Bud MacMurray was no youthful mimic who delighted the older folks by his precocity. His friends remember only one piece of acting that he did with distinction, a piece of acting never repeated. The elder McKinstry was an undertaker. He had just abandoned the fancy, plumed, horse-drawn hearse for a motor vehicle. One day the neighborhood lads hitched the sombre rig to a friendly dobbie the McKinstrys owned and drove the hearse down the street in mock funeral procession. The startled townsfolk saw young MacMurray laid out supinely in the hearse, realistic enough a corpse to elicit piercing shrieks from the spectators. That was Bud's only acting. It was characteristic of him that he chose the role requiring no motion.

Bud's love of sleeping set him apart from his energetic schoolmates. On the mornings when the circus came to town, he had to tie a cord to his big toe and hang the string out of his bedroom window for Bill McKinstry to tug on at 5 A. M. Only thus could Bud be sure that he'd be down at the railroad station in time for the uncarting of the lions. There was every reason to believe then that Bud might be sleeping in later life when opportunity knocked at his door. He carved his initials wherever he could set a knife. If fresh concrete were poured in the neighborhood, it was sure to be decorated with "F. M." The inscriptions can be read along the block where the MacMurrays live.

IT was in high school that Fred's father's blood began to make itself known. In Wisconsin, high school bands were becoming to high schools what the football team is to Notre Dame. The larger and fancier they were, the better. Bud took up the saxophone, and from that day on he devoted himself to it until, as we have seen, it settled his destiny. To master the horn became with him a passion unmatched by his bandmates, who made their instruments less serious fun. No hour of the day in the MacMurray flat was sacred before the melodies of that horn. By dint of saving every penny he earned delivering newspapers, Bud was able to buy a new, more expensive sax. Buying better saxophones is an indulgence Fred MacMurray allows himself whenever he can. Some of that Paramount money will probably go into a new one.

Soon the tall, easy-going lad was to be associated with football as well as a saxophone. End runs were as simple for him as trilling off "Charley, My Boy," a fast dance tune that was speeding up dancing in 1924. In the Beaver Dam High archives of 1925, it is recorded that Bud made a 55-yard drop kick to win a game. Such is hero's stuff in high schools. Bud MacMurray had the genality and the face that makes Frank Merriwells the country over. When he stepped up for his diploma that year he was handed the American Legion award, which meant that he had earned the right to be designated as the best all-around athlete and scholar in his class.

The following September Bud took his

horn as an adjunct to high school football, basketball, and track prowess to Carroll College, a few hours from Beaver Dam, where Alfred Lunt, the celebrated Broadway actor, had been a bustling undergraduate some years before. It had been decided that the Beaver Dam freshman could make something of a leaning he had toward art. The horn was to earn tuition and keep. By November football was engrossing him all week, the horn was occupying him week-end nights in dance pavilions, and he had already established a bank account to record the surplus. He had not yet, he said in a letter to Bill McKinstry, bought any text-books, but he was thinking of doing so soon. He closed the letter with a fervent, boyish plea for word from his high school classmates. College was a desolate experience now that the football season was near its end. Carroll College had a stage on which Alfred Lunt had made himself a name, but Bud had no longing to exhibit his awkwardness thereon.

When the college year was nearly out Bud gave up art and the higher education at the beck of easy money. The MacMurrays had known many pinched days. Wisconsin's lakes fringe the playgrounds of Chicagoans. Bud devoted himself and his saxophone to their needs at a financial return that dazzled him. He could now afford a topless old car, in which he traveled home whenever he was free. There had been a time when, as a boy, he had sat in wonder near the orchestra stand when "name" bands came to play in the resort pavilions about the city. Now he was becoming qualified to play "Stardust" with the best of his musical heroes.

There is only one more lean year to record. That was in Chicago where Bud had gone to strike out for greater rewards in music. He worked in the sporting goods department of Marshall Field's during the day; at night he studied orchestras, big and small, until he learned every musical trick that might fit him, as it later did, for membership in crack bands. During one moment of economic stress he began to think of art again; but, as before, a band offer took him away from any kind of education that couldn't include the saxophone.

From that time on there were no other deviations from the one determination

to dedicate his future to the demands of the American public for tunes to set their feet into motion and to beguile their hearts with dreamy syncopations of loves made and lost. Such a future has been a profitable one for many American lads. MacMurray had more qualifications for it than he realized. Out on the floor sweet music is sweet music if it comes from a skillful saxophone, but it is sweeter yet when its notes are sent out by a laughing Irishman who has always caught a maiden's eye.

There are, in Hollywood, two other Irishmen from Wisconsin who have become famous before the cameras—Pat O'Brien and Spencer Tracy. In Fred MacMurray's face there is a trace of Pat O'Brien's eyes and square, set jaw. Like Pat, Fred's first movie role was that of a charming but irresponsible newspaperman who took life and love as he found it on his way to the city room. O'Brien came to Hollywood after a severe apprenticeship in stock companies. Fred is learning the whole acting trade on movie sets. As he once sat quietly listening to famous dance bands and making notes for himself, he now listens intently to the advice of veterans like Claudette Colbert and Sir Guy Standing, from whom he took many lessons in his first pictures. He lives with his mother and grandmother in Hollywood. When he is asked to make a statement about his good fortune in being Miss Colbert's leading man in his first picture, he'll talk about early morning studio calls as trying his very soul.

During the making of "The Gilded Lily," a touring Beaver Dam citizen called on Bud MacMurray in Hollywood. Fred showed him the town. The citizen was pleased at the sights in the movie capital. "Mighty nice, mighty nice. By the way," the visitor finally inquired, "how are you getting on yourself? Got a job?"

"Yeah," Fred replied. "I'm doing a little work over at the Paramount studios."

On his return to Beaver Dam the citizen learned that "the little work" had consisted of being Claudette Colbert's leading man.

"Doing a little work!" the citizen snorted. "I should have remembered you always have to ask Bud for details."

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You Should Know Wendy

(Continued from page 6)

daughter. Then Wendy who had never even gone to school unchaperoned, ran away to England. Her frantic father tried to stop her, chartering an air plane and making a sensational dash after her but she had already boarded the steamer and so escaped.

"That was the turning point in my life," said Wendy. "During the six weeks it took to make the journey to London, I changed completely; I grew up. I learned to balance my emotions, to think straight and look ahead with clear eyes. I can never be grateful enough that I learned this lesson.

"No, I don't regret my stand. I had to take it or be forever swallowed up—in the life of the Orient. Later, my mother, whom I adore, and my sister joined me in England and our life in Hongkong became a thing of the past."

IT was one noon when she was lunching at the Savoy grill in London that Alexander Korda, famous British producer, chanced to see her. He watched her for half an hour, then came to her table, introduced himself and asked her to make a screen test.

Wendy admits she was nearly bowled over with amazement for never once, not even during her wildest imaginings, had she thought of a screen career but she promptly accepted the chance and before she could catch her breath she had taken the test, been signed by Korda, and given the leading feminine rôle in "Wedding Rehearsal," opposite Roland Young, who was taking a flier in British pictures.

There were other films, many of them, and finally came the part of *Jane Seymour*, with Charles Laughton and that group of beautiful actresses who portrayed the many wives in "The Private Life of Henry VIII."

"Odd," said Wendy, "how that picture brought good luck to everyone connected with it for besides stirring a new interest for Mr. Laughton, it focused the American screen world's eyes upon Robert Donat, Merle Oberon, Elsa Lanchester and myself.

"I'm a fatalist, definitely so. At the moment we may not be able to distinguish the pattern of events but later we can see it is all arranged and fits in perfectly—'chance' doesn't enter into human affairs at all.

"I've been madly in love and engaged to be married. Yet something apart from myself, entirely beyond my volition changed the plans. Now, I can see how the many tiny threads were weaving the links that carried me to the screen.

"My first romance ended tragically. Mother had a villa in the south of France, on the cliffs above the Mediterranean. There was a merry house party and one day the handsome, gifted boy whom I loved, fell from the balcony. We never saw him again. He was caught in the tricky tides, the terrific suction of the waters at that point.

Wendy's second romance was in England. She fell in love with a fine young chap but both families disapproved. There were disagreements and

troubles and so, somewhere in the midst of them, their affections cooled. They broke off the engagement of their own accord and it remains merely a pleasant memory.

Coming to New York on a visit, more doubts assailed her and she began to realize that after battling her father to maintain her independence she was about to become imprisoned in a life of idleness that would soon satiate her. Most of the young people surrounding her were terribly bored, striving desperately to capture new thrills. Wendy couldn't accept such a life. She began to feel an overwhelming desire to try her own wings, to do something *herself*, to share in the world's work and its achievements. So, one day she ran away again, boarding an air plane for Hollywood.

Usually when one descends upon the movie capital with no contact he camouflages his desires by saying he is here for the climate, a rest or to see the country. So, Hollywood was vastly intrigued by Wendy's frankness when she announced she had come to secure a film contract.

"And in ten days I had one, all signed and sealed," chirped Wendy, gleefully.

"It's all career for me now and boy, oh, boy, with what zest am I tackling it. I've never, never been as happy, as independent, as free—I'm fairly delirious with the sheer joy of it. Romance is out for a long time for I do not believe one can happily mix career with marriage.

"Hollywood—talking, living, breathing pictures, everyone bursting with ambitions,—how I love it!

"I have a little pink stucco house on Whitely Terrace, you know, the one Irene Dunne had so long. There's a big orange tree in my front garden and a gorgeous view of the mountains—and how I love it!

"I have Lou, a jolly colored woman from Louisiana who mothers and cares for me. She insists on calling me 'Honey chile,' and she stands over me at the table and makes me drink milk, eat my spinach and won't let me have too many sweets,—and how I love it!"

Lingering over our tea I learned that while there are many nuns and priests in Wendy's family, she never had any leaning in that direction. That when she was a little girl at the Convent, a gypsy told her she would win world fame—she hopes the gypsy was right.

Wendy has never taken a drink of liquor yet she has always been surrounded by those who did. She collects perfumes and now has over a hundred and fifty bottles of rare scents. She personally uses a blend that comes direct to her from Paris.

Her mother came to Hollywood in June to remain with Wendy—they'll buy a little home and settle down for "keeps."

She has a seven year contract with the studio, where big plans are being made for her so after you see her in a romantic part in "It's a Small World," watch for her in "The Big Broadcast of 1935," for that will be her next.

MEN'S EYES ARE MAGNIFYING MIRRORS



HOW DOES YOUR SKIN STAND THE TEST?

By *Lady Esther*

Every man instinctively plays the part of a beauty contest judge.

Every man's glance is a *searching* glance. It brings out faults in your skin that you never think would be noticed. Even those faint lines and those tiny bumps that you think might escape attention are taken in by a man's eyes and, many times, magnified.

How does *your* skin meet the test? If it is at all dry or scaly, if there is a single conspicuous pore in your nose or even a suggestion of a blackhead anywhere on your face, you may be sure that you are gaining more criticism than admiration.

Many common complexion blemishes are due to nothing less than improper methods of skin care. You want to be sure to *really* clean your skin. You don't want to be satisfied merely to remove the surface dirt. You want a method that will reach the imbedded dirt. At the same time, one that will *lubricate* your skin and counteract the drying effects of exposure to the weather.

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The care your skin needs is supplied in simple form in Lady Esther Face Cream. This cream does more than merely "grease" the skin. It actually cleanses. It reaches the hidden, stubborn dirt because it is a penetrating cream. There is nothing stiff or heavy about Lady Esther Face Cream. It melts the instant it touches the skin and gently and soothingly penetrates the pores.

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When you give the skin this common sense care it's remarkable how it responds. Blackheads and enlarged pores begin to disappear. Those faint lines vanish. The skin takes on tone—becomes

clear and radiant. It also lends itself to make-up 100% better.

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If you want to demonstrate the unusual cleansing powers of Lady Esther Face Cream, just do this: Cleanse your skin as you are now doing it. Give it an extra good cleansing. Then, when you think it absolutely clean, apply Lady Esther Face Cream. Leave the cream on a few minutes, then wipe off with clean cloth. You'll be amazed at the dirt the cloth shows. This test has proved a source of astonishment to thousands of women.

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Let me prove to you, at *my* expense, the exceptional qualities of Lady Esther Face Cream. Let me send you a week's supply free of charge. Then, make the test I have just described—the clean cloth test. Prove the cream too, in *actual* daily use. In one week's time you'll see such a difference in your skin as to amaze you.

With the 7-day tube of cream, I will also send you all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. As you test the cream, test also the shades of face powder. Find out which is your most becoming, your most flattering. Learn, too, how excellently the cream and powder go together and what the two do for the beauty of your complexion.

To get *both* the 7-day tube of Lady Esther Face Cream and the five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder, all you have to do is mail me your name and address on a penny postcard or on the coupon below. If you knew what was in store for you, you would not delay a minute in clipping the coupon.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (16) **FREE**

Lady Esther, 2020 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois

Please send me without cost or obligation a 7-day supply of your Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream; also all five shades of your face powder.

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Address _____

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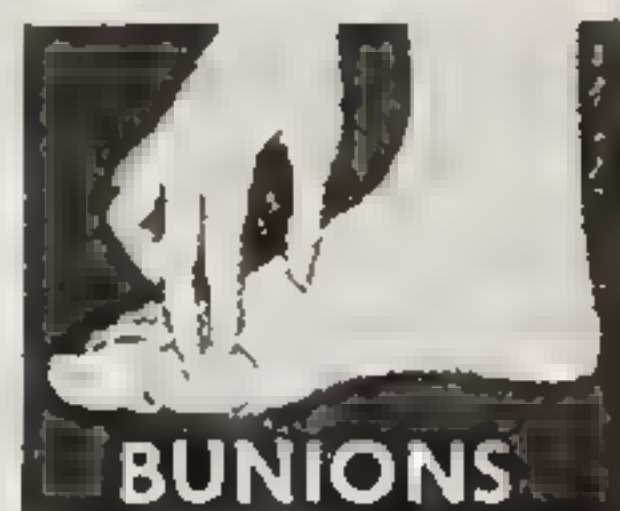
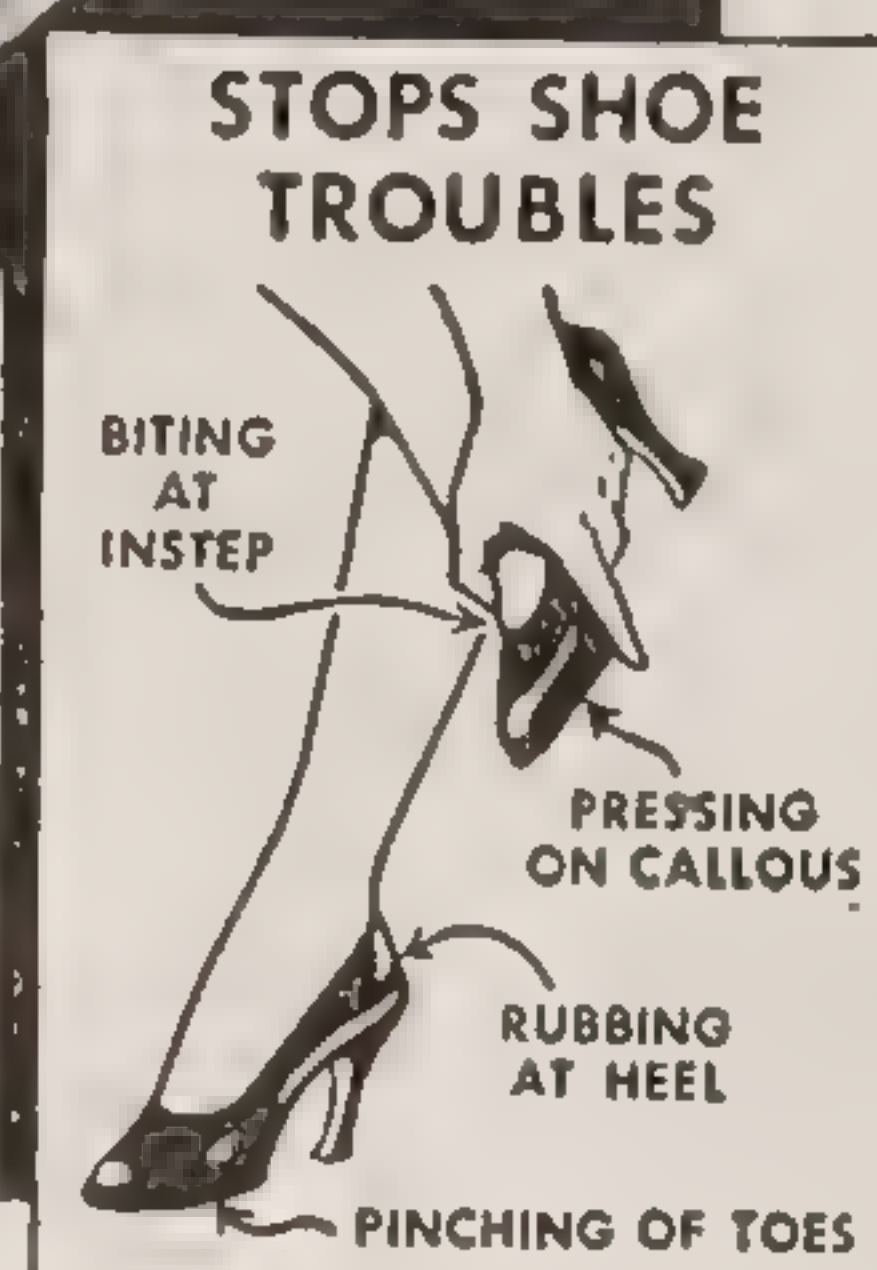


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moment or not at all. I can't permit myself to think of the situation at all or I wouldn't be able to work for laughing. That's the only kind of reaction I've ever had."

Cary Grant said: "I can't answer the question. I can only say, 'How would you feel, making love to someone under a battery of lights with thirty people looking on?'"

But Jack La Rue, the screen menace, declares that the player who says he is unmoved by screen love is not being completely honest.

"To play a love scene properly, the actor must put feeling into a rôle," La Rue confessed. "In such a case he cannot help taking his emotions into his private life.

"I admit that I fall in love with my leading women. They are adorable creatures. On the set I love them. In private life I worship them. But I know when to stop.

"Realism is necessary in love scenes. One I had on the stage with Mae West, in 'Diamond Lil,' always drove the audience into hysterics, it was so real. So you know what I think of Mae West."

Claudette Colbert declared: "Love scenes do not affect me any differently than any other dramatic scenes in a picture. They are either good or bad. If they are not good my only thought is to perfect them until they are right. In doing this they must be worked up as carefully and thoroughly as any other part of the story.

"I am never personally conscious of the fact it is a love scene I am playing. By the time you have read a play or script, the love scenes become just a part of the whole, and your attention is concentrated upon them just as it would be on the other important scenes."

Bing Crosby shook his head and finally

Kisses

(Continued from page 28)

admitted: "All I can say is I never did like the idea of kissing in public."

Buster Crabbe, the Olympic athlete and "Tarzan" to you, admits he is stirred to the tips of his toes—by embarrassment. Stuart Erwin dreads the return of technicolor. He is afraid his ears will always photograph red.

"But I'm inwardly always detached and nonchalant," he said.

"You are not!" declared Mrs. Erwin (June Collyer).

Karloff, the Baron of Terror, declared: "Unfortunately, in my parts I do very little of it. As much as I've done has proved pleasant."

Margaret Sullavan declared: "Kissing in front of the camera is just a job—the quicker over, the better. Some find this hard to explain to anxious husbands, but mine understands. He's a director."

Here's an answer that some men won't like. But Dick Arlen ought to get a chuckle out of it after his own reply, for he and Sally Eilers played opposite each other not so long ago. Sally said: "It's all in the day's work—and sometimes, to speak frankly, it is the hardest part of the day's work."

Bela (Dracula) Lugosi has this to say: "One may kill a man, as provided by the script, and feel no emotional upset because one knows it is acting; but kissing is such an intimate process it never fails to bring a slight flush above the collar."

Donald Cook has a few ideas on the subject, too. He answered: "I've had two hundred leading women during my stage and screen experience. What an emotional wreck I would be if I permitted myself to fall for even a small percentage of them!"

"I actually had a real distaste for five of these women, and love scenes with them almost made me give up acting. I do believe that the best and most sin-

cere love scenes are between those who like each other."

Carole Lombard denied that screen love affected her. "Love scenes don't affect me emotionally. I have found out, through experience, that technical love scenes register more sincerely on the screen. It is only through experience that one learns anything about the emotions. One finds that in pictures if one plays a scene too realistically it does not suit the character portrayed.

"One of the first things an actor or actress learns is that he should consider emotional scenes—whether they be love or dramatic—wholly impersonally, and should play them as they would be lived by the character being portrayed. In other words, love scenes should be acted and not felt any more than any other scenes."

And no treatise on screen love would be complete without a word from a he-man of the open spaces, a Western star. So here is what Buck Jones said: "That's one part of movie making that always makes me feel a trifle silly. No rugged outdoor man wants to make love before millions of fans—and I doubt that the fans want their heroes and heroines of Western adventure pictures to make love. But a kiss or two is necessary, and I consider such scenes part of a day's work—and I don't mean that, at all, in a way uncomplimentary to my leading ladies!"

From the beautiful girls to Buck Jones, in other words, there are as many attitudes toward those screen kisses as there are actors and actresses in Hollywood. Some like 'em hot, some like 'em cold—and to others they're just so much spinach.

But they're kisses—and kisses we must have!

Junior Hollywood

(Continued from page 38)

talk, talk, talk—all at once—ask her questions, let her recite to them—anything—she must get back in the swing—must completely forget all the diction and voice placement instructions the studio had spent eighteen months building up. She had twenty-four hours to learn her part—the rôle of "The Girl from Texas" in "Red Heads on Parade." Mary does hope that the friends in her home town will at least recognize her—but she's not even sure of that, what with a red wig and all.

BETTY FURNESS' favorite story was told around Hollywood right after she left RKO and gets funnier all the time. Betty had been under contract to that studio for twelve months and nothing of importance happened. For some reason when a part came up for a girl Betty's type, the producers always borrowed an actress from another studio—even though they could get Betty who was being paid by the studio anyway. Feeling the urge for a bit of histrionics she decided to do a play at the Hollywood Theater. Executives from M-G-M saw the play and immediately offered Betty a contract.

"But I'm signed to RKO."

"See if you can get out of it."

So Betty asked for her release the next

day and got it. That was a Friday. On Saturday Metro signed her to a long term ticket, and on Monday one of Radio's chief producers decided he'd use Betty Furness in his picture. He called Fred Schussler at the RKO Casting Office.

"Freddie, I'm going to use Betty Furness,"—expecting a raise of huzzahs.

"But we haven't got her—we just released her."

"You mean she isn't under contract to us any more? Well, that's too bad—I've got to have her. She's the one girl for the part. Borrow her."

So they borrowed Betty from M-G-M after letting her sit around for a year. As a matter of fact she was so good in the picture that two other producers on the lot borrowed her in rapid succession. And so RKO has made a featured player out of Betty Furness for M-G-M.

Johnny Mercer is one of RKO's new finds. It will undoubtedly surprise his many fans to know he is now an actor. Mercer, who was with Paul Whiteman's band for several years and is famed for his song-hits such as "Pardon My Southern Accent," "Here Come the British" and dozens of others, was put under contract to the studio as a writer and lyricist. But for some reason they decided

he really should act—so now young Johnny Mercer is a new screen find. With him in "Old Man Rhythm" the new Buddy Rogers picture, are two young ladies well worth watching. They are Joy Hodges and Evelyn Poe. Joy had been singing with Gus Arnheim's band and later with Jimmy Grier's orchestra here in town for about a year when a motion picture manager finally talked her into considering picture work. The studio feels she will be a new star and you will agree I am sure after seeing the picture. Evelyn Poe, the other newcomer, was discovered in New York by Al Siegal, who is responsible in a great measure for the success of Ethel Mer-

IN SIGNING off for this month I want to ask the readers of Junior Gossip just what type of things you would like to know about Hollywood's younger stars. I really wish you'd write this department in care of NEW MOVIE Magazine, 7046 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, California, and tell me just what type of Junior Star news would be most interesting to you. Instead of answering in the next column or so I will wait until most of the letters arrive and from then on you'll find exactly what you ordered on these pages.

You Tell Us

(Continued from page 27)

the best cinema actresses of today. Her work in "Bordertown" was further proof of her unusual ability.

Didn't Carole Lombard steal the acting honors from the great Barrymore in "Twentieth Century"? She deserves the breaks and Hollywood should be reprimanded for neglecting the talents of this capable veteran actress and handing the prize plums to newcomers like Margaret Sullivan.

Why continue to over-rate the Barrymores? Isn't Fredric March equal, if not superior, to either, sans their staggering ego?

Isn't Marlene Dietrich a really great personality to have survived the colossal stupidity of Von Sternberg's direction? Millions of loyal fans are eagerly awaiting the announcement of her plans and hoping to see again the virtuosity of this remarkable actress who thrilled us in "Morocco" and "The Shanghai Express."

Isn't Robert Montgomery jeopardizing his career by accepting such asinine parts as those afforded in "Rip Tide" and "Forsaking All Others"? A lot of charm and real ability is being wasted in these impossible rôles.

And finally, let's petition Hollywood to take Anna Sten out of her voluminous petticoats and furbelows and let a curious picture public have a look at her in a modern picture and in modern dress.—Corinne Childers, 506 Clement Avenue, Charlotte, N. C.

Right in the Eye

I have read your letters in NEW MOVIE faithfully and I find that in my estimation too many letters have contained unjust criticism of actors, plays and particularly other people's opinions. Surely no two people agree entirely on an actor or even his portrayal of a scene.

If any criticism of movies be necessary I believe it should be directed toward the vast movie audience! I've noticed that many people who do not appreciate a delicate bit of acting spoil that for someone who could appreciate it!

I refer more specifically to the picture "Private Worlds." In this, Guinn Williams executed as fine a piece of work as it has been my privilege to see. Some of the audience were incapable of grasping these scenes and so spoil them by giggling and needless comment.

So I say, let the audiences be educated!—Mrs. R. E. Hall, 610 E. Main Street, Endicott, N. Y.

Many a picture has been spoiled for us by a silly nit-wit, sitting near us, who giggled at something he could not understand. Did you see what we said about Guinn on Page 24 of our July issue?

Scotsman

I want to congratulate Paramount on their great, gay, even marvelous film, "Lives of a Bengal Lancer."

Undoubtedly the best I have ever seen, I was struck dumb by the superb acting and the wonderful production. Gary Cooper was outstanding in a cast the like of which has never been seen before, or is likely to be seen again.

I, as a Britisher, feel ashamed that our own studios could not have made or at least attempted to make such a first-class boost for the British Empire.

We Scots are not addicted to "raves" but excuse me this once.—J. E. Webster, 104 Kingacre Rd., Kings Park, Glasgow S. 4, Scotland.

But you Scots seem addicted to fair play and an honest word of praise where praise is due, Mr. Webster. Thank you.

G—Men

"G Men" is a picture worth seeing, both for young and old. Our hero is just what he should be, a law-abiding citizen and not a movie version of a Dillinger or "Baby Face" Nelson.—Mrs. Rose Mutulo, 445 West 9th St., Pittsburgh, California.

Black Fury

I want to speak—flatteringly—of Paul Muni, whom I consider the finest actor on the screen.

"Black Fury" was a terrible, almost frightening lesson to Americans and their adopted brothers—but it was TRUE TO LIFE.

We need such lessons in these baffling, bewildering times, and we should be grateful for actors who can portray such parts.—Mrs. T. McM. Rose, Rural free Del., Sebastopol, California.

Grand Old Girls

I've always harbored a deadly fear of old age—but now I'm no longer afraid because the movies have given me courage to bravely face old Father Time. Laurels to my inspirations—the "grand old girls" of the screen—Helen Lowell, May Robson, Helen Westley, Maude Eburne, Martha Blandick, Jane Darwell, Emma Dunn and Louise Beavers! Now they are really in their professional prime, plodding tirelessly—and achieving new crowns with every effort. Each woman an entirely different personality—yet each portrays the same sort of rôle with convincing individuality. Many an otherwise dull picture has "made" the honor roll on the strength of a kindly smile or eloquent speech from a motherly "trouper."

I think the Academy should have awarded emblems of honor to all the "grand old girls" for their consistency and distinguished service. 'Tis true that Life for them HAS begun at 40!—Mrs. Helen Franzen, R. R. No. 2, Ursa, Ill.

Absent-Minded

One of the hardest things for me to remember is at what hour each show starts at even my favorite theater. Too often, I see the last of the picture first. And, unless one must wait in line, the proper information would avoid this.

We absent-minded movie fans would appreciate having the time each show starts announced, both on the marquee and in the newspaper advertisements. Some theaters may practice this, but many do not. It would enable us who want to come at the right time to do so. Then we wouldn't disturb others so often in the middle of the show.—Clarence Gilstrap, Route 1, Neosho, Mo.

Why the theaters don't announce this is one of our own pet peeves, Clarence. We happen to be absent-minded, too.

Weight

After seeing a few of Constance Bennett's recent pictures I noticed she lacked in one thing, what every popular star of this season has possessed.

I believe if Constance would put on some weight here and there, she would catch up with the rest of them. This change would give her a new type of story and a bigger box office hit.

Here's to a new Constance.—Mrs. I. Munsey, 416 Livonia Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

We happen to know that Connie worries constantly about her weight, Mrs. Munsey. She is just one of those people who can't put on weight no matter what they do.

Appreciation

In spite of the criticism of Hollywood's inhabitants (or perhaps because (Please turn to page 56)



Why
doesn't it **EVER**
ring?

WHAT wouldn't she give to hear it ring? To hear a girl friend's voice: "Come on down, Kit. The bunch is here!"

Or more important: "This is Bill. How about the club dance Saturday night?"

.

The truth is, Bill *would* ask her. And so would the girls. If it weren't for—

Well, bluntly, if it just weren't for the fact that underarm perspiration odor makes her so unpleasant to be near.

What a pity it is! Doubly so, since perspiration odor is so easy to avoid. With Mum!

Just half a minute is all you need to use this dainty deodorant cream. Then you're safe for the whole day!

Another thing you'll like — use Mum any time, *even after you're dressed*. For it's harmless to clothing.

It's soothing to the skin, too — so soothing you can use it right after shaving your underarms.

Mum, you know, doesn't prevent perspiration. But it does prevent every trace of perspiration odor. And how important that is! Use Mum daily and you'll never be uninvited because of personal unpleasantness. Bristol-Myers, Inc., 75 West St., New York.



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OUT OF PERSPIRATION

ANOTHER WAY MUM HELPS is on sanitary napkins. Use it for this and you'll never have to worry about this cause of unpleasantness.

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Don't let romance and love pass you by. Send us only 10c and we will send you the booklet entitled "Secrets of Fascinating Womanhood"—an interesting synopsis of the revelations in "Fascinating Womanhood." Sent in plain wrapper. Psychology Press, Dept. 19-J, 585 Kingsland Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

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of it), it seems to me there are as many good pictures as any normal person could wish to see. Of course, I go only to those which have high rating, and good actors and actresses. But there is usually one of these admirable pictures at one or the other of the two theaters near me.

I am continually admiring the photography, the dancing, singing, and clever lines, to say nothing of the keen understanding and sympathy for the finer emotions and ideals which are evident in most of these pictures. It seems as if there must be some very fine, sensitive and intelligent persons in Hollywood, who deserve intelligent and sincere appreciation—and here is some for them.

It would be pleasant to see Paul Lukas in a good rôle. So many persons, myself included, think him charming and a fine actor.—Mrs. E. Valance, 136 W. 4th Street, New York City.

Intelligent and sensitive persons there are, in Hollywood, and the good pictures are the only ones—in general—which make money. It is simply that some of the producers still haven't learned.

For Kiddies

My little girl, Joy, ten years of age has a passion for Shirley Temple, and has seen all of her pictures, some several times.

After careful deliberation she says she enjoyed "The Little Colonel" more than any picture she has ever seen. "Because Shirley sang and danced and wore such beautiful clothes." It is a real treat to mothers as well as the children when we can send them to see a sweet, clean picture.—Mrs. Bernice T. Fleming, 2224 S. W. Fifth Street, Miami, Florida.

Daggers Out

After reading NEW MOVIE for July I have hit upon a wonderful plan for making unemployment a thing of the past. Of course, I will have to have a little help from the "You Tell Us" editor, but I'm sure that won't be hard to get when he sees what a wonderful idea I've got. All they have to do is to fill the department with letters criticising all the leading stars, and when the rush of letters come back from the fans every available man will be needed by the post office, and think of how rushed the stationery manufacturers will be. How's that? Move over, Brain Trusters, you've got a new member!—M. Seitter, 6454 Laflin Street, Chicago, Ill.

An Historian

Why are the same old subjects served up in films so often?

The Royal Courtesan is a colorful theme, but must she always be DuBarry? Jane Shore offers just as much scope.

Bertrand DuGuesclin is a far more romantic and sympathetic figure than Napoleon, the over-publicized, and his career has pictorial possibilities almost equal to Joan of Arc's.

The French Revolution is seldom off the screen, while Watt Tyler's rebellion has never been on it; and, while several films have dealt with Lincoln, almost none have featured Washington!

"Camille," "Resurrection," and "Les Misérables" have each been filmed five times but "Hereward the Wake," "Adam Bede," "The Black Tulip," "Esmond," "Tom Jones," "Gil Blas," and "The Cloister and the Hearth" remain untouched, though they are perfect gold mines of box office material. Why?—Barbara Fletcher, Flat 4, 204 Dickson Road, Blackpool, Lancs., England.

You Tell Us

(Continued from page 55)

From Tasmania

Please spare me enough space to praise Irene Dunne.

Living here in Tasmania means that we don't get a chance to see the pictures until they have been run till they are worn out.

I saw Miss Dunne in "If I Were Free," and I must not only praise her, but also those who made the picture.

Miss Dunne's acting was superb, and her lovely voice made the picture.

I am sure that there are many others like myself who say, "We want more of Irene Dunne. We will never get tired of seeing her, she is so sweet and charming."

Then there is yet another demand. A few years ago I saw Mary Pickford in a silent picture entitled "Sparrows."

Isn't there a chance of having it remade into a talkie?—Noel Thomas, Franklin, Tasmania.

Rosalind Russell

You know, in writing up some of the lesser stars of filmdom, you have me wondering why you have not selected Rosalind Russell of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. I have seen her in several bit parts and as a lead with Paul Lukas in "The Casino Murder Case" and I think, as I have heard many others express themselves likewise, that she has all the requirements for future stardom—beauty, natural poise, an individual voice and, above all, acting ability without posing and continual striving to "hog" the camera. Unless I am greatly mistaken we shall soon see Miss Russell under "star" billing. What do you think?

Will you run a story about her and some pictures so her fans can know more about her?

Incidentally I purchase your magazine the first day it is on the stands and only wish we could have weekly instead of monthly copies. I thought it an extremely nice gesture to give the chorus girls a write-up in your June issue. They certainly play no small part in our popular musical pictures.

Here's to your continued success.—Mrs. J. J. Maloney, 196 Central St., Springfield, Mass.

Contents noted, Mrs. Maloney. We'll give you a story on Rosalind next month or the month after. We promise.

Ouch!

In answer to Helen McCleary's letter in a recent issue in behalf of Bob Montgomery. Half-wit Montgomery? Or half-wit McCleary? If Iowa produces unappreciable people like her, then, please, Arkansas is OK for me, where we understand Bob's acting as delightfully charming and boyish—not nit-wittish.

Too grand to be typed as a half-wit? You surely don't want a face-smacking Cagney made of him, or a heavy-lover Gable, or a smirky Powell. Let him alone, can't you?

So he spoiled "Forsaking All Others," eh? For you, maybe, but not for the rest of us hundred million ardent admirers.—Gladys Finkey, 604 N. 34th St., Fort Smith, Ark.

When readers start battling, the wise editor hides under his desk. All we can say is that we'll print Helen's answer to this, if she wants to write in.

Fair

I believe it is wrong to bar foreign actors and actresses from appearing in American movies, as the pending Dickinson bill would have us feel. If they have the ability, they should be given

the chance to entertain the American public.

Our movie studios are exponents when it comes to giving movie fare and they must have the proper stars, whether American or foreign born, if they are available. True art demands its sacrifices and personal, hostile feeling is secondary and should be overridden. After all, it is the American public that speaks through the box office, and they know what they want. Let them remain principally for reasons of art, and secondarily for diplomatic reasons. It is because America has been kind to foreigners that she has been able to get the best from them, whether acting, etc., and which is one of the reasons for her greatness today. Let us build no Wall of China around our country, whether entertainment or otherwise.

Foreign actors and actresses should be given the chance to show their ability to the American public.—Therese Rossen, 350 West 88th Street, New York City.

Eyebrows

And now Claudette Colbert has gone and done it. I mean, had her eyebrows shaved off, and fantastic lines drawn in their place. I was finally becoming resigned to Marlene Dietrich's and Jean Harlow's bizarre forehead decorations, thinking perhaps such were in keeping with the exotic type of rôles they play. But Claudette! She has always been so wholesomely pretty and normal-looking!

Who is this person who fixes up the stars' faces so grotesquely? And why doesn't someone do away with him before he has made caricatures of all our screen beauties? A mess certainly was made of Merle Oberon's face—and now Claudette!

Who will be the next victim? May Robson? Shirley Temple?—Lauretta Chapman, 621 S. Hope Street, Los Angeles, California.

From Minnesota

I can't tell you how much I enjoy the "New Movie Magazine." I love it.

Won't you have Elsie Janis write up Tullio Carminati? I am so fond of him—I'm sure his life must have been interesting.

Sometimes I think we older women are more benefited by the good movies than the younger ones, for we have so many cares and responsibilities to meet that a change of scene and personality is refreshing.

I always enjoy Maurice Chevalier, Leslie Howard and Tullio Carminati and Merle Oberon especially. Our entire family always sees George Arliss and Will Rogers in everything and feel as though they were our especial friends. We were all so thrilled when George Arliss was knighted.—Mrs. Charles Everts Buckbee, 117 Seventh Street, White Bear Lake, Minnesota.

Trailers

Along with your reader, Connie Cowell, who expressed disapproval of the trailer films, I have a decided "grudge" against their continuance, at least in their present form. My complaint goes even further than C.C.'s in criticizing them. . . .

In the first place, I believe the manager's very idea of attracting the audience by this inexpensive form of advertising (for prevues, I understand, are taken from the actual pictures) is defeated because it shows the highlights, the humorous situations of the actual picture; and, by the time the patrons actually see the entire picture for the

first time, they have the unenjoyable feeling one experiences when seeing a movie for the second time.

I noticed this particularly when I viewed the really funny "Ruggles of Red Gap" at my local theater. Somehow the funniest incidents of the picture did not get a normal amount of laughter from me—the gags seemed stale—and I decided definitely that the trailers of this picture which I had been "treated" to the week before were entirely responsible for my finding the picture not as funny as I otherwise would have.

Therein lies what I believe is the real objection to trailers in their present form and I personally believe it would be worth the additional expense involved to movie producers to prepare with each new movie, some sort of very short advertising picture, employing the cast, but not in any way showing actual scenes or costumes or wordings from the picture itself. And I think it could be done with an eye to better returns for the producer and exhibitor alike, as well as for the increased enjoyment of their audiences.—Mrs. Ruth Bracker Stone, 555 Edgecomb Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

We only hope they take this good advice.

Dietrich

At last someone got the nerve! Bravo! It has looked as if no one found any fault with Marlene Dietrich, because there has never been anything but praise written about her, with the exception that she was a Trilby. But Chalmers Talsey spoke for us all when he said that too much film had been wasted showing close-ups of Marlene "wearing" a blank expression and her mouth open.

That was putting it mildly, don't you think, Mr. Talsey?

In my opinion Miss Dietrich has made but two good pictures, "Morocco" and "Dishonored," and since then has been resting on her laurels and von Sternberg, neither of which were very strong. Mr. von Sternberg has evidently thought that the close-ups of Marlene with her eyes rolling and her lips parted as if she were gasping for breath supplied the acting for his pictures and the action, if I may be permitted this added thrust, while his gorgeous settings and magnificent mob scenes made up for whatever else the film might lack.

Paramount thought so too, for a while. Didn't the team rate reams of publicity? And why not keep a good thing while you have it? Even though it may endanger the career of a great actress, who has more authentic glamour in her little finger than a dozen American gals, who only wrap the cloak of glamour about them when they walk onto a set.

Her fans have known all along that Miss Dietrich was a talented artist, but, I am sure, hesitated to complain about the awful things her director had her do because they admired her so much. While a bit of howling might have dissolved this von Sternberg-Dietrich thing long ago. My pen seems to be dipped in vitriol but it has been a near crime to waste such talent as Miss Dietrich's on inferior pictures.

We are looking for great things from Marlene now. Let us hope that old papa Paramount will do right by our Nell. Give her a Van Dyke or a Capra to direct her and we surely will stand up and cheer.—Mrs. Harold Bowers, Box 57, Childress, Texas.

On-the-Set Reviews

(Continued from page 31)

spite. He is very hurt by the incident.

There is another wild chase, with Joan sliding home just in time to hold up the nine-o'clock curfew, and, believing her at last, Ross takes her in his arms and leads her to the old park bench where they first met.

Snappy direction by Ray Enright.

From what we can gather by reading this

THE MAN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE Charles Bogle story, this should be one of W. C. Fields' funniest.

After twenty-five years of faithful services to the company for which he works, Fields tells the boss that his mother-in-law has died, in order to get a day off to go to the wrestling matches.

Grady Sutton, his wife's lummox son by a former marriage, swipes his ticket. Driving to the stadium Fields gets ten tags, uses his last dime for admission, and gets a heavyweight right in his lap the minute he sits down at the ringside.

Knocked out cold Fields is carried outside and propped up against the curb where Grady sees him and runs home with the news that papa is dead drunk and lying in the gutter.

Furthermore,—W. C.'s story of his mother-in-law's passing has gotten around and, when he finally gets home that night, the house is full of flowers, wreaths and plenty of R.I.P.'s!

Entering the living-room, Fields looks around in surprise.

"Somebody must be dead," he says.

"Your perfidious brain is dead!" his wife (Kathleen Howard) snorts.

Mary Brian puts a hand on his arm. "Dad . . ." she says gently, "did you tell Mr. Malloy and the newspapers that

Mrs. Neselrode died from drinking poisoned alcohol and was to be buried in a drunkard's grave?"

Fields: "I swear I did not tell the newspaper that Mrs. Neselrode died of alcohol poisoning and was to be buried in a drunkard's grave."

Miss Howard: "Did you take your secretary to the wrestling matches this afternoon?"

Fields: "No, dear—I did not."

Mary: "Oh, but . . . you *did* see the wrestling matches this afternoon?"

Fields: "No, dear, I did not."

"Is that the truth?" Miss Howard demands ominously.

"Honey," W. C. raises his right hand, "I swear I was not drunk and lying in the gutter."

Miss Howard claps both hands over her ears. "Oh-h-h . . ." she wails, "don't say anything more! I know everything! Don't lie to me! My poor brain can't stand it!"

"I wasn't drunk," he insists stolidly.

"There!" Mary slips her arm through her dad's. "I *knew* it!"

"What are you talking about?" Grady interrupts. "I *saw* you at the wrestling matches and you were drunk and lying in the gutter and your secretary was with you and she was drunk too!"

"Listen, young man . . ." Fields steps forward. "I've had more trouble in the last twenty-four hours than I can stand. Now, I did ask for the afternoon off, which I admit was wrong. And I did tell the boss that my mother-in-law died, and I apologize . . ."

" . . . and you were drunk, and you were lying in the gutter, and you did take your secretary!" Grady horns in again.

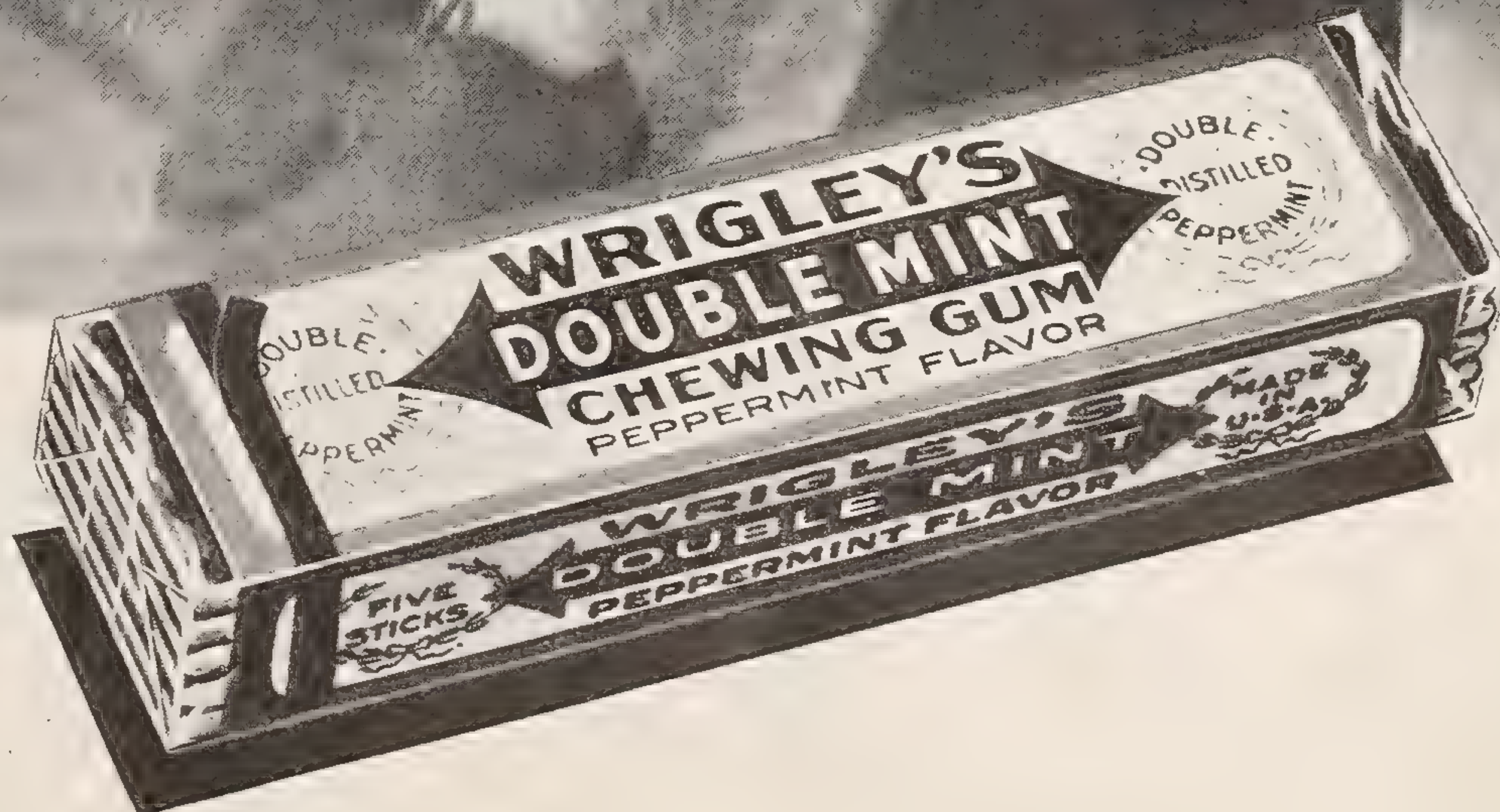
"You keep quiet!" Mary flares up.

(Please turn to page 58)

... a woman can't begin too early



... to attend to her looks.
And here's another reason
for the daily enjoyment
of **DOUBLE MINT** gum.
It will help form a well-
shaped mouth.



On-the-Set Reviews

(Continued from page 57)



Well trained eyebrows complete the perfection of a lovely complexion. It's so easy to smooth away bushy brows and straggly hairs. Use Wigder's Tweezers with their perfect balance and firm even grip. These scientifically designed instruments with other Wigder Manicure Aids are on sale at your local 5 and 10¢ store. Get yourself a set today and enjoy the confidence that comes with perfect grooming.



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TRANSIENT PERMANENT
HOUSEKEEPING NON-HOUSEKEEPING
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DIRECTION OF L. MARSHALL THOMPSON

"Let my father tell his story in his own way!"

"Don't yell at me or I'll slap your mouth!" Grady comes back.

And right there Fields breaks loose and, taking off the Wild Bull of the Pampas, lays Grady low with a floral piece draped around his neck!

Clyde Bruckman, the official director, being A.O.A.O.F. (absent on account of flu), Fields and Sam Hardy stepped into the breach and handled the direction with a modicum of difficulty and lots of fun.

PETER IBBETSON PARAMOUNT

If you haven't seen the play, then most of you must surely have read George Du Maurier's immortal classic

in book form.

Gary Cooper as Peter plays the young English architect who tosses a ready-made fortune overboard in favor of a career.

Meeting Ann Harding when he is called to her home on a job, Gary discovers that they are childhood sweethearts who, in the old days, called each other "Mimsy" and "Gogo." And without saying a word about it, they fall deeply in love.

Misunderstanding their affection Ann's husband jealously confronts them with a gun, and to prevent a double murder, Gary unintentionally promotes a single one by hurling a lamp at Mister Halliday, causing his death.

Beaten unmercifully by prison guards, Gary is near death when, as in a dream, Ann comes to him. As she leans over him he tells her that he is dying.

"No, Peter," she whispers, "you're not going to die."

"I'm dying—and I'm glad. I can't live—here. . . ."

Ann leans closer. "Listen to me . . . listen! You're free—you're free, Peter—"

"—Free?" he stares at her. "You mean . . . the king has freed me?"

"No. I have!" she smiles at him and says slowly, "We— are — going — to escape!"

"You're mad!" he speaks desperately. "There are chains . . . and bars . . . and walls!"

"Take my hand!" she pulls him to his feet.

"The key! Where is it?"

"The key is in my brain—unlocking yours—"

As Gary reaches the end of the chain that holds him, the shackles fall soundlessly to the floor.

"Chains, are there?" Ann exults.

They go through the barred door exactly as though it weren't there.

"Bars, are there?" In the corridor she turns to him. "No, my love, and there are no walls!"

To assure him of always being able to get in touch with her, Ann gives him a distinctive ring and when, on the point of death, Gary rallies and calls for it, it mysteriously comes to him.

When quite old he suddenly fails to contact her. She vanishes, with the promise that they will meet in the hereafter.

A flash to her quarters reveals that she has really died. And almost simultaneously, Peter too dies in his cell at the prison.

It's a tricky subject, but with Henry

Hathaway at the directorial helm we feel certain that the presentation will reach its mark with the right amount of sincerity.

THE RETURN OF PETER GRIMM RKO

In the past our movie moguls have scowled on the idea of spirit

return, but, with the advent of "The Scoundrel," wherein Noel Coward (and we've torn up all our old love letters since getting a peek at that guy!) comes back from a watery grave to find one soul who will mourn his passing, producers have been grabbing every story that even smacks of "hants."

Naturally this famous old Belasco play heads the list.

Lionel Barrymore, as Peter, argues with his friend, Edward Ellis, that spiritualism is bunk, pure and simple. Interested in psychic phenomena, Ellis tries to make a bargain with Peter that the one who dies first shall try and communicate with the other, but Peter scoffs at the idea.

Helen Mack, Peter's adopted daughter, is deeply in love with James Bush, but thinking it is for her own good, Peter insists upon her marriage to his nephew, Allen Vincent, who has previously "done in" the cook's daughter and left her illegitimate child, George Breakstone, in Peter's care (unknown to Peter, of course).

On his death-bed Peter exacts Helen's promise that she will marry the nasty nephew and, satisfied that he's done the right thing, Peter does a Little Eva into the Great Beyond.

But no sooner has he landed on the other side than he discovers what a scull-digger Vincent is. Frantically he tries to make his presence known and undo the great wrong against his beloved Helen . . . no one will recognize his super-imposed presence. No one but his faithful old dog, Toby.

As usual poor Georgie Breakstone is destined to a short life and, as he is slowly succumbing to heart trouble, the kid receives Peter's short-wave message to the effect that Vincent is the child's father and will he please do something about it?

Shown up for what he is, Vincent nevertheless goes ahead with his scoundrelly plans to sell the old homestead. But after opening the family Bible to the spot where he indicated that all his property was to go to Helen and her husband, whoever he might be, Peter leads Georgie and old Toby to a choice spot on a silverlined cloud. And all's well that ends well.

Director George Nichols, Jr., regretted that Mister Barrymore would rather not have visitors on the set, so, trying to look as if we didn't care, we climbed into our car and scuttled back to Paramount.

THE LAST OUTPOST PARAMOUNT

Director Charles Barton has practically promised that this F. Britten Austin story will be another "Bengal Lancer"; and

we practically promise to slip arsenic in his morning coffee if he's fooling us!

Intelligence officer in the African jungles, Claude Rains rescues Cary Grant from a band of unintelligent Turks (African Turks) who are all set to kill him to pieces.

Back in the base hospital Cary falls in love with his nurse, Gertrude Michael, who sadly reports that she is married to a man she hasn't seen in three years. And when she gets home from work that night, who d'you suppose is waiting for her but her missing husband, Claude Rains, no less!

She's so dazed that Rains helps her into the living-room and seats her on the divan.

"Tell me you're better," he begs. "Then I can stop reproaching myself."

Gertrude sits upright with an effort. "I'm sorry," she says dully. "Where have you brought me?"

"Home. . . ."

"Home? I don't understand—"

"This is our house . . ." his eyes

worship her, ". . . that I got for you before I'd let myself see you; the house where we're going to forget we've been apart!"

"But . . . but. . . ."

"I've got to leave, my darling! Leave! Six whole, ecstatic months of it!" He fixes his eyes on her. "Do you know what Hell is? Do you? . . . It isn't a place where you sit on red fire while devils torture you! It isn't being cold, or starving, or afraid; or dying from want of water. It isn't watching death creep up a mountain side. It isn't any of these things! . . . It's just being without you."

So fearing for Cary's safety should Rains find out the state of affairs, Gertrude goes to the man she loves and tells him it's all over and he mustn't do anything about it. Walking home she is hit and killed by an automobile and when her dying words are for Cary, Rains swears vendetta and gets himself assigned to the Soudan (sort of biting off his nose to spite his face, or something).

Beating off a native attack Cary is seriously injured and, seeing his chance, Rains goes away from there, leaving Cary to die on the desert.

Out of the hereafter ("The Scoundrel" certainly started something!) his wife begs him to go back and rescue the doomed man. So, back he trots and the final scene shows the two men sharing water together as the regiment dashes to their rescue! Ta-aa-a-aaa-a . . . !

THE GIRL FRIEND COLUMBIA

Roger Pryor and Ann Sothorn aren't real sweethearts any more but they manage to give a swell imitation in this musical "funny," written by Gene Towne and Graham Baker, those two old maestros of the typewriter.

In rejecting a musical satire on Napoleon, producer Thurston Hall accidentally sticks the wrong manuscript into the return envelope. Enclosed there is an invitation from the author of the wrong manuscript inviting the producer to spend a week or two at the farm in order to discuss another play.

Pryor has written the satire and when he gets Hall's rejection containing the invitation, he and his two down-and-out buddies decide to impersonate the producer so as to have a place to eat and sleep until they can think up something else.

Of course, the author of the note (Jack Haley) has a beautiful sister who is a sight for Roger's sore eyes until she starts insisting that the pseudo-producer get down to facts and let them in on the

grand plans for producing her brother's play!

Sitting at the piano Ann discusses Pryor with her brother between the lines of the song she is singing.

"He doesn't look much like a producer, does he?" she says *sotto voce*.

"Producers don't look much like producers nowadays," Jack advises her.

"But he will put on your play?" anxiously.

"Well . . . it wouldn't be nice of him not to after eating our dinner!"

So pinned to the wall at last Roger gets out his own satire on Napoleon and, with the help of local talent, shakes out a production that is so good that, when Hall accidentally sees it—well, what do you think? And you're quite right, too! He breaks down, agrees to produce the thing, Roger lets Haley take the credit, and Ann lets Roger take her on a honeymoon!

Eddie Buzzell directs.

SHANGHAI PARAMOUNT

Pardon us if Paramount seems to be doing all the work this month; but it really was their own

idea, so help us!

And here are those two boys, Towne and Baker, again, who must ride bicycles with portable typewriters lashed to the handlebars, they get around *that* fast!

In this one Loretta Young is seen as an American working girl who has come to Shanghai to visit a very wealthy aunt.

Upon the death of his mother, a Manchurian princess, and his father, an ex-Russian nobleman, Charles Boyer stops hauling rickshas, denounces the lost cause of the exiled Russians and seeks a job through his late father's connections with a bank.

He is an immediate success, and when Fate sends him to Loretta's apartment on business, they immediately fall in love and she spurs him on to undreamed-of heights in the financial world.

Seeing the lay of the land, Boyer's friend, an ex-ambassador to Russia, warns him against an alliance with a white girl, telling that his (Boyer's) own mother had committed suicide because of her unhappiness with his white father.

So, giving it a good think, Boyer confesses his background and then runs away to his northern China outpost. Loving him in spite of everything, Loretta follows him, tells him nothing matters and convinces him that he should return to Shanghai.

But once there, determined to make the best of it and be happy, the old ex-ambassador sticks his nose into the machinery again and makes them see for their own good that such an alliance would be an unhappy one.

Seated in a ricksha, Boyer and Miss Young go through a scene under the direction of James Flood.

"The first thing you've got to do," says Loretta, "is forget what you used to be. There's no mud on your boots now. You're on the top of the world, not under it. Am I right?"

"Quite," Boyer agrees.

"Now, tell me how daring you've been!"

"I took your money . . . and Mr. Sherwood's."

"That's right. We practically flung it at you!"

"I margined every dollar of it. . . ."

"We gave you *carte blanche*, didn't we?"

"But—the stocks I margined may go down—"

"And—the stocks you margined *may* go up!"

"You have great faith in me," Boyer

gives her one of those lovely looks (*you know, girls?*). "Why have you this faith, may I ask?"

"I'm a woman who believes in hunches," Loretta returns the look (*you know, boys?*). "I have a strong hunch about you!"

And leaving those two gazing into each other's eyes we hurried away, wishing we could lose about ten pounds and look as lovely as Loretta, even with trying hard, which she doesn't need to.

THE BLACK ROOM COLUMBIA

If that doesn't do the trick, then give a look at Boris Karloff, who continues to frighten little

children in this shiver story by Arthur Strawn!

Carved in stone over the massive castle doorway is the motto of the De Berghman family: "I End as I Began."

Founded by twin brothers, the superstitious family believes that it will end with the advent of another set of male twins, for the silly (or maybe we're wrong!) reason that, years and years before, the original De Berghman Cain and Abel did each other in!

So another pair arrives, via the Stork Special, and the entire countryside goes around with raised eyebrows and "tck-tcking" their heads off!

Years later Karloff, eldest of the twins, occupies the old castle as Count, while his younger brother (also Karloff) is away traveling and at school.

Hated by the peasants for his sinister appearance, mysterious doings in the castle and the unaccountable disappearance of persons last seen within the old pile of ruins, Karloff is the object of mortal, but unsuccessful, attacks and is saved only when the kid (by a few minutes) brother puts in an appearance.

Knowing that he's in the dog house, Karloff bumps off his young twin, throws him into a pit which (just between you and me!) is the secret of the Black Room, and pretends he's the nice one.

Discovering that he's plenty that way for Marian Marsh, Karloff's old flame Katherine DeMille storms the castle, corners her erstwhile sweetie-pie and says:

"You'll find you can't get rid of me so easily! You've got it all planned, haven't you?—She's to be your wife—your Countess!"

"Well—?" says Karloff, very nastily too.

"You're *not*, you hear. I'll put a stop to it!"

"Come, come, now . . ." Karloff slips his iron hand into a velvet glove. "Don't put yourself on a level with her. After all, she's General Hassell's niece, and you're just—"

"—something you don't want any more!"

"You understand me perfectly. It's almost as if you were inside my mind!"

"Inside your mind?" desperately. "I know something more than that. I've been inside the Black Room!"

And right here Karloff gets menacing. "What . . . do you know . . . about the Black Room?" he leers.

Well, you could sell Katherine down the river! "Nothing—NOTHING!" she declares. But it's too late.

"You've been spying on me!" Karloff advances on the terrified girl.

And did we run? And are we tired? Anyhow, we passed sixteen galloping rabbits on the way out! And Director Roy William Neill sitting there, as calm as you please.

(Please turn to page 60)

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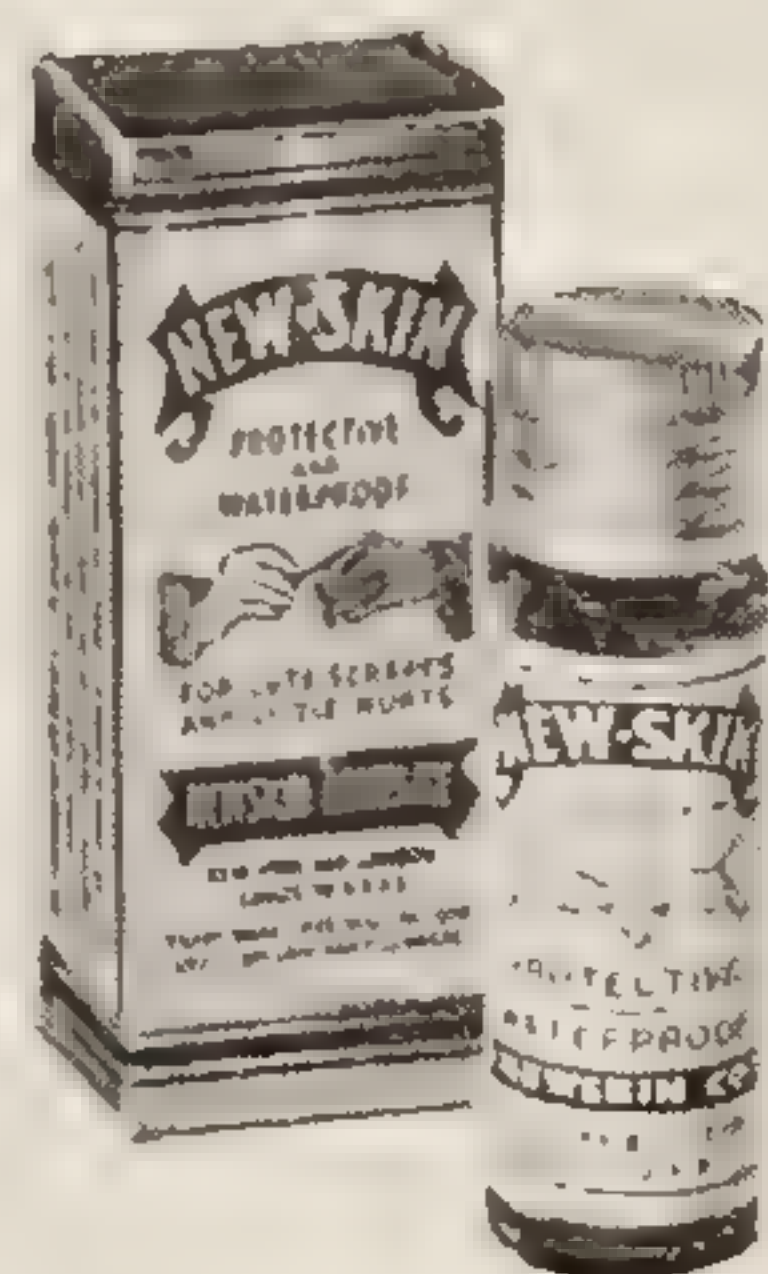
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On-the-Set Reviews

(Continued from page 59)

ANNAPOLIS FAREWELL PARAMOUNT

The versatile director, Al Hall, shakes the atmosphere of "How'm I Doin'?" from his shoulders and proves his capacity for producing bona fide pathos as well, in this Stephen Morehouse Avery story of a retired naval commander who lives in the era of the exciting days when he commanded the old *Concord*, during the Spanish War.

Tom Brown is probably the only midshipman at the Academy who will listen to the old man (Guy Standing), who tries to instill some of the famous traditions of the navy into the boy.

We stood by while they shot the scene where Tom and Standing meet for the first time. It is the interior of the midshipman's favorite hang-out, an ice cream parlor. The boys are arguing about this and that when Standing shuffles in. Jumping to his feet Tom salutes.

Standing is obviously pleased. "Carry on, gentlemen," he says kindly. Then, to Tom: "What's your name, young man?"

"Morton Haley, sir."

"Haley, eh? There is a Haley in the upper class—"

"My brother, Duncan, sir."

"Well . . . I'm glad to know you, Haley. Your brother and I have had some very pleasant visits together."

"Yes, Commander, he has told me about them." He glances side-wise at Dick Cromwell. "I'm glad you dropped in just now, sir. We were having a little argument I'm sure you can settle."

Standing clears his throat. "M-mm-m . . . well, if it's something I know about—I'm always glad to be of service—"

"It's about Manila Bay, sir."

And with that Standing is off in a cloud of vivid memories, to the ill-concealed annoyance of the others.

Awakening one morning during graduation week the old man sees his old ship in the harbor and is so elated that he has a rowboat take him out to it. Going to his old cabin he lies down for a nap and sleeps through until morning.

He awakes to find the old ship being bombarded from all sides and, not realizing that the old hull is being used for target practice, believes he is once again in a major naval engagement and goes about the business of commanding imaginary officers and men until the ship is scuttled.

Louise Beavers (of "Imitation of Life" fame) plays Standing's sympathetic housekeeper and cook.

JALNA REO

"From 9 to 99, they were a hardy group of bickering, nagging, warring egotists—fighting but adoring, loving but betraying, and forged inseparably together by bonds stronger than steel—the blood-tempered bonds of—JALNA."

So begins this Mazo de la Roche novel of life on an old and rambling estate in the farm lands of southern Ontario, Canada, that holds members of three generations of the Whiteoaks family.

Gran (Jessie Ralph) ninety-nine year old matriarch of the clan, and wife of the first owner, imagines that she still rules. Living with her are her two unmarried sons, both over seventy, and six grandchildren.

Ian Hunter is the oldest grandchild and the real head of Jalna; Peggy Wood, the only girl, and older than Ian, manages the house; Theodore Newton is the farmer of the family; David Manners is

a poet, and not bad either; George Offerman, Jr., is an adolescent ugly duckling of the family and the butt for their humor; and the youngest, a spoiled youngster of nine, is Clifford Severn.

Meeting Kay Johnson in the city where he has gone to peddle his book of poems, Manners falls for the girl, marries her and brings her back to the old homestead, where the rest of the family proceed to go for her in a big way.

They aren't so tickled, however, when Newton comes home dragging a new bride, Molly Lamont, wild daughter of a reprobate neighbor. Miss Wood is particularly furious, because the reason for her wrecked romance is this very harum-scarum child, who, eighteen years before, had been found on Nigel Bruce's doorstep with a note to the effect that he (Peggy's fiance at the time) was the child's father.

Just about the time that Kay and Ian discover their love for one another, David, laid up with a broken leg, is making passes at Molly, who likes the idea no end.

Newton, discovering his wife's infidelity, chases the chiseling David right over a convenient cliff, thereby clearing the way for Ian and Kay, even as John Cromwell, Kay's very own husband, watches and directs the shenanigans!

BROADWAY JOE WARNERS

Maybe Lois Lee-son wrote "Burlesque," too, but if she didn't, we must say that her story so parallels the other that we could almost see Hal Skelly's ghost standing in the wings, watching wistfully while Joe E. Brown clowning through the rôle that made Hal famous.

Hoofer and comic in a small-time burlesque road show, Joe and his wife Ann Dvorak are happy but ambitious. Into their design for living romps Patricia Ellis, a madcap heiress, tired of it all and looking for anything in the way of a new thrill.

Joining up with the show, Pat does her stuff, such as it is, and all might still have been well if Bill Gargan, advance man for a Broadway musical show, hadn't conceived the smart idea of teaming the clown and the heiress, and for a salary that even we couldn't have turned down!

Standing in the wings, Ann sees her husband heading for what looks like a triple somersault over the hoity-toity Ellis gal and rather than be left holding Joe's baggy pants, she sadly returns to her old spot in the road show.

Joe really is off the deep end, too, and writes Ann a letter, telling her that he's sorry-but-there-it-is-and-what-are-you-gonna-do-about-it? Five minutes after he's dropped it in the mail box, what does he run into but "love in bloom" with Pat and Bill doing the cooing!

If you saw "Burlesque," then you know how it ends; and if you didn't, well—Director Busby Berkeley joins me (unbeknown to himself) in leering: "Wait and find out—Ya—aa-a-aaa-ah!"

OLD MAN RHYTHM REO

Improbable and impractical as this tale may be, still it's a new twist and should be good for a lot of those laughs that have been out of circulation since before the depression.

Because his son, Buddy Rogers, seems to be going hay-wire hand in hand with the wrong girl, George Barbier joins up with the freshman class of the college where son Buddy has got along as far as the sophomore half!

Furthermore, Poppa has a nice little girl (Barbara Kent) who agrees with him that Buddy could do much better for himself if he'd direct his romantic gestures in her direction and toss Grace Bradley, the erstwhile object of his affections, to the campus lions.

What time Barbier can take off from pushing peanuts with his nose, he applies to making life a quartet for Grace and Buddy by dragging the willing Barbara and crashing every one of the love boids' two-somes.

The scene is in Ye College Sweete Shoppe, and Poppa, with Barbara in tow, has just run interference on another rendezvous. Spotting Grace, who is about to leave the joint in a huff, Buddy runs over to stop her.

"Marian!" Grace stops. "I'm terribly sorry I was late, dear, but—"

"I know," Grace retorts. "You were helping your father with his home work!"

"Well, uh . . . as a matter of fact, that's exactly what I was doing!"

"All right," impatiently, "if you've got all the chores done, let's get out of here!"

But, before they can move, George and Barbara dash up.

"Hello, Marian," says Barbier. And then, to Buddy, "That reminds me . . . Marian phoned that she was tired of waiting for you!" He chuckles and turns to Barbara. "I'm getting as careless as the other college kids!"

Grace is getting pretty perturbed. "Come on, Johnny," she says. "Let's take that ride. . . ."

"A ride, eh?" George beams. "Swell—swell! Come on, Edith!"

Grace and Buddy exchange helpless glances as George continues, "Just the four of us, eh? One big, happy family."

"Of panthers!" Grace murmurs as they start for the door.

So, by hooke and crooke (darn that sweete shoppe!) Poppa discourages the gold-digging Grace, and the thing winds up as we knew it would, with Buddy and Barbara gazing soulfully at each other and Barbier gloating in the background.

Lewis Gensler, Sig Herzig and Don Hartman must have had a lot of fun throwing the story together, and we know for sure that Edward Ludwig had a grand time directing it.

MAD LOVE M-G-M

If you've missed Peter Lorre up 'til now, let this be a lesson to you, because we'd missed him, too, and not until we walked on the set did we realize what comes of temporary hibernation.

Lorre plays a famous surgeon, brilliant to the point of being almost mentally unbalanced, and it is in his office that Colin Clive sits, waiting for his mutilated hands to be unbandaged.

Perhaps we should tell you that prior to this Clive, who had been a world-famous pianist, has lost his hands in a train wreck and, while still unconscious, Lorre has performed the amazing feat of grafting the hands of a guillotined murderer, a knife-thrower, onto Clive's wrists.

Sitting before the doctor's table, Clive gazes anxiously at his bandaged hands. Perspiration stands out on his brow. His lips are a thin line. His actress wife, Frances Drake, and an attending nurse stand by, while Lorre's housekeeper peers curiously over Clive's shoulder. The air is electric, pregnant with the intensity of the scene. Deftly, Lorre snips the gauze bandages that encase—what phenomenon? And, with our own eyes we saw a pair of hands, seamed at the wrists with red, angry marks where the stitches were supposed to have been!

Staring uncertainly, Clive wiggles his fingers.

"They feel . . . dead . . ." he whispers.

"They will for a while," Lorre assures him. "The muscles are atrophied from lack of use."

"They—they don't look like . . . my hands!" Clive says.

Lorre nods. "Don't forget, they were badly mangled." To the nurse: "Alcohol!"

Moving around the table, Miss Drake speaks to Lorre: "No one in the world but you could have performed this miracle, Doctor. I . . . I'm more grateful than I can say. . . ."

So turned out into the world with the hands of a murdering knife-thrower, Clive is horrified to find himself threatening an old friend of his with a knife! Which is exactly as Lorre had planned it, because he is so crazy about Frances Drake that the sooner Clive is executed for murder, the better!

So as not to take the kick out of the horrific shambles we won't divulge any more of the action. Suffice it to say Karl Freund is making the most, directorially speaking, of the horror angles. And, on a hot day like this, that and a glass of lemonade should keep most of you cooler than cool!

LUCKY IN LOVE

UNIVERSAL

The dual rôles have it this month, what with Karloff stoog-

ing for himself and Lionel Barrymore exhibiting a transparent chassis, and now Dorothy Page doubles in brass as a go-between for a famous opera singer (also Dorothy Page) who doesn't want to be bothered!

Wanting to meet the "right" people, Ricardo Cortez, who has come out of the gas-house district to be owner of apartment houses, swanky clubs, etc., arranges to meet up with Miss Page, w.k. soprano.

A friend persuades Dorothy's double to keep the date, but after the first night our high-C tosser-arounder is so intrigued that she takes over the job herself.

Seeing how the other half lives, Ric and Dorothy stop at a sandwich stand and order one apiece, with pickle, onion and lettuce, both.

Sitting at the counter Ric begins to wonder. "What's all this mystery about you?" he wants to know.

"That's my secret—" she says.

"Tell me, won't you?"

"Coffee?" the attendant interrupts.

"Yes, please," says Dorothy.

"Make it two."

She picks up her sandwich and begins to eat.

"Where do you come from?" Cortez insists.

"Hungary."

"Oh—you're a Hungarian?"

"No. French."

"I thought so . . ." Ric is befuddled. "Go on. . . ."

"Well" . . . (we know she's making it up!) "my mother was a Bavarian

Duchess. She was a great artist until she fell in love with my father—"

"Frenchman?"

"No—Italian. He was a lion tamer . . . a great figure of a man . . . very strong. But the world was jealous of their romance—newspapers hounded them, dragging out skeletons. . . ."

"Wait a minute," Ric interrupts, "I don't get this. Bavarian mother—Italian father, and . . . you're French—"

"And—and then, I was born—" Dorothy continues.

"That's tough!"

And so it goes, with Ric never knowing whether he's beaving the McCoy or just her stooge until the very end of the picture!

The cast contains a lot of interesting talent with Henry Mollison, Hugh O'Connell, Henry Armetta, Regis Toomey and Luis Alberni to keep the laughs going.

Robert Harris wrote the story, which Stuart Walker directs with the usual Walker aplomb.

MANHATTAN MADNESS

M-G-M

The directorial trouble they've been having on this one has just about driven the entire M-G-M staffsmack

into the psychopathic ward!

On Monday Richard Boleslavski was plucking his way carefully through a maze of sets, scenes and the rest of it; on Tuesday, Harry Beaumont flopped down in the canvas chair (on account of 'Boley' being called to another picture), and was just getting nicely warmed up when . . . Bang! Bang! . . . a picture to which he had been assigned, weeks ago, took off and there was nothing to do but pick up his hat and go away from there!

Right now George Seitz (fresh from another production) is sitting on the ragged edge of imagination, doing his level best and not knowing what tomorrow may bring!

The story, by David Silverstein and Leonard Fields, is all about a beautiful lady who escapes from jail, where she is on ice for a murder you just know she couldn't have committed; a handsome young attorney picks her up and hides her in his apartment until he can successfully prove what we know all the time; and a big, bad gangster who's trying to pin the job on our innocent heroine.

As usual the only witness who can save her is unceremoniously bumped off before he can tell all, which makes it that much harder for our stalwart hero. But with plenty of breathless moments and exciting suspense, the lad comes through, exposes the baddies and gallops into the night with our Nell clasped to his manly breast.

Maureen O'Sullivan is the gal; Joel McCrea plays the mass of manly muscle, while Louis Calhern does right well as the suave but nasty man.

THOSE GLEASONS

MONTHS and months ago Russell Gleason took off for New York to spend a short vacation that went off so well that he decided to stay a while.

Finally, when Papa Jimmy and Mama Lucille had resigned themselves to a childless state, Russell wired that he was on his way home. And the folks were so surprised that all they could say via wire was: "WELL!"

When Russell arrived here Jimmy looked him over thoroughly and said? "Well, Brat . . . all I can say is you've got the swellest case of night club tan I ever laid an eye on!"



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Can Actors Be Themselves?

(Continued from page 32)

bloodshed that can honorably be evaded and planes are more or less synonymous with warfare. So Jimmy can take a big bow for being a plenty swell actor when you recall how convincing he is with goggles strapped on his Irish pan.

Incidentally, the screen's most unafraid guy, the same James Cagney, has one other fear, and this is of "Hollywood pals." He's been misused by plenty of people he was barely acquainted with, and his widely known generosity has attracted "pals" in droves. And that's a sensible fear for any picture luminary to possess.

NORMA SHEARER'S position of leadership on the screen has given her fame, fortune and fear. If ever a star felt a debt to the public that keeps her name in lights, that star is Norma. On the screen she's more often sophisticated than sweet, is more frequently sinning than simple—but no free soul is she! Because of her ability and the thousands of fans to whom La Shearer can do no wrong, she's been definitely placed on the spot.

Intelligent, she realizes that her simplest action could be misconstrued if the opportunity arose. Her position as the social queen in the local scheme of things, as well as her being the criterion of cinema standards, necessitates her being most circumspect. On one occasion that I know she deliberately disobeyed her doctor's orders to attend a party given for a newcomer from the stage. If she hadn't come at all it would have been called a "snub"; if she hadn't stayed to the bitter end all Hollywood would have talked over its breakfast coffee of the fact that she'd "snubbed" this newcomer. Uneasy lies the head on which rests a crown, you know.

Then, too, Norma is hypersensitive about the fact that her mate, Irving Thalberg, is a major executive on her lot. She won her stardom on her own and has kept it only by Norma Shearer's ability, but the little green-eyed monsters that dwell in Hollywood, like any other town, still whisper, "Who couldn't be a star if they were in her shoes?"

Akin to Norma Shearer in her fear of the accusation of succeeding because of her husband is Ruby Keeler, whose greatest pride and fear is in being Al Jolson's wife. Until recently she would not even discuss their marriage, afraid of adding fresh fuel for envious tongues. But she courageously put fear aside and played the lead opposite Al in "Go Into Your Dance," so her fear must be slowly receding.

Ruby says this of her fear, "Marriage is a two person proposition and it's unfair to either one to use it to his professional advantage. I haven't and I wouldn't. I've never played with Al before because I thought it would add to the gossip that he'd sponsored my career. The truth is that he was none too anxious to have me work in pictures!" And Hollywood will admit now that Ruby Keeler has made her success on her own, both as a wife and a screen star.

Clark Gable, who was teamed with Norma Shearer in "A Free Soul," can't live up to the title of that picture by a long ways! Clark has a reticent, decent man's aversion to anyone prying into his domestic life. The one time that he is known to have lost his easy-going disposition was when a feminine interviewer coaxed that she "should have

the exclusive story when he got his divorce!"

Another little devil that torments this rugged gent is that the guys in the old home town may think that he's "gone soft or actorish." Hopedale, Ohio, may be just a spot on the map to you, but to Clark it's his early stamping ground, and he doesn't want the kids who used to think that he was a "reg'lar fellow" to feel differently about him now that he's America's rage.

Kent Taylor, who has been teamed with Evelyn Venable so much that some people think they're married, has one of Hollywood's most unusual complexes—a fear of awnings! It's the truth! Before Kent donned greasepaint he was an awning salesman and one day, while on a demonstration call, a heavy awning that had been temporarily rigged up fell on Kent's buddy, killing him instantly. That's why you'll see young Taylor sticking so close to the curb when he walks down the boulevard.

Mae West has as many taboos as she has curves. She doesn't like black cats, the numbers thirteen or twenty-three, and wouldn't walk under a ladder on a bet. But her greatest fear was unconsciously revealed one day by her when she told a mutual friend, "The thing that worries me most, young fella, is the reformers likin' me. When they do I'll know I'm slippin'!"

Mary Pickford's one fear that amounts to a complex is poverty. She had more than her share of it in the days when she was plain Gladys Smith. Until quite recently she was reported to have saved every pair of shoes that she had owned since she became a star; not so much as a hobby but as positive evidence that the wolf was no longer at her door. And even Hollywood sees a touch of pathos in the secret fear that has haunted Mary. Hollywood hasn't forgotten the day that she first saw her name in lights and said in an awed whisper, "Now I can buy silk stockings."

Gene Raymond and David Manners have their little nightmares quite like any prosperous business man. They're afraid of putting on more poundage. They diet, exercise and ride strenuously to keep their weight near par while Janet Gaynor and Ginger Rogers are just as diligently drinking malted milks in their efforts to gain weight. Wotta life!

Lew Ayres' sensitive personality that is his greatest screen asset is also his private life bugaboo. A star for five long years, Lew still cannot stand to have anyone watch him emote! He's not pulling a Garbo, either, for with just one horselaugh from a bystander Lew would flee to his banjo and never darken the screen again if he had his way about it!

Only a couple of years ago when he was making "Impatient Maiden" Lew became so upset at extras watching him work that he insisted that a black screen be placed between him and the mob-workers. Lew probably possesses Hollywood's most highly developed inferiority complex and yet it is that very diffidence that haunts him that has made Lew a star!

The blondes seem to have a stranglehold on *not* being free souls, as witness Alice Faye's little-known terror. Alice was badly scarred in an automobile accident while she was an entertainer with Rudy Vallee's orchestra. To this day she becomes nauseated in a car that is driven more rapidly than a snail's gait. I know, too! For one night Alice and I drove out into San Fernando valley

and she practically leaped right out of the vehicle whenever the speedometer registered more than thirty.

Jean Harlow has been a free soul on the screen more often than not, but in real life she has one great fear. No personal jinxes worry her, but just mention publicity! So much newsprint has threatened her career at one time and another that it has made the platinum blonde Hollywood's most cautious young actress. What use is it to have adulation and dollars if you daren't be your own self? She's a girl that naturally attracts attention and provokes comment and Jean *must* be certain that it's favorable comment. She acquired her fear undeservedly—but that doesn't lessen it.

Spencer Tracy, fine actor that he is, has one of the screen's strangest fears—that of "being an actor"! He dreads insincerity more than any man I know, and to his mind "becoming an actor" in the usual sense means to rely on technique rather than understanding, to walk through a part rather than be it.

He once said to me, "Believe me, kid, the only difference between a good actor and a ham is that a good actor knows when he's acting!" His career is laid on sincerity in portrayals as there is no overabundance of sex appeal or manly beauty in the Tracy makeup. And if Spencer ever hears any rumors that he's becoming a matinee idol he'll feel certain that he's done for!

So all that glitters is not gold, nor are screen stars the free souls you've been led to believe! They've their fears, their jinxes, their own little horrors and hair-raising complexes. Free souls in Hollywood? There are plenty of them when they're playing parts on the silver screen. Off screen they have the same scaredy-cat bugaboos that we all share. By the way, what's *yours*?

HOLLYWOOD GOSSIP

WE HAVE a lot of comedians out in Hollywood, but, David Chasen, fresh from the New York stage, gets all the prizes we've been saving for the Marx brothers. Because why? Because Davie had accomplished the impossible and succeeded in being so doggone funny that even the props, grips and electricians on the set are laughing their heads off.

And when you can make that hard-boiled gang even crack a reluctant smile—well, Davie, you must be good.

DICK ARLEN'S youngster is a trouper already at the ripe old age of three! When Dick and the Missus took him back to St. Paul in honor of Dick's parents' golden wedding anniversary, Junior posed nicely for the newspaper photographers.

When he'd had enough posing, however, he merely waved his hand and announced: "Dat's all. Ricky froo now!" And "froo" he was, too!

Which makes two of us.

FREDRIC MARCH is probably the happiest man in the world, right this minute!

For the first time since "Good Dame," Freddie is playing a role that permits a daily shave and neck clip, and after months of ducking around behind long beards and beetling eyebrows, he chuckles: "Some fun, eh, kid?"

Hollywood Day by Day

(Continued from page 40)

to the grocery store and asked for a "broaf of lead, a mottle of bilk, and a bound of putter."

Furthermore, George has discovered that there's nothing like a baby in the family to improve one's golf game!

How come? Well, every morning at four o'clock, baby Sandra starts to tune up for her six o'clock bottle. So with four hours ahead of him and nothing to do, George grabs his clubs and drives over to the golf course for a work-out.

"It's marvelous," says George. "My game has improved a hundred per cent! And if I ever win a cup, I'll hand it right over to Sandra!"

ALL right . . . all right! No sooner do we get Betty Furness all paired off with Cary Grant than the fickle lady transfers her affections to Cæsar Romero! And six more gray hairs in our new toupee!

WHAT'S in a name, anyhow? Eric Linden says he once knew a girl named "Melody" who couldn't sing a note; and a girl named "Hope" who was the worst pessimist in town.

Still hoping for the best, however, Eric bought a collie dog named "Zaca," which is an Indian word meaning peace, and, collies being more or less that way anyway, Eric hoped for the best.

But "Zaca" has a police dog complex, growls at strangers and will tackle any dog twice his size at the drop of the hat!

As soon as Eric can find the Indian word for "War," he intends to rechristen the animal!

And speaking of pets—little Janie Withers has her troubles, too.

All fluffed up in yellow organdy Janie was holding her head very erect so as not to muss her handsome yellow hair ribbon. To all appearances Janie was marking time until her handsome prince should come riding by.

Suddenly there was a terrific furore in

the front yard and forgetting everything else, she went flying out to find her pet cat, Bubbles, all tangled up with a Boston bull dog and evidently getting the worst of it!

Sailing into the thick of it, Janie was clawed, kicked and bitten until her dress was mud-spattered and tattered. And the lovely hair ribbon . . . well, the general effect was that her braid might have been held together with a string of yellow noodles!

And wouldn't you know that just at a time like that her very favorite boy friend, Walter King, would dash into the yard on his shining charger and with tickets for a movie in his right gauntlet?

So the handsome King had to wait while our heroine was marched away to the bathroom for the second time in an hour!

IF YOU'VE wondered who did the wolf-howling in "The Werewolf of London," let us be the first to inform you that Henry Hull, star of the picture, did it himself!

Recalling Hull's classical imitation of bloodhounds in a play called "The Nigger," several years ago, director Stuart Walker suggested that he take a crack at a couple of wolf howls.

The first try was not bad, but suddenly Walker said: "I know what's the matter—you're standing up!"

So donning his wolf make-up Hull got down on all fours, had the prop man turn on the "moon ray" used in the picture, and really getting into the spirit of the thing, he turned loose a howl that would cause even Tarzan to break out with as fine a set of ducky bumps as you ever laid eyes on!

Consequently the sound that is causing audiences to shiver their timbers, is Hull's own version of the way a right snappy werewolf would sound on his night out.

The Winners

(Continued from page 26)

with no competition. ("The Catpaw" got only 66 votes, and "Twentieth Century" only 33.)

BEST SHORT REEL PICTURE. And this is won by "La Cucaracha," the experimental color picture put out as a test film for "Becky Sharp," with the new color process.

BEST NEWSREEL PICTURE. This goes to Paramount's excellent newsreel.

BEST DIRECTION. New Movie readers regard Frank Capra as Hollywood's best director for the second year running.

BEST STORY. And here, again, the prize goes to "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," whose brow must be getting pretty heavy, now, with all these laurels.

And now a word about the lucky young man—for it is a young man—who is going to get a free trip and a chance to present the gold medals for the twelve awards to the stars, directors and companies concerned.

All our readers, together, decided that the twelve awards above were the ones that ought to be made for the year's

crop of films. The highest score which any reader could possibly have made, on his individual coupon blank, would have been to get all twelve right; that is, to have the average choice of all the hundreds of other readers agree with his own coupon in every respect.

Out of the thousands of readers who filled in the coupons and mailed them to us, giving their opinions, one man was fortunate enough to win the coveted prize. The winner is:

Anies Daye, Jr., 1268 W. 4th St., Winston-Salem, North Carolina.

Runners up were:

Roberta Bender, 2411 Western Ave., Davenport, Iowa.

Claudine Culp, 1009 N. Merrifield Ave., Mishawaka, Indiana.

Leona Leo, 4027 S. Campbell Ave., Chicago, Ill.

While you are reading this Mr. Daye will be making the Academy Awards to the various winners.

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Famous stars select the fashions most becoming to their individual types. That is a secret



of smart grooming that every woman can borrow from the stars. Tower Star Fashions, designed for famous stars and on sale in local stores, makes it possi-

ble for you to wear individually styled clothes. See these beautiful new Fall

fashions pictures on page 22. Check the list on the last page for the local store in your city where Tower Star Fashions may be bought.

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TOWER STAR FASHIONS

See them pictured on page 22. See them in reality the next time you go Fall shopping

The new Fall Tower Star Fashions, designed for famous stars and for you, can now be bought at your local shops listed below.

ALABAMA

Dothan—Blumberg & Sons
Huntsville—Fowler Bros.
Montgomery—The Fashion Shop
Troy—Rosenberg Bros.

ARIZONA

Bisbee—The Smart Shop
Phoenix—Korrick's Dry Goods Co.

ARKANSAS

Fort Smith—The Boston Dry Goods Co.
Little Rock—Pfeifer Bros.
Texarkana—Capin's, Inc.

CALIFORNIA

Berkeley—J. F. Hink & Son
Oakland—Capwell, Sullivan & Furth
Sacramento—Weinstock, Lubin Co.
San Jose—Prussia & Co.
Ventura—Jack Rose

COLORADO

Colorado Springs—Hat & Dress Studio
Grand Junction—A. M. Harris Stores Co.

CONNECTICUT

New Britain—Leonard and Herman
Torrington—Dankin's

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Washington—S. Kann Sons Co.

FLORIDA

Ocala—Frank's Inc.
Orlando—Yowell-Drew Co.
Quincy—The J. S. Shaw Co.
St. Petersburg—Miller's
Tallahassee—Steyerman's Style Shop
Tampa—Ernest Maas, Inc.
Thomasville—Steyerman's Style Shop

GEORGIA

Athens—Michael Bros., Inc.
Atlanta—Regenstein's Peachtree Street Store
Augusta—Goldberg's
Bainbridge—Turners' Shoppe
Cordele—Everstyle Shop
Macon—Union Dry Goods Co.
Sandersville—The Vogue
Savannah—B. H. Levy Bros. & Co., Inc.

IDAHO

Boise—C. C. Anderson Co.
Pocatello—Fargo, Wilson, Wells

ILLINOIS

Champaign—G. C. Willis Co.
Charleston—Dress Well Shops
Chicago—Marshall Field & Co.
Danville—Parisian
Herrin—M. P. Zwick & Sons
Joliet—Anderson's, Inc.
Peoria—P. A. Bergner & Co.
Rockford—Owen's, Inc.
Streator—Opdycke's

INDIANA

Crawfordsville—The Golden Rule
Gary—H. Gordon & Sons
Indianapolis—Traugott Brothers
Peru—Senger D. G. Co.
Shelbyville—Mary Lou Shop
South Bend—The Ellsworth Store

IOWA

Des Moines—Taylor's
Marshalltown—Herman's
Sioux City—Davidson Bros. Co.
Waterloo—N. Y. Fashion Shop, Inc.

KANSAS

Atchison—Ramsay Bros. D. G. Co.
Coffeyville—Hooper's Petticoat Plaza
Hutchinson—Wiley D. G. Co.
Pittsburg—Newman's
Salina—The Stiefel Stores Co.
Topeka—Pelletier Stores
Wichita—Allen W. Hinkel D. G. Co.

KENTUCKY

Hazard—The Major Store
Lexington—B. B. Smith & Co.
Owensboro—Levy's, Inc.

LOUISIANA

Lake Charles—Maurice
Marksville—J. M. Barhan
New Iberia—The Hub
New Orleans—Mayer, Israel Co.

MAINE

Calais—Unobsky's
Caribou—The Pattee Co.
Houlton—B. S. Green Bros.
Lewiston—Ward's
Presque Isle—Green Bros.

MARYLAND

Hagerstown—Eyerly's Dept. Store

MASSACHUSETTS

Brockton—Alexander's Fashion Shop, Inc.
Lowell—Katherine C. Mack
New Bedford—New Bedford D. G. Co.
Pittsfield—England Bros., Inc.

MICHIGAN

Ann Arbor—E. A. Dillon
Jackson—Jacobson's
Kalamazoo—Sander's

MINNESOTA

Duluth—Duluth Glass Block Co.
Long Prairie—James Hart & Sons
Minneapolis—Power's Mercantile Co.

MISSISSIPPI

Clarksdale—Powers & Co.
Greenville—The Nelms and Blum Co.
Jackson—A. D. and L. Oppenheim, Inc.
Meridian—Marks Rothenberg Co.
Vicksburg—Valley Dry Goods Co.

MISSOURI

Cape Girardeau—Lewis Hecht
Hannibal—Reib's
Joplin—Richard's
Kansas City—John Taylor & Co.
Kirksville—Herman's
La Plata—Tansil-Grantges
Moberly—Mrs. R. M. Johnston
Poplar Bluff—Chas. Miller
Sedalia—C. W. Flower D. G. Co.
St. Joseph—A. J. Einbender Dept. Store

St. Louis—Sonnenfeld's
Warrensburg—Foster's

MONTANA

Billings—Hart-Albin Co.
Great Falls—Sullivan's
Helena—Fligelman's

NEBRASKA

Fall City—Schork's
Grand Island—Reuler's
Omaha—J. L. Brandeis & Sons
Scottsbluff—Reuler's

NEW JERSEY

Jersey City—State Gown Shop
Paterson—Meyer Bros.
Trenton—Lilian Charm
Union City—Holthausen

NEW MEXICO

Albuquerque—Mosier's Smart Shop

NEW YORK

Albany—John G. Meyers Co.
Middletown—Carson & Towner Co.
New York City—Jas. McCreery & Co. Fourth Floor
Ogdensburg—John B. Tyo & Sons
Rochester—J. E. Thompson Co.
Schenectady—The Carl Co.

NORTH CAROLINA

Burlington—B. A. Sellar's & Son, Inc.

Charlotte—Purcell's
Durham—R. L. Baldwin
Elizabeth City—Hurdle's
Goldsboro—Neil Joseph Co.
Greensboro—Ellis Stone & Co.
Henderson—E. G. Davis & Son
High Point—Beavan's Quality Shop

Raleigh—Brook's, Inc.
Rocky Mount—Teachey Womble
Salisbury—Purcell's
Washington—J. K. Hoytt
Wilmington—The Julia

NORTH DAKOTA

Grand Forks—Herberger's, Inc.
Jamestown—Robertson, Inc.
Minot—Sgutt's Store for Women

OHIO

Akron—Byron's
Athens—The D. Zenner Co.
Columbus—Bradford Husch Co.
Mansfield—R. B. Maxwell Co.
Marion—The Uhler Phillips Co.
Massillon—Van Horn's
Painesville—Gail G. Grant, Inc.
Portsmouth—Atlas Fashion Co.
Springfield—Springfield Fashion Co.
Steubenville—Cooper-Kline Co.
Toledo—The Lion D. G. Co.
Wilmington—Litt Bros.

OKLAHOMA

Ada—Katz Dept. Store
Ardmore—G. M. Henley
Enid—Herzberg's
McAlester—Krone Bros.
Ponca City—Frolich Style Shop
Sapulpa—Katz Dept. Store
Shawnee—The Mammoth Dept. Store
Tulsa—Brown-Dunkin
Wewoka—Myles

OREGON

Medford—Adrienne's

PENNSYLVANIA

Altoona—Simmond's
Beaver Falls—B. Berkman's
Bradford—Rose E. Kreinson
Charleroi—Zelinski's The Woman's Store
Easton—Grollman Bros.
Ellwood City—Wilkoff's Fashion Shoppe
Greensburg—Pross Co.
Harrisburg—Feller & Co.
Lansford—J. C. Bright Co.

New Castle—New Castle D. G. Co.
Philadelphia—Gimbel Bros.
Pittsburgh—Boggs & Buhl
Sharon—The Routman Co.
Upper Darby—Mayer's Fashion Shop

Wilkes-Barre—Fowler, Dick & Walker

RHODE ISLAND

Providence—Jean's, Inc.
Woonsocket—McCarthy Dry Goods Co.

SOUTH CAROLINA

Camden—The Fashion Shop, Inc.
Columbia—Haltiwanger's

SOUTH DAKOTA

Aberdeen—Olwin-Angell Co.
Huron—Erickson's Apparel Shop
Mitchell—H. D. Butterfield Co.

TENNESSEE

Chattanooga—Chas. Rosenthal Co.
Columbia—Dave Gordon
Jackson—Louis Nathan
Knoxville—Anderson, Dulin, Varnell
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Nashville—Rich, Schwartz & Joseph
Union City—Morgan-Verhine & Co., Inc.

TEXAS

Abilene—Campbell's
Amarillo—Hollywood Dress Shop
Beaumont—Worth's, Inc.
Brady—S. A. Benham
Brownwood—Garner-Alvis Co.
Bryan—The Smart Shop
Dallas—Wendell's, Inc.
El Paso—The White House
Fort Worth—W. C. Stripling Co.
Houston—Sakowitz Bros. (Hahlo's)
Kingsville—Ragland's
Laredo—Aug. C. Richter, Inc.
McAllen—Valley Merc. Co.
Nacogdoches—Lovell's
San Antonio—The Vogue
Victoria—A. & S. Levy, Inc.
Wichita Falls—The Orchid Shop

UTAH

Salt Lake City—Paris Dry Goods Co.

VERMONT

Battleboro—Goodnow, Pearson, Hunt, Inc.
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Danville—Herman's
Harrisonburg—Joseph Ney & Sons Co.

Richmond—Binder's
Roanoke—S. H. Heironimus Co.
Suffolk—Ballard & Smith

WASHINGTON

Bellingham—Mallahan's
Yakima—Barnes-Woodin Co.

WEST VIRGINIA

Alderson—J. M. Alderson
Bluefield—The Vogue
Clarksburg—The Marks Co., Inc.
Huntington—Paul Kirsh
Williamson—Schwachter's Ladies & Junior Shop

WISCONSIN

Appleton—Geenen Dry Goods Co.
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